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THE

LITERARY CORRESPONDENCE

OF

JOHN PINKERTON, ESQ.

NOW FIRST PRINTED

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FROM THE ORIGINALS IN THE POSSESSION OF

DAWSON TURNER, ESQ., M.A., F.R.S.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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PREFACE.

THE Letters which form the greater part of the present Volumes were selected by Mr. Pinkerton himself for the purpose of publication. They include, among others from personages known to fame, epistles by Lord Buchan, Gibbon the historian, and Horace Walpole, besides a copious store of curious anecdotes, exhibiting the history of a literary man from the beginning to the end of his career; a man of a capacious mind, great acuteness, strong memory, restless activity, and extraordinary perseverance. These anecdotes afford a striking proof of the power of talents and industry to raise their possessor in the scale of society, as well as in the opinion of the world. Unfortunately, they are also calculated to read us another and not less instructive lesson, that somewhat more is required to turn such

advantages to their full account; and that the endowments of the mind, unless accompanied by sound and consistent principles, can tend but little to the happiness of the individual, or to the good of society. The close of Mr. Pinkerton's life was sadly dissimilar to what was promised at its outset. Destitute as he was of the adventitious advantages of birth or fortune, he saw himself, while yet scarcely more than a boy, caressed and courted by men of rank and literary fame: he sank into the grave chilled by neglect, and oppressed by want. In youth he wrote for his pleasure and reputation; in age for his daily bread. One of the most eminent of our contemporaries,* in drawing a comparison between him and a very kindred spirit, Ritson, observes, with no less truth than sadness, that "the sun set "heavily on both; for Joseph Ritson's whimsicali- "ties terminated in mental alienation, and the "career of Pinkerton, which in its commence- "ment attracted the notice of Gibbon, who de- "sired to adopt him as an associate in the pro- "posed task of editing the British historians, "ended in exile, in obscurity, and, we fear, in "indigence. His studious and laborious dispo-

* See *Quarterly Review*, XLI. p. 138, an article so generally attributed to Sir Walter Scott, that I do not hesitate to quote it under his name.

" sition deserves praise; and the defects we have " had to notice with pain arose in youth from " the arrogance of inexperience, and in his latter " years from mortification at the failure of a long " series of literary attempts, some of which merited " another fate."

The life of Mr. Pinkerton was so entirely and exclusively that of a literary man, so utterly unmarked by any other occurrences than those arising from his publications, that little is to be added on this subject to the information contained in the following letters.

Pinkerton was born on the 17th February, 1758, at Edinburgh, where his father was a merchant. The only school education he received was for six years at Lanark, under the care of a Mr. Thomson, who married the sister of the poet of that name. At an early age he was articled to Mr. Aytoun, a writer at Edinburgh; but, his father dying just at the expiration of his clerkship, he determined, in an evil hour, to abandon the law, and to enter into life as an " author by profession." With this view he fixed his residence in London, and steadily pursued his purpose, first as a diligent inquirer into the ancient poetry of his country, and then successively as a numismatist, an historian, a geographer, and a geologist; occasionally indulging himself with excursions into various departments of antiquity.

His writings, arising out of these diversified branches of inquiry, and his eccentric, but very clever, *Letters on Literature*, under the fictitious name of Robert Heron, are mentioned in his correspondence. He married a lady of great respectability; but the irregularities of his conduct diminished the comfort of his union, and tended greatly to cause him to lose his rank in society. In the latter part of his life he removed for a short period to Edinburgh, and on two several occasions resided for some years at Paris, where he died on the 10th of May, 1826.

The foregoing particulars are extracted from the excellent obituary of the Gentleman's Magazine, which contains a detailed memoir of Mr. Pinkerton and his works, in great measure the same as had previously been published in a book entitled *Public Characters* for the year 1800, and has since been repeated with some additions in the 5th volume of Mr. Nichols's *Illustrations of the Literary History of the 18th century*. The memoir just alluded to finishes by stating, upon the subject of Mr. Pinkerton's personal appearance, that "it was that of a very little and very thin old man, with a very small, sharp, yellow face, thickly pitted with the small pox, and decked with a pair of green spectacles."

To the merits of Mr. Pinkerton as a writer, and especially as an historian, honorable testimony has

been borne by those whose testimony will be readily allowed to be honorable. Mr. Beattie eulogized his poetical talents: Mr. Cooper Walker gave him the praise of "deep and extensive erudition, assiduous research, and luminous arrangement," and pronounced his productions "inestimable to the lovers of historic truth:" Horace Walpole declared his understanding to be "one of the strongest, most manly, and clearest he ever knew;" and Gibbon did not scruple to tell him "that the best judges had acknowledged his merit, and that his rising fame would not fail gradually to extinguish the early prejudices and personal animosities which he had perhaps been too careless of provoking." More decisive still, and still more flattering than all, was the character of him pronounced by the historian of the Decline and Fall of Rome, in the address intended to have been prefixed to his edition of the early English historians—a character full and luminous, kind and judicious, traced evidently by the hand of a friend, but of a friend, who was too wise, and too well disposed, and too sensible of his own importance, to condescend to flatter. Nor have there been wanting those, who, since his death, have been willing to pay their tribute to his merits: among them the writer in the periodical work above mentioned, admits him to have been the first who "sounded the depths of Scottish History," and allows his

claim to learning and ability, and a useful direction of both, at the same time that he is severe upon the failings of his temper. To these failings it is only doing Mr. Pinkerton justice to acknowledge that he was himself by no means blind: "were I revising my books," he tells Mr. Laing, "I should dash out all such passages, which I never see without disgust; and I can only say that they are the products of infirmity, not of nature." Careful, however, as he might wish to be on this point, such failings do certainly appear in some of his letters to Lord Buchan, and sadly so in those to Mr. Paton.

With regard to the Editor, little or nothing was left for him, in a work like the present, but to make a due selection from the letters before him, and to illustrate with notes whatever might appear to require elucidation. Both these tasks he has endeavored to discharge to the best of his abilities: had he published the whole of the letters reserved for that purpose by Mr. Pinkerton, the bulk of these volumes would have been at least doubled. He is conscious that he has been tempted to admit some few letters of little interest in themselves, yet tending to throw light upon Mr. Pinkerton's pursuits; and one or two have been inserted from men of rank and eminence, merely to show his connexion with them. In a very few instances indeed will be found the let-

ters of individuals still living; but, aware of the delicate ground he was here treading, the Editor trusts he has not given place to a single document that could cause the slightest feeling of vexation to the writer. In one instance only he saw room for hesitation,—in the case of Mr. Godwin's;—and, this gentleman having most kindly permitted the publication of his letter, all objection was removed.

The Editor has reason to regret that Mr. Pinkerton was very little in the habit of preserving copies of his own letters, and that he has himself not been so fortunate as to succeed in obtaining the loan of any from Mr. Pinkerton's numerous correspondents, excepting those addressed to Lord Buchan and Mr. Malcolm Laing, and a very few of those to Mr. Walker. For the last of these he has to express his obligations to Sir William Betham, and for the others to Thomas Thomson, Esq., of Edinburgh.

In conclusion, looking to the names and characters of those by whom the greater part of the letters in these volumes are written, he flatters himself that the public will derive, from the perusal of this Correspondence, a portion of the gratification which it has afforded to himself; and he begs to be excused for indulging in the following quotation from the diary of Edmund Calamy:* "From my

* *Historical Account of his own Life*, Vol. i. p. 1.

younger years, and ever since I have had a capacity of making remarks, or of passing judgment on persons or things, I have taken a particular pleasure in reading the published epistles and lives of such as came into the world either before or since my own appearing in it; and I have, in both of them, observed many things, and some of them curious and instructive, that do not occur elsewhere.

"As to epistles, I have found that many of them discover secrets, and contain facts and passages, that would, in all likelihood, have been buried in oblivion, if not this way preserved. The writers of them very often draw their own native characters, without at all designing it, and generally touch, and sometimes dilate upon, a variety of things out of the common road."

DAWSON TURNER.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

DR. BEATTIE TO MR. PINKERTON.*

Aberdeen, December 13th, 1775.

I HAVE been so much engrossed with business and bad health, that till this day I could not find leisure to answer your very obliging letter. Your intention of inscribing to me your poem on Craigmillar Castle, does me much more honor than I have any title to. Please to accept of my best thanks for this instance of your kind partiality, and for the obliging manner in which you speak of what I have attempted in poetry.

There are many good lines in your poem; but,

* At the time of writing the letter to which this is an answer, Mr. Pinkerton was in his clerkship to Mr. Aytoun of Edinburgh, and was only seventeen years old. The *Elegy on Craigmillar Castle* was published in 1776, with a dedication to Dr. Beattie, who acknowledges the favor and the receipt of four copies, in a letter dated 20th July, 1776, but not published here.

when you have kept it by you a week or two, I fancy you will not think it correct enough as yet to appear in public. Young poets are very apt to publish their pieces immediately on writing them out; but they ought always to keep them for a year, or at least for several months, and revise them from time to time. I have erred in this way myself, and therefore can warn them from my own experience.

You will see I have been very free in my remarks, which I hope you will excuse; for I did it with a most friendly intention. On these occasions, I think it is the duty of a friend to be as critical as possible.

I heartily wish you success in your studies, and am with much regard and esteem.

DR. BEATTIE TO MR. PINKERTON.*

Aberdeen, March 9th, 1776.

I thank you for taking in so good part the freedom of my former criticism: I hope the present will not offend you. I have been for some time past in a very bad state of health; afflicted

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* To this letter I have annexed the critical annotations of Dr. Beattie, to show at once some of the most striking errors of a young author, and the remarks of so able a critic and so distinguished a poet as the author of *The Minstrel*. Many other of the letters are accompanied with even longer series of remarks, but I have not felt it to be desirable to introduce them.

with head-aches and vertigo and other nervous symptoms, which disqualify me almost entirely for reading and writing. I have at the same time the duties of a laborious employment to attend to; and I have, besides, some private concerns to look after, which have engrossed me very much of late. This must plead my excuse for my long silence, as well as for the shortness of what I now write. I believe I shall be obliged to give up the writing of letters altogether; at least for some time, and till I have more health and leisure. I am greatly obliged to you for your favorable opinion of me, and heartily wish you success in poetry, and in all your other studies.

Stanza I. Could you not alter the last line of the stanza? If the poet is *led by Contemplation* in the beginning, what occasion is there to introduce that Being afterwards? Besides, *led by Contemplation, a source*, looks like a mixture of figures.

VII. 4. "Till *all* his form engaged my pensive mind," seems to be put in to make out the verse. In the case supposed, we cannot imagine that the poet would take notice of *a part only of Contemplation's form*. It is therefore superfluous to say that he took notice of *the whole* of it.

XI. "When from its fall thou rather *should'st to gain Instruction learn*." This order is harsh.

XIII. *Now* (first line) and *know* (third line) is a false rhyme.

XXI. "And taught ev'n cold reserve *how to be*

free." The conclusion of the line should have more energy.

NEW STANZA.—"*High-soaring* lyre." This figure, I think, is harsh and unnecessary.—*Lute* and *shout* is a false rhyme. Is not the *flute* the instrument here alluded to? A *lute* is a stringed instrument resembling a guitar.

XXVIII. "Save those which virtue firm deigns to support." Is not this line heavy and somewhat harsh? I approve of your inserting the two stanzas marked XXXIII. and XXXIV. instead of XXIX. XXX. XXXI. Only "*now lies drowned in silence*" is not so elegant as I could wish. The two lines on the curfew are excellent. Do not expunge the *sleeping moonlight*. It is, as you justly observe, extremely poetical and elegant. Shakspeare's authority will justify its boldness.

XXXIX. Does not the word *nature* occur rather too frequently in this stanza? And is not the second line harsh in the sound—*Joys which nature's scenes?* Too much hissing. The frequency of *s* and *ch* is very troublesome to an English writer who attends to harmony.

XL. "I gain'd my way." I do not like this phrase. I suppose the meaning is, I resumed *my journey* or *my walk*. But the phrase is not explicit. The two last lines of the poem, "The pleasures of the good," &c. are very prosaic. The conclusion of a poem ought to be particularly energetic. "Dread fall their tottering basis seems to lour"—is a line which I do not understand.

MR. DODSLEY TO MR. PINKERTON.*

London, Feb. 14th, 1778.

I am sorry you have had the trouble to send up your MS.; but, though your copies of these ballads may be more correct and perfect than those which are already printed, yet there are so many of them in Dr. Percy's and other collections, that I fear the public would not be likely to give that degree of encouragement which would be requisite, especially as the collection is not general, but confined to Scottish pieces only.

I will take care of the MS. till I receive your further orders; and, if I can be of any use or service to you in this or any other affair, you may command me.

DR. PERCY TO MR. PINKERTON.

Northumberland House, March 25th, 1778.

Nothing but a very dangerous illness in a person

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* This is not the first letter which had passed between Mr. Dodsley and Mr. Pinkerton. There is in my collection another from Mr. Dodsley, dated 10th January 1778, in which he thanks him for the offer of *Hardyknute, with other ancient Scottish Poems, &c.* but declines to give any consideration for the copy, though he thinks that the addition of Mr. Pinkerton's Dissertation, and the fact of their being more perfect transcripts than had previously appeared, might warrant their publication.

with whom I am nearly connected, and for whose fate I am exceedingly anxious, could have made me guilty of such apparent incivility as to remain silent so long after having received the honor of your very genteel letter, and been favored with the communication of pieces so truly acceptable as are contained in your valuable manuscript. I have hardly leisure, or a disposition of mind sufficiently disengaged from anxiety, to relish so much as I shall do hereafter, the songs, the critical pieces, and your learned and ingenious notes. In my last edition of the *Reliques*, I had inserted a passage from Archbishop Spotswood's *History of the Church of Scotland*, which much illustrates the Ballad of Edom or Adam O'Gordon, (*vide Spotswood*, p. 259.); but your quotation from *Crawford's Memoirs* is still more satisfactory, as it accounts for the name of Captain Carr, which occurs in some copies. Pray can you account for Carr being styled the "Lord of Westerton Town;" the Lady's Castle being called "Bitton's Borough," or "Diactone's Borough," as I find them in an old Ms.?

I must be so ingenuous as to confess that I think the second part of Hardyknute hardly equal to the first: perhaps a further inquiry among the reciters in Lanarkshire may produce some improvements. However, with your permission, I shall certainly insert it and the other new pieces, whenever I give an additional volume; and, in the mean time, must be allowed to acknowledge myself, Sir, &c.

DR. BEATTIE TO MR. PINKERTON.

Aberdeen, June 20th, 1778.

I am to blame for not acknowledging sooner the receipt of your last favor. Since it came to hand I have been ill, and out of town, and employed in a variety of little matters, which, though not important, did however require a good deal of time.

It gives me pleasure to hear that Dr. Percy is to oblige the world with a fourth volume of ancient poems.* We are much indebted to him for the former three, which display at once a good taste and great knowledge of antiquity. You may believe that, if I had had any thing worthy of a place in his collection, I would have sent it before this time; but the truth is, I have nothing of that sort. I sent a little song to Dr. Percy some years ago, merely because it was Scotch, and because I thought it had merit, though I plainly saw, that it was modern.

All the Scotch poems of merit that I have seen are already in print; and many are imputed to us, which do us no honor; which you must be sensible of, if ever you looked into that collection which is called the *Evergreen*. To say the truth, I believe all the poetry in the Scotch dialect that

* Such was evidently Dr. Percy's intention by the closing paragraph, and indeed the whole tenor, of the last letter; and every lover of our early literature must sincerely lament, that this very acute, ingenious, learned, and excellent man, did not carry his intention into execution.

deserves to be handed down to posterity, might be comprised in two or three small volumes. Formerly, our men of genius wrote in Latin; and of late they have written in English Those who now write Scotch, use an affected, mixed, barbarous dialect, which is neither Scotch nor English, but a strange jumble of both.

The best Scotch poem of modern times that I have seen, (for though the title pretends that it was written four hundred years ago, I have reason to think that it was produced in this century,) is called *The Vision, compyled*, as the title bears, *by a most learnit clerk in the time of our hairship and oppression*, and subscribed *A Scot*. You must have seen it. It is, I think, in the *Evergreen*. Dr. Percy may, perhaps, think it worth notice; but he will see that it is modern. I am inclined to think that the author of it, whoever he was, must have read Arbuthnot's History of John Bull. But there are noble images in it, and a harmony of versification superior to every thing I have seen of the kind. I suspect that it is the work of some friend of the family of Stuart, and that it must have been composed about the year 1715.

When you write to Dr. Percy, I beg you will offer my best respects to him, and assure him, that if any thing comes in my way that deserves his notice, I will certainly send it to him. I thank you for your concern about my health: it is still very broken, and disqualifies me for every kind of study.

DR. PERCY TO MR. PINKERTON.

Easton Mauduit in Northamptonshire,
July 20th, 1778.

I cannot express how much I think myself obliged to you for your goodness in favoring me with a second letter, though you had so much apparent cause to be offended with me for having delayed thus long to acknowledge the favor of your former; especially as you in so obliging a manner made me a present of the curious Volume of Poems,* the bare loan of which had laid me under a great obligation. But, Sir, I had the misfortune to mislay your kind letter above-mentioned; and, as it contained some curious particulars which I wished to discuss, I delayed writing in hopes of recovering it, till, ere I was aware, this shameful interval had elapsed, for which I can only intreat your pardon.

And now let me again and again thank you for your most obliging present, which was extremely acceptable, both for the ancient poems, and the learned and ingenious illustrations which accom-

* I cannot find by any list of Mr. Pinkerton's writings, which is the work here alluded to. It does not appear, from Nichols' *Illustrations of Literature*, or Watts' *Bibliotheca Britannica*, that previously to his *Rimes*, in 1781, he had published any thing, except the *Elegy on Craigmillar Castle*, mentioned in the first letter. This I never saw; but its very title seems to show that it could not be what Dr. Percy acknowledges.

panied them. I shall not fail to avail myself of both, as well as of the curious remarks in your letters, whenever I give the additional volumes to the world. The contents of these have long since been collected and arranged; and I flatter myself, in point of merit, are no whit inferior to what the public accepted with so much indulgence in the three former volumes. But the truth is, I have not so much leisure, and perhaps not quite so keen an appetite for amusements of this kind as when I was younger.* It is near twenty years since I first began to form the preceding collection. I only considered these things as pardonable, at best, among the levities (I had almost said follies) of my youth. However, as I must confess that I have always had a relish for the poetic effusions (even the most sportive and unelaborate) of our ancestors, I have commonly taken up these trifles, as other grave men have done cards, to unbend and amuse the mind when fatigued with graver studies, till they have insensibly grown into a regular series ready for the press. And now I keep them by me, in order to make a present of them to my son, a tall youth of fifteen, who is at present a King's scholar at Westminster. And, as he has a strong relish and considerable taste for these compositions, I think to give him the merit of being editor of them, as soon as he removes to the University; by way of introducing him into the literary world, and of filling up the vacuities of his

* At the time of writing this letter, Dr. Percy was fifty years old.

academical studies. In the mean time I neglect no opportunity of amending and enlarging the series, and shall certainly much improve them for him by this delay.

And now, Sir, that I have imparted to you, what is almost a secret to all my most intimate friends, I must intreat the favor of you that it may continue so, except to Dr. Beattie, (or one or two like him) for whom I have ever had the greatest respect. I am very much obliged to him for thinking of me, and for pointing out to me the merits of the poem entitled *The Vision*, which I have read over again with particular pleasure, and think it deserving of every thing Dr. Beattie says of it. I am also quite of opinion with him, that it was written in favor of the Stuart family, about the year 1715. I hope you and he will continue to favor me with whatever communications occur to you on these subjects.

DR. BEATTIE TO MR. PINKERTON.

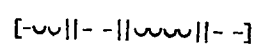
Aberdeen, August 20th, 1778.

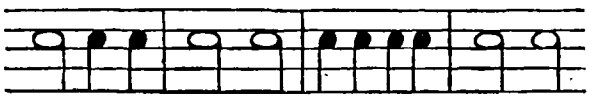
On my return from a little excursion, I received your very obliging letter. For the honor you have done me, in prefixing my name to the Sapphic ode, and for the genteel compliment paid me, and the affectionate good wishes expressed in the end of it, be pleased, Sir, to accept of my best thanks. I am also greatly indebted to you for giving me so particular an account of Dr. Percy's

intended publication, which I shall be very impatient to see. If it be equal in size and in merit to the former one, it will be a valuable addition to English literature. I am glad to hear that *The Vision* is to make a part of it. That poem has long been a favorite of mine. It has a great deal of the old spirit; and yet I am of opinion that it is entirely modern, and even of the present century.

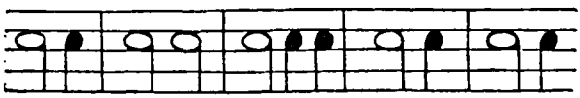
I am happy to hear that your poetical studies go on so briskly, and that you pay your court to the ancient as well as to the modern muses. The decline of classical learning in this country I have long beheld with regret, and endeavored, though ineffectually, to prevent. I hope your example shall have more weight than my precepts have had. Scotland did formerly produce many men of eminence in the classical way; but, since we began to imitate the French, we seem inclinable to forget our Latin and Greek. They have a better taste of literature in England.

As we have totally lost the true pronunciation of Latin, the prosody of that language is to us a matter of very difficult acquisition. But every person who would write Latin verses, must make himself master of it. We must not trust to that rhythm with which we hear Latin verses pronounced, for it is almost always false; but we must thoroughly understand the structure of each particular form of verse, and the quantity of each syllable. The Sapphic rhythm, as we pronounce it, runs thus:—



or to express it in musical characters, thus :—

Even the learned Dr. Watts has so far mistaken the nature of this verse, as to compose what he calls a Sapphic ode on the Last Day, in this very rhythm : yet the true Sapphic rhythm is :—

[- ∪|| - -|| - ∪∪|| - ∪|| - ∪]

that is, a trochee, a spondee, a dactyl, and two trochees; or musically,

I suspect, Sir, (you will pardon me if I am wrong) that you have fallen into a mistake similar to that of Dr. Watts; and that, in composing your ode, your ear has been directed rather by the former rhythm than the latter; the consequence of which is, that there are actually several false quantities in your numbers.

DR. PERCY TO MR. PINKERTON.

Carlisle (the Deanery,) Nov. 27th, 1778.

I hope you will pardon my suffering your obliging letter of last month, to remain so long unanswered, in consideration of the very interesting avocations, which, since I received it, have taken off my attention from all literary subjects. Indeed,

I have such a multiplicity of business come upon me in consequence of my new preferment, that I cannot foresee when I shall be sufficiently released from it, to be able to return to those agreeable studies, which I always loved, and which have afforded me so much delightful amusement. I could not, however, allow myself to come so near Edinburgh, (though but for a short time,) and return back to the south, without stealing a few moments to acknowledge the favor of your very agreeable letter, and to thank you for the trouble you have been so good as to take, in pointing out to my notice those charming poems of Drummond of Hawthornden. He has always been a favorite with me, and I have long since been possessed of the thin folio edition of his works, printed about the beginning of this century, which you seem not to have seen; as you say the only impression you know, is that of London, 1656. This thin folio contains both his poems and his histories of the five James's, &c., with some very curious anecdotes of Ben Jonson, who once made him a visit, and spent some time at Hawthornden.

Your intended selection of the best modern Latin poems will be a pleasing work: we have lately had a collection made by a Mr. Popham of the best modern Latin poems by English writers, published by subscription in 3 vols. 12mo. which, together with the *Musæ Anglicanæ*, 3 vols. 12mo. tho *Carmina Quadrigesimalia*, 2 vols. 8vo., and the *Lusus Westmonasterienses*, 1 vol. 12mo., take in the chief of what this country has produced, excepting what may be found scattered among many puerile

poems in the congratulatory and condoling verses of our two Universities, on the births, marriages, deaths, &c. of our kings. I am not likely to see Dr. Warton soon, and shall be for some time wholly immersed in business; but, whenever I can, I will endeavor to execute your commands with regard to him or any other subject.

DR. PERCY TO MR. PINKERTON.

Carlisle, July 2nd, 1779.

I hope you will excuse my delay in answering your very obliging letter, when I inform you that, since I received it, I have been extremely ill, even at the point of death; and the place, whence I date this, will satisfy you that I have moreover been obliged to travel through a great part of this island.

I return you many thanks for the Scot's song, with which you have been so kind as to favor me; but, from what I have already mentioned, you will readily conceive, that I have hardly had it in my power to relish pleasures of this kind. And, indeed, I find this inability so far increasing upon me by new duties and new avocations, that I hardly foresee when it will give room to the intentions, which some time since I hinted to you; so that I think it would be far better, if you would resume your original design of printing your second part of Hardyknute, with such other poems as have occurred to you of that kind, in a little elegant

miscellany of your own; and then, if my son, at any future time, takes up the subject, he can (with your leave,) quote or make extracts from your work, with all proper acknowledgments to its editor.

I am sorry to say, that, since the death of Mr. Garrick, I have not any interest among the dramatic people, nor do I know one person particularly skilful in that branch of writing, whom I could prevail upon to examine a tragedy,* with critical attention and proper candor: otherwise I should with the greatest pleasure have performed any commands you should have wished to have executed.

DR. PERCY TO MR. PINKERTON.

Easton Mauduit, March 17th, 1780.

I was upon the point of writing, when last night, and not before, I received your obliging letter of the 4th inst., which had lain several days at Carlisle. Indeed I have, for some time, intended myself the pleasure of writing to you, to inform you that I have never once been in London since last June; and, as all your papers were locked up in my escritoire, in Northumberland House, I could not tell how to proceed in the in-

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* It appears clearly from this passage, that, young as Mr. Pinkerton then was, he had already written one at least of the two tragedies, which it is stated in his *Life* that he composed, but never published.

tended business, till I could produce them, to have them shown to any bookseller; even if I had applied to any one by letter, previous to my going to town. This has really been the case; nor have I ever lost sight a moment of the intended business, which you had intrusted to me. Nor, indeed, should I have delayed writing to you so long, but that I, from time to time, thought I should have finished my affairs at Carlisle (where I was just before Christmas) and here, so as to remove to London with my family before this time.

We have now fixed for our removal thither about the middle of April; and then I shall with pleasure undertake the printing of your poems. Previous to which, I think it would not be amiss, if you yourself wrote to Mr. Dodsley, to give him the offer of having it published in his shop, upon the terms I mentioned;* viz., that if he will take upon himself all the expenses of printing and publishing, you will be glad to divide the profits with him, if there should be any, after all those expenses are defrayed out of the first returns.—At the same time you may mention, that my present avocations having caused me to delay any intended additions to my former three volumes, you are inclined to print your pieces in a separate publication, with my entire approbation; that you understand I shall be in town about the middle of April; that I shall be then ready to deliver up

* This is stated in a letter dated 27th July, 1779, and not published here.

your manuscript,* and shall be very willing to correct the press.

Beg his immediate answer to you; and then, if he declines it, I will try to connect you with another bookseller: as soon as you are apprised of Mr. Dodsley's intentions, I shall be glad to be favoured with your commands.

DR. PERCY TO MR. PINKERTON.

Easton Manduit, Jan. 11th, 1781.

I was last night favoured with yours of the 9th January, and am extremely glad that you have come to an agreement with Mr. Nichols, and can now superintend your own publication yourself.†

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* The manuscript very narrowly escaped being destroyed. But a few days after the date of this letter, a fire happened in Dr. Percy's apartments in Northumberland House, and he wrote to inform Mr. Pinkerton of the subject on the 10th April. "You will doubtless have been alarmed," he says, "lest your papers should have perished; but I have the pleasure to inform you that you have sustained no injury: nor have I suffered the tenth part of the loss I might have expected, considering the extent and violence of the flames. Almost all my most valued books and papers were rescued by the firemen, who snatched most of them unhurt out of the fire; among the rest, the cabinet that contained your manuscript."

† Mr. Pinkerton, having finished his clerkship, had at this time removed to London, and was now residing at No. 2, White Horse Court, Southwark. Dr. Percy had, in a previous unpublished letter, recommended his applying *to his printer and relation Mr. Nichols*, who would be willing to bring out

For, except a very short time that I was in London with the Duke of Northumberland, on his first return from Alnwick Castle in the autumn, I have never been in London since I received your letter in June, assenting to the proposals which I had then made: this I mention, as an apology for not having myself committed your collections to the press before. However, I shall now be happy to observe the progress of the press, and will with great pleasure obey any commands of yours respecting it. Herewith I transmit, not only the ballad you desire, but your former extracts from Drummond, &c., as perhaps you may have some use for the latter.

DR. PERCY TO MR. PINKERTON.

Carlisle, Dec. 28th, 1781.

I received your very obliging favor, and thank you for the corrected leaf, which I shall insert in

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the work upon the terms he had mentioned, in case Mr. Dodsley and Mr. Cadell declined it. By the same letter, it appears that Mr. Pinkerton even then gave indications of that irritability of temper and impatience of contradiction, which was so great a source of his unhappiness in after life. "You will find," says Dr. Percy, "that I have not presumed to make any alterations in your manuscript collections; but, if you have no objection, you may drop whatever appears in any degree hostile or too sharply controversial respecting myself or my own slight publications, merely to prevent the necessity of answers, &c."

your volume, when I return into the south; for, unluckily, in the hurry of business, in which I was involved last summer at my removal here, I left behind me your elegant volumes, which would have been the agreeable amusements of such moments of leisure, as I could have been able to snatch from the cares and interruptions of a public situation; and then I should have been happy to have communicated any remarks that had occurred to me; though, indeed, they could at best only have been slight and trivial, and therefore hardly worth the attention of one who had considered the subjects so much more maturely as you have done.

I shall be very glad to see any future publication of yours, and especially the *Letters of Literature*,* which you propose. You are truly obliging in offering to admit any thing of mine into such good company. But, unfortunately, I have nothing here to offer worth your acceptance. What-

* These *Letters*, though then in embryo, were not published till the year 1783: it had been well for Mr. Pinkerton's reputation had they never been published at all. In a copy now before me, lately the property of one of our most eminent critics, Mr. Park, I read the following very just quotation, in his handwriting, "multa venustè, multa tenuiter, multa cum bile." Mr. Pinkerton himself, in his *Walpoliana*, p. 78, admits that Heron's Letters was "a book written in early youth, and contained many juvenile crude ideas long since abandoned by its author." Would that the *crudeness of many of the ideas* were the worst that was to be said of it! but we shall find, in the course of this correspondence, far heavier and not less just complaints. The name of *Heron* here assumed by Mr. Pinkerton, was *that* of his mother.

ever slight attempts in the *Belles Lettres*, &c. have escaped the fire and pastry-cook, are peaceably slumbering in my closet in Northamptonshire, the sequestered retreat that gave them birth, and where for many years I led a life of rural leisure, most agreeably devoted to literary amusements, now obliged to be exchanged for a life of business, and those constant demands of my time and attention which my present duties require from me. Were I disposed to yield to envy and regret, I need only look back on my younger years, spent, like yours, with agreeable leisure in literary pursuits; but I shall turn aside from whatever is mortifying in the comparison, to offer my sincere wishes for your success in all your elegant and refined labours.

DR. BEATTIE TO MR. PINKERTON.

Aberdeen, February 7th, 1782.

I am much obliged to you for your hint. Be assured that, if the public could be prevailed on to judge of your poems as I do, (which will in time be the case,) you would have no reason to complain. I know not what the reviewers may have said of them; for I seldom see any review. I have been exceedingly busy since I had the pleasure to see you at Edinburgh, in preparing for the press nothing less (I assure you) than a

quarto volume.* My bad health and bad eyes (I am sorry that yours should resemble mine) make me proceed but slowly: however, I have now finished about 500 quarto pages, and shall be in a condition to go to press soon. In one of my discourses, having occasion to speak of the revival of letters, and of the Provençal Troubadours, I have a note at the foot of the page, in the following words. — "Richard I., King of England, and Count of Poitou, was a generous patron of the Troubadours, and at length came to imitate them with no bad success. Two of his poems, with some other Provençal pieces, are very well versified in a volume, intitled RIMES, (printed for Mr. Dilly, 1781.) in which volume there is great store of poetical ideas, expressed with strength, elegance, and harmony."

This can be of no use to you; but it will do me honor to be known to have read and to approve your work. I had thoughts of giving your name, and calling you my friend; but, as your book is anonymous, I would not take that liberty without your consent. Besides, I am not sure, whether what is said will not look better, if it appear to be accidental. However, I will do in this exactly as you are pleased to order.

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* *Dissertations, moral and critical, on Memory and Imagination; on Dreaming; on the Theory of Language; on Fable and Romance; on the Attachment of Kindred; and Illustrations on Sublimity.* London. 1783. 4to.

MR. W. PORDEN* TO MR. PINKERTON.

April 5th, 1782.

I was hurried out of town without having time to look about me, or to take leave of any of my friends: such is the slavery of every appendage to the army. The bearer of this, I expect, will deliver, along with it, the Tales, Dr. Warton's Pamphlet, The History of the Troubadours, and half a dozen franks. Your tragedy shall come to your hands in very few days.

I read your Tales† with that pleasure which I have always found in reading your works. The lighter tales are told in a manner quite sprightly and original. The easy irregularity of the verse will not soon be imitated with equal spirit, though I think in some places the rhymes are too far asunder. Your Translation of Belphegor has more vivacity and humour, and is less circumstantial than that which I told you of, translated by I know not who.

It is impossible to speak too well of the Serious Tales. We have nothing of the kind in the language that can be placed beside the *Castle of Argan*. The *Knight's Adventure* would be improved, if the

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* William Porden, Esq., one of the most eminent architects of the present day, witness the princely mansion which he built for Lord Grosvenor at Eaton in Cheshire, was a man of very general information and considerable genius, extremely fond of poetry, and of historical literature. He died in 1823.

† *Tales in Verse*. 4to. 1782.

Sorceress had a name. In order to spread your fame as much as lay in my power, I read that story to several of my friends; and I remarked that all of them at first mistook the Lady for an allegorical personage, hight *Pleasure*. The *Talisman* is an excellent tale, and displays more contrivance than any of the rest. Perhaps it would be made more pleasing to the ladies, if Alcazor did not so directly express that nothing but hypocrisy was to be expected from woman. This harshness takes from the general amiableness of his character. I think the thought might be insinuated; or such being the general opinion of the world might be made a reason for doubt, and for the consequent resolution. It is no small addition to the other merits of these tales, that the conclusions can never be divined from the antecedent circumstances; and yet they are far from being forced, or unnatural, upon the supposition and systems of the respective stories. The conclusion of the *Knight's Adventure* is beautiful and pathetic: it is a flower of Italian fragrance. That of the *Castle of Argan*, my favourite tale, is moral and pathetic, with a simplicity which contrasts finely with the bold fictions that precede. The comparison, made or suggested, of the cottage with the castle, charmed every one who read the tale.

I am less ardent in my admiration of the last story; because its plan and catastrophe are too much like the legendary ballads we have been sickened with for some years past; but it is told with an elegance peculiar to yourself.

May I hope that you will excuse my freedom

in thus forcing my criticisms upon you? You will probably look at this letter by the fire, and, read or unread, can easily deliver yourself from its impertinence.

I am, however, going to be more impertinent still. When I had read the tales, I read over again the second part of *Hardyknute;* and I must inform you that I have made up my mind with respect to the author of it. I know not whether you will value a compliment paid to your genius at the expense of your imitative art; but certainly that genius sheds a splendor upon some passages which betrays you. I have neither the tales nor the ballads with me; or I should have been tempted to illustrate my opinions by quotations. You will put up a prayer of gratitude for your deliverance.

I took the liberty of lending the Tales to Lady Sheffield, and had not time to get them back before I left London. Her Ladyship has got the *Rimes* at my recommendation. I regret that my journey must for some days deprive me of the pleasure of reading your comedy. I am impatient to see you in a new character. If there be such a place as Elysium, and if I am to have the honor and happiness of meeting you there, I will not swear that I shall not at first mistake you for an American chief; such a crown of variegated plumes must ornament your head. I think it a scandalous thing that nature should be so lavish of her good gifts to one, and so niggardly to others: it is not treating us like brethren. Should you do me the favour to answer this hasty rambling

scrawl, direct to me, Paymaster, 22nd Dragoons, Canterbury.

MR. S. KNIGHT* TO MR. PINKERTON.

Oct. 10th, 1782.

I received the favor of your kind letter of the 25th Inst. on my return out of Northamptonshire. I will not pretend to describe the pleasure it afforded me. I know your praise was never cheap, and value it accordingly; but it has brought me into a very singular situation. Should I think my elegies worthy of the praise you are pleased to bestow upon them, I might perhaps justly incur the censure of unpardonable vanity; and, should I not, I am well aware I should be still more vain; for then I should prefer my own judgment to yours. Vain therefore at all events must I be; and, to add to all this, you tell me you mean to do me the honour of addressing an ode to me on elegiac poetry. Then the triumph of vanity over me must be complete. Be it so; but, mind, you shall bear all the blame: also, I protest, I will still continue modest, aye, as modest as a virgin of six years old. I do think you ought to be punished for what you have done. I therefore have sent you the enclosed, but I beg you will not punish

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* Samuel Knight, Esq., "Auditor of Trinity College, Cambridge, and author of *Elegies and Sonnets*, originally published anonymously in 4to, 1785, and again with his name the year following."—*Dictionary of Living Authors.*

me in return by withholding either your promised ode, or your criticism on my trifles. The glory of being the first elegiac poet in our language, though too great for me to attain, is not too great for me to attempt, since you advise it; but, even attained, how inferior is it to that line of poetry in which you so eminently excel.* I can hardly endure the very thought. You see the pride of my heart: your pen, however employed, cannot be idly employed; yet, in the comedy you mention, I could wish you not to sacrifice your own judgment too much to the taste of the town, as you hinted you should do in some degree. That indeed may be necessary. I shall be happy to be favored with a sight of it when we meet.

I will not any longer intrude on your time, which will otherwise, I am sure, be much better employed; for I hope you have by this time finished the troublesome unpoetical business of your removal.

MR. J. NICHOLS† TO MR. PINKERTON.

Dec. 9th, 1782.

The politeness of your letter would sooner have

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* 'Discedo Alcæus puncto illius; ille meo quis?
Quis nisi Callimachus; si plus adposcere visus,
Fit Mimnermus, et optivo cognomine crescit.'
Was ever the observation of Horace more completely exemplified?

† The Letter to which this is an answer has been recently

been acknowledged, but that I have been this last week much hurried in business.

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printed in *Nichols' Illustrations of Literature*, vol. iii. p. 673; and, as it is necessary for rightly understanding the present, I here subjoin a copy of it.

"Knightsbridge, Nov. 28, 1782.

"Mr. Pinkerton's compliments wait on Mr. Nichols; he mentioned to Mr. Nichols his intention of giving a second volume of Scottish Ballads, consisting of a selection of those of the comic kind, to be published along with the second edition of the Tragic Ballads, which will form a complete work in its way. But, upon considering the matter, he perceives it will be attended with very considerable labor and loss of time, which might, perhaps, be employed to much greater advantage, even if he does receive some little pecuniary recompence for his trouble. Without a previous agreement therefore, upon a reasonable value being given for the manuscript, he cannot think of undergoing the fatigue of putting his materials in order, and of carrying on a correspondence in various parts of Scotland, which must be done to procure every necessary assistance.

To give Mr. Nichols some slight idea of the plan, he will please to be informed, that the volume will commence with a dissertation on the Comic Ballads, in which it is hoped some new lights will be thrown on pastoral, amatorial, and humourous poetry, all which heads fall properly under the general subject. Then will follow a selection of ballads in this style, all which will be given with a correctness not yet known in any collection of the kind; and among them will appear about a dozen never published. The work will conclude with notes and a glossary. Such will be the proposed volume, which shall be of the same size with the other; and Mr. Pinkerton imagines, that, if a thousand copies are printed, the half of the profits of the last volume will be a fair price. A thousand copies at 2*s.* 6*d.* will be 125*l.*, of which allow 25*l.* for expence, the half of the residue will be 50*l.*, which Mr. Pinkerton would look upon as at least some little compensation for his trouble. Mr. Nichols may let him know in answer his own sentiments; but, whether this is agreed on or not, Mr. Pinkerton will, with very great

Such a collection as you speak of I should be glad to see published, and would with much pleasure be the instrument of handing it to the world. Your proposals, Sir, are very fair; but, unluckily, they are founded on a wrong calculation. Half the profit of an impression of 1000 *copies* you are fairly entitled to; and I should think this on both sides an equitable stipulation. But you will please to recollect that the 1000 copies are not sold by the printer at 2*s.* 6*d.* but with large deductions to the booksellers, who retail them, and also for sewing up, advertising, &c. In short, if I printed 1000 copies, I should be glad to dispose of them all at 1*s.* 6*d.* each; nor (expenses deducted) can they be set at more.

1000 copies will then produce . .	75*l.*
Paper, printing, and a plate . .	25*l.*
Whole profit	50*l.*

You have now, Sir, the fair calculation; and, if you think it worth embarking in, I am ready to print the book, and put the copies in the hands of any third person, to sell them on our joint account, and account to us justly for profit. Or, if you choose them to be mine at a certainty, I will pay you *twenty guineas* in a month after the book is completed at the press. I am sensible this offer is inadequate to what the performance will intrinsically deserve; yet am certain it is as much

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pleasure, revise the second edition of the Tragic Ballads, and do every thing else in his power for Mr. Nichols' interest."

as can be afforded. I am much obliged by your kind offer to superintend the *Tragic Ballads*, and shall take the liberty to trouble you with them when they pass again through the press.

THE BISHOP OF DROMORE TO MR. PINKERTON.

Carlisle, Jan. 3rd, 1783.

I received your very obliging letter, but unluckily mislaid it, as soon as it was perused, so that I only answer it from what I remember of the contents. I am exceedingly glad that I have it in my power to oblige you, on the subject of the old poem of King James I. of Scotland, intitled *Peblis to the Play;* of which, by good luck, I have the transcript here; for, in general, I have left in Northamptonshire whatever collections I had formerly made of this sort. And, indeed, my studies and attention have so long been directed to other objects, that I should not easily have come at this, if I had not had this copy with me. I formerly told you, that I had laid it by for my son (in case he chose to be editor of some supplemental volumes of the Reliques), or, if he should decline it, for a very poetical nephew of mine. You will, I hope, excuse it, therefore, if, whenever either of them undertakes a work of that sort, they should reprint this old poem, which in the interim is at your service to be inserted in any publication of yours.

I send you the copy I made myself from the old manuscript, wherein alone it is preserved. The transcript is faithfully and correctly made. I hope, therefore, you will print it without any conjectural emendations, at least in the text; and, if you propose any, you will confine them to the margin or your notes. Confronting my manuscript with the text, you will see *notes Variorum*, viz. of myself and also my friends, out of which, I believe, such a commentary may be gathered as will explain every obsolete phrase and obscure passage. When you have made such use of it as is necessary for your intended work, I will beg you to deliver safely to me, whenever demanded for the use above mentioned, this old transcript and notes. If you think it necessary to mention in print, that you received this old piece from me, I will beg you only to quote me by the name of Dr. Percy, or rather the *Editor of the Reliques of ancient Poetry*, in 3 vols.; omitting Rev., much more all mention of my present title, &c. And, if necessary, you may speak of my slight poetical pursuits, as what had been the amusement of my younger years and hours of relaxation from severer studies, which, in truth, they were, as it is more than twenty years since the three volumes of Reliques, &c. were collected for the press, and even nineteen years since they were printed. And I have been so entirely drawn off from this subject by other unavoidable and necessary avocations, that Dodsley is, I believe, reprinting the book, without my being able to peruse or look at a single

sheet or page in it. I am very glad your former volume has been so well received.

LORD HAILES* TO MR. PINKERTON.

Newhailes in Edinburgh, Jan. 14th, 1783.

All men engaged in literary pursuits ought to consider themselves as acquainted; so you need not have made any apology for your letter, because I have not the pleasure of being personally known to you. I cannot recollect what you mention, of my having given some notes to Bishop Percy on the subject of Scottish poems: it must have happened many years ago; and a great variety of family disasters, that have intervened, has, no doubt, made me forget it.

To publish any notes with my name, which I have forgotten, would be disagreeable: in the common intercourse of life one is apt to make an extempore answer to a friend; and queries hastily

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* Sir David Dalrymple of Hailes, Bart., one of the senators of the College of Justice at Edinburgh. This very eminent lawyer and historian is generally known by his official name of Lord Hailes, a title he assumed, according to a custom of the Scotch court, upon being appointed one of the judges. His father was Sir James Dalrymple of Hailes, his mother a daughter of the Earl of Haddington. His *Annals of Scotland, and Disquisitions concerning the antiquity of the Christian era,* are works most deservedly esteemed; and few men have left behind them a more enviable character. He died in 1808.

put and hastily answered are not fit for the public eye. But, if you will transmit to me what you understand to be my notes, I shall tell you whether I still remain of the same opinion; and, with my recollected amendments, you may make what use of them you will.

I suppose you have seen my collection of *Ancient Scottish Poems*,* with large notes. Mr. Warton did me the honor of inserting a considerable part of the notes into his *History of English Poetry*; and unluckily he has made some of my mistakes more conspicuous than if they had continued to lurk in an obscure duodecimo. If I am not mistaken, I once pointed out to Mr. Sibbald, bookseller in Edinburgh, some things which I considered to be errors in your work that you mention. Let me have a copy, on which I might make corrections; and you shall have them on the margin; for I have no leisure to refer to pages and lines.

There is a list of the fashionable Scottish songs in the *Life of Sir John Inglis*, published by Dr. M'Kenzie† in his lives of Scottish writers. The book to which Dr. M'Kenzie alludes, is exceedingly rare: I have seen it, but cannot command it. Inglis wrote in the minority of Queen Mary; and there is scarcely one of those fashionable songs that I can point out as existing at present.

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* *Ancient Scottish Poems, published from the manuscript of George Bannatyne*, 1568. Edin. 1770. 12mo.

† M'KENZIE, GEORGE, *M.D. Lives and Characters of the most eminent writers of the Scots Nation.* Edin. 1708—11—22. 3 vols. fol.

This and many other circumstances lead me to suspect that many songs that are called *old* with us, are comparatively modern. We must always, in such inquiries, suppose that the English language was, at any given time, more perfect in England than with us; and, consequently, if we find the English language more advanced in a Scottish poem than in an English of the same era, that the Scottish is a forgery. Any poem under the name of James I. must be tried by this criterion. King James I. was in education an Englishman; but his language must have been the language of Henry V. of England: language and metre more polished than in the days of Henry V. cannot be his.

DR. BEATTIE TO MR. PINKERTON.

Aberdeen, Feb. 3rd, 1783.

My very infirm state of health, and a great variety of indispensable business, must be my excuse for not sooner acknowledging the receipt of your obliging letter, and of your elegant volume of Scotch Tragic Ballads. I am happy to hear that these have succeeded so well as to encourage another edition, with a second volume of Comic Ballads. You do me much honor in the preface, by quoting with so flattering a compliment my account of the pibroch, for which please to accept of my best thanks.

If I could contribute any thing to your second

volume, you might freely command me. But I have never seen any comic ballads in the Scotch dialect, but those which may be met with in every collection; and I never attempted to write any thing in that way.

My new Dissertations are in the press; and about one fifth part of the volume is printed. The bookseller thinks they will be ready for publication in the spring. It will be a quarto book of about 650 pages.

I heartily wish you success in all your literary labors.*

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* It is impossible to say what were the literary labors here particularly referred to, Mr. Pinkerton's mind and hand were always so full of objects of this description; but it is probable he alluded to a new edition of Chaucer, which it appears, from the following letter to Mr. John Nichols, that he about this time meditated.

Knightsbridge, Oct. 3rd, 1783.

'You know well that there was no edition of Cowley for fifty years, till your friend, Dr. Hurd, published his select works, which have passed through four editions already. I hope the like success would attend the select works of Geoffrey Chaucer, and submit this to you, that you may consider if it is worth your while to try. Lose you cannot, in my opinion; for every purchaser of Johnson's Poets would buy the book, to complete their sets; and I am much mistaken, if the work would not be very popular, and your gain very considerable; but you are the only judge.

'My love of Chaucer has induced me to dwell on the subject *con amore;* and I doubt not but you will ponder well ere you pronounce on a design so important to English literature and antiquity, of which you are no mean proficient.' *Nichols' Illustrations of Literature,* Vol. v. p. 674.

MR. PINKERTON TO LORD HAILES.

June 10th, 1783.

I must beg leave to embrace this opportunity of returning your lordship my best thanks for your two last letters,* and for the trouble you have therein taken of communicating to me your remarks upon the first volume of my little publication. Your lordship will see, from the second edition now almost completed, how I have profited by them. Some of these observations I must, however, dissent from, and beg leave to submit my reasons.

Your lordship observes that the song, "I wish I were where Helen lyes," is all modern but the *first line*. Had your lordship said *the three first lines*, you would have been right. The song beginning with the two lines your lordship mentions,† cannot be that to the melancholy tune of this name; as that runs to the sexain stanza used in the song I have published, *repeating* the second

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* The second of these letters, dated May, 20th, I have not printed; as it is little more than a long list of observations upon Mr. Pinkerton's work, the nature and substance of the most important of which will be sufficiently evident from this letter.

† "I wish I were where Helen lies
On fair Kirkconnel lea."

Of this song Lord Hailes says in his letter, "the tune is very sweet, the story exceedingly melancholy; but I doubt much whether it can be recovered: the lady whom I have heard sing it died many years ago."

and the fifth line, as your lordship may see from Ramsay's Collection, in which is a song to the tune of "I wish I were where Helen lyes."

The question of Rymer's Prophecies I shall not enter upon; but shall abide by my first opinion, influenced chiefly by the Saxon rhythm in which they are written, and which no Scotsman of later time would have dreamt of imitating. I have read all your lordship's works as they appeared, but differed from your sentiments on this head in your *Remarks on the History of Scotland.*

Your lordship will perceive that the notion of M'Pherson being the *elected chief* of the Clan Chattan does not rest with me, but with my authority, Mr. Buchanan, whom your lordship will no doubt allow a better judge of clanish matters than either your lordship or me.

Why should the song of Flodden Field be more ancient than the reformation of religion in Scotland? If it is so old, it is certainly no chicken. Your lordship's observation, that I know not the tune of the ballad, is strange; as my emendations leave the same syllables they found.

How can your lordship assert that my censure of the king's style in the Dæmonologie Ms. is too severe? Did your lordship ever see this Ms.?

Your lordship observes, in the last place, that the additions to Hardyknute are modern, because no writer near the feudal times could show himself so ignorant of the form of their castles &c. as the author seems to be. Permit me to inform your lordship, that some of the first antiquaries in England are of a very different opinion, and have asserted the antiquity of the whole poem as pu-

lished by me, from the vast knowledge of feudal times that appears in it. I may safely say, for my own part, that I have studied the feudal manners and those of chivalry as much as any man in Europe, and can perceive no anachronism in the poem. The manners of the Scots of that time I am well versant in, if your lordship and other eminent historians have represented them faithfully; and I still abide by my opinion, expressed in the notes, of the author's skill in feudal manners; which opinion I thought myself called upon to vindicate, as your lordship is so entirely opposite; and, indeed, to vindicate an opinion, of which the proofs are given from an unsupported assertion, is no difficult matter. Before I conclude this point, I must likewise observe that the study of antiquity is the most uncertain in the world, and that those most versant in it are the least apt to pronounce rashly; for, to conclude, for instance, from the remains of a few castles or from descriptions of a battle or two in old chronicles, that every battle and every castle in that period were like these, were extravagance itself; for fashion, caprice, and accident, are as ancient as any antiquities in the world.

Your lordship will perceive I write with the freedom that one gentleman of independent fortune should use with another, when disputing about trifles.

I have been at Cambridge, as I was invited to spend a few weeks with a friend in its neighbourhood, and took occasion to inspect the Maitland manuscript. There are a number of things in it well worthy of publication. Application will be

made in form to the Society of Magdalen College for that purpose; and I shall proceed in the same way as your lordship has done with the Bannatyne Ms. I wish to prefix to my work an History of Scotish Poetry; or, if it is swelled too much, to publish it by itself; for Dr. Warton's side-view of it is by no means satisfactory. I have desired Mr. Wm. Buchan, writer to the signet, my factor, to send me a list of Scotish poems in the Advocates' library. If your lordship would afford him your protection and assistance, no acknowledgments should be wanting on my part that gratitude can inspire.

THE BISHOP OF DROMORE TO MR. PINKERTON.

Dromore, Oct. 29th, 1783.

I hope you will pardon the delay of my answer to your obliging letter, when I inform you it was owing to great interruptions of business, in which I have been involved in consequence of the death of Mrs. Percy's only brother, who dying intestate and without issue, the management of his affairs hath very much employed me ever since you wrote. I hope, however, that the inclosed will answer your wishes; though you must not be surprised if Mr. Warton, fatigued with (though fond of) literary researches, should be but a slow and desultory correspondent, even when he is most desirous of your acquaintance. I am glad to hear

of your intended *Letters of Literature*, and wish you success in all your learned labors.

I am glad you are about to sift the Maitland manuscript at Cambridge, which you will find worth your search.

REV. THOMAS WARTON * TO MR. PINKERTON.†

Trin. Coll. Oxon. Nov. 24th, 1783.

I should have acknowledged your favor before, but am but just returned to this place. I have received much pleasure from your Scotch Ballads, both text and notes, and shall be happy to see the curious pieces you mention. I shall be soon in London, and will not fail to tell you where I am to be found. With the expectation of the pleasure of seeing you, I am, &c.

MR. W. TYTLER ‡ TO MR. PINKERTON.

Edinburgh, Dec. 27th, 1783.

I acknowledge myself obliged to you for the

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* Rev. Thomas Warton, B.D., the author of the *History of English Poetry*, and himself a distinguished poet, held for ten years the office of Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and afterwards that of Poet Laureat. He was brother of Dr. Jos. Warton, master of Winchester School, and died in 1790, aged 61.

† Addressed to Mr. Pinkerton, but inclosed in the preceding from the Bishop of Dromore.

‡ A memoir of Mr. Tytler, who, to use the words of Dr.

favorable opinion which you express of my late publication.* The sentiments of men of taste and genius are always liberal; and by these, I imagine every attempt to rescue from oblivion the works of such a genius as our James I. must be candidly and favorably received.

Although I had often heard that the scene of Christ's Kirk was said to be near Lesly, the seat of the Earl of Rothes in Fife, yet I never with certainty could hear of any village of that name near Lesly. Your information, if authenticated, is strong; and I agree that the scene must probably have been in the neighborhood of one of the royal houses. The village of Christ's Kirk in the Garrioch is accordingly situated within a mile or two of the castle of Dunidoer, a hunting-seat of our kings, and where King James I. often resorted to. It is likewise within eight or ten miles of the castle of Kildrummie, one of the royal residences. It is, in my opinion, of very little importance, this matter: however, I shall be pleased to hear that, by your inquiry, you may be able to establish this point.

Watt, in his *Bibliotheca Britannica*, was "an able writer on historical and miscellaneous subjects," is given by Mr. M'Kenzie in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, vol. iv. His publications in general bore a considerable resemblance, in point of subject, to those of Mr. Pinkerton, being on ancient Scotch poetry, and Scotch history and geography.

* *The Poetical Remains of James I. of Scotland, consisting of The King's Quair, in six Cantos, and Christ's Kirk on the Green, to which is prefixed a Dissertation on the Life and Writings of King James.* Edin. 1783. 8vo.

Your late publication of *Peeblis to the Play* is a curiosity; I am convinced it is coeval with *Christ's Kirk*. But I own, on considering it with attention, I have some doubts of its being the poem alluded to by John Major, beginning in the same words, "*At Beltayn.*" I dare say you'll agree with me that there is not in it the same arch irony and humor, that we find in *Christ's Kirk*, and that it is, on the whole, deficient in design. I submit to you a conjecture, that it may be one of the parodies of the king's poem, beginning with the words, "At Beltayn," which, in the words of Major, *Alii de Dalkeith et Gargeil mutare studuerunt.*

There is no occasion for a fac-simile of James's signature (or rather Banantyne's) at the end of *Christ's Kirk*. It is written, not numerically by a figure, but in words thus, "*Quod King James the Fyrst.*"

As the two volumes of *The Evergreen* collected by Allan Ramsay, chiefly from Banantyne's manuscripts and Sir David Dalrymple's volume of Scots Poems, have left you only the gleaning of Banantyne, I am afraid you will find very few behind equal to the poems in the above collections. For the honor of our country, I dare say you will not think that antiquity alone is sufficient, without some other degree of merit, for publishing the poems of our old bard.

MR. JOHN NICHOLS TO MR. PINKERTON.

Jan. 22nd, 1784.

The plan you have pointed out for a little volume on Medals,* I think excellent; and, if you think proper to pursue it, I will undertake it, on the condition of printing 750 or 1000 copies, (to

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* This is the first notice I find in Pinkerton's Correspondence of this popular work, which was published in the course of the year 1784, and in a considerably larger form than appears to have been at first contemplated. It is a most agreeable and useful manual, and has gone through three editions; the first two of which were anonymous.

It appears by a letter from Mr. Pinkerton, dated April 2nd, 1784, printed in the 5th Vol. of *Nichols' Literary Illustrations*, p. 674, that he was much pleased with the liberality of Mr. Nichols' proposals regarding this book; and I subjoin the following extract, as an honorable testimony to the feelings of the one, and the conduct of the other, upon the occasion:

"As in your proposal to me you mentioned that but one-third of the profits should be allotted to your share, which I confess I thought rather liberal than otherwise, I must insist that your third be paid in the very first instance, and I shall not touch a farthing till that is done: nay, should only as much arise as will clear your third, I shall certainly impute the fault to myself, where alone it can lie, and think the loss of my labor but a proper punishment for the defects of my work.—I mentioned to you that I looked upon myself as completely paid for the Scotch Ballads, that the work was now complete, and that in any future edition my assistance should be much at your service gratis. This I now repeat; as I wish you to be satisfied that I have your interest at heart as much as my own, and would always hope that you should be no loser but a gainer (though such gains are nothing to either of us) by any trifles of mine."

sell for 2*s.* 6*d.* sewed,) and putting the books in the hands of Mr. Dodsley or Mr. Dilly, or any bookseller *you* shall choose, the profit to be divided in three shares; *two-thirds* for *you* and *one* for *me*. This is the mode which appears to me both equitable and eligible: if you differ in opinion, I shall be glad to hear your proposal.

DR. PECKARD TO MR. PINKERTON.*

Fletton, near Peterborough,
July 18th, 1784.

I have but this moment received your letter, 'dated the 9th of this month) sent to me from Cambridge. What has occasioned the delay I know not. I am also this moment going upon a journey into the north, and stop only to write this hasty note to you; lest, from hearing nothing, you should have reason to charge me with neglect or incivility. So far as the nature of the trust reposed in me will permit me to gratify your wishes, I shall be ready to do so; but indeed there are many circumstances of which you are not in the least aware, that lay me under very great difficul-

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* Peckard, Dr. Peter, Dean of Peterborough and Master of Magdalen College, Cambridge, died at a very advanced age, in 1797. He was the author of many theological works, among others, of a *Dissertation on the Revelations, Chapter XII.* published A.D. 1755, in which he attempted to prove that the prophecy contained in that passage of Scripture was accomplished by the great earthquake at Lisbon.

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ties. So many abuses have been committed, even to the taking away, and the defacing books of value, by the admission of persons into the Pepysian library, that I have been, much against my inclination, driven to the necessity of not permitting any stranger to copy any thing in the library, except in the presence of a Fellow of the College. And, this being the time of vacation, the Fellows, I believe, are all absent; and there is not a possibility of procuring any one to attend you. Two gentlemen, on different accounts, have just now had permission to transcribe; and they did their business in a Fellow's room near at hand. When the gentlemen shall return to college, which will be in the beginning of the Term, I will endeavor to procure the same convenience for you, if that will suit your purpose. But I can only ask it as a favor; and, if it is not granted, and I should be in college myself, I will endeavor to accommodate you at the Lodge, to which place I have the power, by the Deed of Donation, to remove a limited number of books; but, with respect to taking books out of the college, I have not the power to grant any such permission. When you see Dr. Beattie, I beg you will present my sincere and most affectionate respects to him, with my hopes that some favorable event may procure me the happiness of seeing him during his stay in England.

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE TO MR. DODSLEY.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 8th, 1784.

I must beg, Sir, that you will tell Mr. Pinkerton that I am much obliged to him for the honor he is willing to do me, though I must desire his leave to decline it. His book deserves an eminent patron: I am too inconsiderable to give any relief to it, and even in its own line am unworthy to be distinguished. One of my first pursuits was a collection of medals; but I early gave it over, as I could not afford many branches of *virtù*, and have since changed or given away several of my best Greek and Roman medals. What remain, I shall be glad to show Mr. Pinkerton; and, if it would not be inconvenient to him to come hither any morning by eleven o'clock, after next Thursday, that he will appoint, he shall not only see my medals, but any other baubles here that can amuse him.

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE TO MR. PINKERTON.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 24th, 1784.

I am much obliged to you, Sir, for the pieces you have sent me of your own composition. There is great poetic beauty and merit in them, with great knowledge of the ancient masters and of

the best of the modern. You have talents that will succeed in whatever you pursue, and industry to neglect nothing that will improve them. Despise petty critics, and confute them by making your works as perfect as you can.

I am sorry you sent me the old manuscript; because, as I told you, I have so little time left to enjoy any thing, that I should think myself a miser if I coveted for a moment what I must leave so soon.

I shall be very glad, Sir, to see you here again, whenever it is convenient to you. Lest I should forget the time, be so good as to acquaint me three or four days beforehand when you wish to come, that I may not be out of the way, and I will fix a day for expecting you.

DR. PECKARD TO MR. PINKERTON.

Southwell, Nottinghamshire,
Sept. 14th, 1784.

Your favor, dated 16th of last month, after passing and repassing six or seven different post-offices, and various delays, has at length reached me at this place. The Term commences early in October; I believe upon the 10th. I will write to the librarian, as soon as I know that he is in college, that you may have access to the manuscript, and that you may have accommodation for transcribing what you want. And this is as far as I can go. I am a trustee, bound by oath; and I will

neither betray my trust, nor play with my oath, for any man or any consideration whatsoever.

And therefore, if what I have already said is not satisfactory, I must say with Hamlet "I'll go no farther." It is very painful to me to be so repeatedly pressed to do what is not in my power. What the Scotch societies may have done, is no sort of rule to me: they, perhaps, may not be bound as I am by an oath; or they may have a different idea of its obligation. Dr. Percy too may have written a *very strong letter to Dr. Farmer, to be shown to me;** but I am not that sort of man to be intimidated by the strongest letter that any lord, either spiritual or temporal, can indite. And I must take the liberty to add, that I do not want Dr. Percy or any one else to teach me what is a favor received, or what the degree of gratitude due for it. Nor can I conceive how the college will be under obligation to you, by granting you a favor which you have requested. There has, doubtless, been before my time some relaxation of proper care by too liberal and indulgent a permission of access; and great mischief has arisen from it: it is therefore become more immediately necessary for me to attend to my duty in that point, which I hope I shall be able to

* Mr. T. Warton, in a letter which I have not printed, had suggested to Mr. Pinkerton that it would be advisable that the Bishop of Dromore should do so; and he adds, "I am amazed at this illiberal behaviour from the Head of a College." He, most assuredly, would not have expressed himself so, had he known the real state of the case.

do without giving real cause of dishonor to the English, on a comparison with the Scotch literary societies. If not, may the disgrace fall on myself alone! I am willing to submit to any that may arise from my reverence for an oath, and my resolution to do what appears to be my duty.

With respect to the extraordinary difficulties, which you insinuate, in the work of transcribing, and which, according to Dr. Percy, you are the only person in the kingdom qualified to understand, I wish you to set your heart at rest; for it seems to me a mere ideal terror. Many besides yourself, I dare say, are well qualified to understand, and decipher; for I am sure that a very moderate share of abilities with industry is all that is wanted. If glossaries are necessary, they, you know, are few in number, and may probably be found in the public library at Cambridge as well as in your library at home; and, if I shall be there at the time they will be wanted, I will endeavor to procure you the use of them in the room where you shall transcribe, and do you any other service in my power. The similar manuscript of which you speak, can occupy but a very small space in a corner of your chaise.

I shall be obliged to you, if you will inform Dr. Beattie that I shall probably remain in this place till the latter end of October; and, if it suits with his convenience, should be very happy to see him here.

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE TO MR. PINKERTON.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 27th, 1784.

I have read your piece, Sir, very attentively; and, as I promised, will give you my opinion of it fairly. There is much wit in it, especially in the part of Nebuchadnezer; and the dialogue is very easy, and the *dénouement* in favor of Barbara interesting. There are, however, I think, some objections to be made, which, having written so well, you may easily remove, as they are rather faults in the mechanism than in the writing.

Several scenes seem to me to finish too abruptly, and not to be enough connected. Juliana is not enough distinguished, as of an age capable of more elevated sentiments: her desire of playing at Hotcockles and Blindman's Buff sounds more childish than vulgar.

There is another defect, which is in the conduct of the plot: surely there is much too long an interval between the discovery of the marriage of Juliana and Philip, and the anger of her parents. The audience must expect immediate effect from it; and yet the noise it is to make arrives so late, that it would have been forgotten in the course of the intermediate scenes.

I doubt a little, whether it would not be dangerous to open the piece with a song that must be totally incomprehensible to at least almost all the audience. It is safer to engage their prejudices by something captivating. I have the same ob-

jection to Juliana's mistaking *deposit* for *posset*, which may give an ill turn: besides, those mistakes have been too often produced on the stage: so has the character of Mrs. Winter, a romantic old maid; nor does she contribute to the plot or catastrophe. I am afraid that even Mrs. Vernon's aversion to the country is far from novel; and Mr. Colman, more accustomed to the stage than I am, would certainly think so. Nebuchadnezer's repartees of "very well, thank you," and bringing in Philip, when bidden to *go for a rascal*, are printed in the *Terræ Filius*, and, I believe, in other jest-books; and therefore had better be omitted.

I flatter myself, Sir, you will excuse these remarks; as they are intended kindly, both for your reputation and interest, and to prevent their being made by the manager, or audience, or your friends the reviewers. I am ready to propose your piece to Mr. Colman at any time; but, as I have sincerely an opinion of your parts and talents, it is the part of a friend to wish you to be very correct, especially in a first piece; for, such is the ill-nature of mankind, and their want of judgment too, that, if a new author does not succeed in a first attempt on the stage, a prejudice is contracted against him, and may be fatal to others of his productions, which might have prospered, had that bias not been taken. An established writer for the stage may venture almost any idleness; but a first essay is very different.

Shall I send you your piece, Sir, and how?—As Mr. Colman's theatre will not open till next

summer, you will have full time to make any alterations you please. I mean, if you should think any of my observations well founded, and which perhaps are very trifling. I have little opinion of my own sagacity as a critic, nor love to make objections; nor should have taken so much liberty with you, if you had not pressed it. I am sure in me it is a mark of regard, and which I never pay to an indifferent author: my admiration of your essay on medals was natural, uninvited, and certainly unaffected. My acquaintance with you since, Sir, has confirmed my opinion of your good sense, and interested me in behalf of your works; and, having lived so long in the world myself, if my experience can be of any service to you, I cannot withhold it when you ask it; at the same time leaving you perfectly at liberty to reject it, if not adopted by your own judgment. The experience of old age is very likely to be balanced by the weaknesses incident to that age. I have not, however, its positiveness yet, and willingly abandon my criticism to the vigor of your judgment.

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE TO MR. PINKERTON.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 6th, 1784.

You have accepted my remarks with great good humor, Sir: I wish you may not have paid too much regard to them; and I should be glad that you did not rest any alterations on my single judg-

ment, to which I have but little respect myself. I have not thought often on theatric performances, and of late not at all. A chief ground of my observations on your piece proceeded from having taken notice that an English audience is apt to be struck with some familiar sound, though there is nothing ridiculous in the passage, and fall into a foolish laugh, that often proves fatal to the author. Such was my objection to *hot-cockles*. You have indeed convinced me that I did not enough attend to your piece, as a *farce;* and, you must excuse me, my regard for you and your wit made me consider it rather as a short comedy. Very probably too, I have retained the pedantic impressions of the French, and demanded more observance of their rules than is necessary or just: yet I myself have often condemned their too delicate-rigor. Nay, I have wished that farce and speaking harlequins were more encouraged; in order to leave open a wider field of invention to writers for the stage. Of late I have amply had my wish: Mr. O'Keefe has brought our audiences to bear with every extravagance; and, were there not such irresistible humor in his utmost daring, it would be impossible to deny that he has passed even beyond the limits of nonsense. But I confine this approbation to his *Agreeable Surprise*. In his other pieces there is much more untempered nonsense than humor. Even that favorite performance, I wondered that Mr. Colman dared to produce,

Your remark, that a piece full of marked characters would be void of nature, is most just. This is so strongly my opinion, that I thought it a great

fault in Miss Burney's *Cecilia*, though it has a thousand other beauties, that she has labored far too much to make all her personages talk always in character; whereas, in the present refined or depraved state of human nature, most people endeavor to conceal their real character, not to display it. A professional man, as a pedantic fellow of a college or a seaman, has a characteristic dialect; but that is very different from continually *letting out* his ruling passion.

This brings me, Sir, to the alteration you offer in the personage of Mrs. Winter, whom you wittily propose to turn into a mermaid. I approve the idea much: I like too the restoration of Mrs. Vernon to a plain reasonable woman. She will be a contrast to the bad characters, and but a gradation to produce Barbara, without making her too glaringly bright without any intermediate shade. In truth, as you certainly may write excellently if you please, I wish you to bestow your utmost abilities on whatever you give to the public. I am wrong when I would have a farce as chaste and sober as a comedy; but I would have a farce made as good as it can be. I do not know *how* that is to be accomplished; but I believe you do. You are so obliging as to offer to accept a song of mine, if I have one by me. Dear Sir, I have no more talent for writing a song than for writing an ode like Dryden's or Gray's. It is a talent *per se*, and given, like every other branch of genius, by nature alone. Poor Shenstone was laboring through his whole life to write a perfect song, and, in my opinion at least, never once suc-

ceeded; not better than Pope did in a St. Cecilian ode. I doubt whether we have not gone a long, long way beyond the possibility of writing a good song. All the words in the language have been so often employed on simple images (without which a song cannot be good), and such reams of bad verses have been produced in that kind, that I question whether true simplicity itself could please now. At least we are not likely to have any such thing. Our present choir of poetic virgins write in the other extreme. They color their compositions so highly with choice and dainty phrases, that their own dresses are not more fantastic and romantic. Their nightingales make as many divisions as Italian singers. But this is wandering from the subject; and, while I only meant to tell you what I could not do myself, I am telling you what others do ill. I will yet hazard one other opinion, though relative to composition in general. There are two periods favorable to poets: a rude age, when a genius may hazard any thing, and when nothing has been forestalled: the other is, when, after ages of barbarism and incorrection, a master or two produces models formed by purity and taste: Virgil, Horace, Boileau, Corneille, Racine, Pope, exploded the licentiousness that reigned before them. What happened? Nobody dared to write in contradiction to the severity established; and very few had abilities to rival their masters. Insipidity ensues, novelty is dangerous, and bombast usurps the throne which had been debased by a race of *fainéants*. This rhapsody will probably convince

you, Sir, how much you was mistaken in setting any value on my judgment.

February will certainly be time enough for your piece to be finished. I again beg you, Sir, to pay no deference to my criticisms against your own cool reflections. It is prudent to consult others before one ventures on publication; but every single person is as liable to be erroneous as an author. An elderly man, as he gains experience, acquires prejudices too: nay, old age has generally two faults; it is too quick-sighted into the faults of the time being, and too blind to the faults that reigned in his own youth, which, having partaken of or having admired, though injudiciously, he recollects with complaisance.

I confess too that there must be two distinct views in writers for the stage, one of which is more allowable to them than to other authors. The one is durable fame; the other, peculiar to dramatic authors, the view of writing to the present taste (and, perhaps, as you say, to the level of the audience). I do not mean for the sake of profit; but even high comedy must risk a little of its immortality by consulting the ruling taste; and thence comedy always loses some of its beauties, the transient, and some of its intelligibility. Like its harsher sister, satire, many of its allusions must vanish, as the objects it aims at correcting cease to be in vogue; and, perhaps, that cessation, the natural death of fashion, is often ascribed by an author to his own reproofs. Ladies would have left off patching on the Whig or Tory side of

their face,* though Mr. Addison had not written his excellent Spectator. Probably even they who might be corrected by his reprimand, adopted some new distinction as ridiculous; not discovering that his satire was levelled at their partial animosity, and not at the mode of placing their patches; for, unfortunately, as the world cannot be cured of being foolish, a preacher who eradicates one folly, does but make room for some other.

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE TO MR. PINKERTON.†

Oct. 27th, 1784.

I would not answer your letter, Sir, till I could tell you that I had put your play into Mr. Colman's hands, which I have done. He desired my consent to his carrying it into the country to read it deliberately: you shall know as soon as I receive his determination.

I am much obliged to you for the many civil and kind expressions in your letter, and for the friendly information you give me. Partiality, I fear, dictated the former; but the last I can only ascribe to the goodness of your heart.

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* The singularly clever and witty paper here alluded to was written by Mr. Addison himself: it is No. 81, and was published June 2nd, 1711.

† This letter is printed, but not accurately, in the 4th Vol. of the *Private Correspondence of The Hon. Horace Walpole*, p. 384, under date of March 17th, 1785.

I have published nothing of any size but the pieces you mention, and one or two small tracts, now out of print and forgotten. The rest have been prefaces to some of my Strawberry editions, and to a few other publications, and some fugitive pieces which I reprinted some years ago in a small volume, and which shall be at your service, with the catalogue of noble authors.

With regard to the bookseller who has taken the pains of collecting my writings for an edition, (amongst which I do not doubt he will generously bestow on me many that I did not *write*, according to the liberal practice of such compilers,) and who also intends to write my life, to which (as I never did any thing worthy of the notice of the public, he must likewise be a volunteer contributor,) it would be vain for me to endeavor to prevent such a design. Whoever has been so unadvised as to throw himself on the public, must pay such a tax in a pamphlet or magazine when he dies; but, happily, the insects that prey on carrion are still more short-lived than the carcases were, from which they draw their nutriment. Those momentary abortions live but a day, and are thrust aside by like embrios. Literary characters, when not illustrious, are known only to a few literary men; and, amidst the world of books, few readers can come to my share. Printing that secures existence (in libraries) to indifferent authors of any bulk, is like those cases of Egyptian mummies which in catacombs preserve bodies of one knows not whom, and which are scribbled over with characters that nobody attempts to

read, till nobody understands the language in which they were written.

I believe therefore it will be most wise to swim for a moment on the passing current, secure that it will soon hurry me into the ocean where all things are forgotten. To appoint a biographer is to bespeak a panegyric; and I doubt whether they who collect their works for the public, and, like me, are conscious of no intrinsic worth, do but beg mankind to accept of talents (whatever they were) in lieu of virtues. To anticipate spurious publications by a comprehensive and authentic one, is almost as great an evil; it is giving a body to scattered atoms; and such an act in one's old age is declaring a fondness for the indiscretions of youth, or for the trifles of an age, which, though more mature, is only the less excusable. It is most true, Sir, that, so far from being prejudiced in favor of my own writings, I am persuaded that, had I thought early as I think now, I should never have appeared as an author. Age, frequent illness and pain, have given me as many hours of reflection in the intervals of the two latter, as the two latter have disabled from reflection; and, besides their showing me the inutility of all our little views, they have suggested an observation that I love to encourage in myself from the rationality of it. I have learnt and have practised the humiliating task of comparing myself with great authors; and that comparison has annihilated all the flattery that self-love could suggest. I know how trifling my own writings are, and how far below the standard that constitutes excellence: as for

the shades that distinguish the degrees of mediocrity, they are not worth discrimination; and he must be very modest, or easily satisfied, who can be content to glimmer for an instant a little more than his brethren glow-worms. Mine therefore, you find, Sir, is not humility, but pride. When young, I wished for fame, not examining whether I was capable of attaining it, nor considering in what lights fame was desirable. There are two sorts of honest fame, *that* attendant on the truly great, and that better sort that is due to the good. I fear I did not aim at the latter, nor discovered, till too late, that I could not compass the former. Having neglected the best road, and having, instead of the other, strolled into a narrow path that led to no good worth seeking, I see the idleness of my journey, and hold it more graceful to abandon my wanderings to chance or oblivion, than to mark solicitude for trifles, which I think so myself.

I beg your pardon for talking so much of myself; but an answer was due to the unmerited attention which you have paid to my writings. I turn with more pleasure to speak on yours. Forgive me if I shall blame you, whether you either abandon your intention,* or are too impatient to execute it. Your preface proves that you are capable of treating the subject ably; but allow me to repeat, that it is a work that ought not to be performed impetuously. A mere recapitulation of authenticated facts would be dry; a more

* Of writing a history of the reign of George II.

enlarged plan would demand much acquaintance with the characters of the actors, and with the probable sources of measures. The present time is accustomed to details and anecdotes; and the age immediately preceding one's own is less known to any man than the history of any other period. You are young enough, Sir, to collect information on many particulars that will occur in your progress, from living actors, at least from their cotemporaries; and great as your ardor may be, you will find yourself delayed by the want of materials, and by farther necessary inquiries. As you have variety of talents, why should not you exercise them on works that will admit of more rapidity; and at the same time, in leisure moments, commence, digest, and enrich your plan by collecting new matter for it?

In one word, I have too much zeal for your credit, not to dissuade you from precipitation in a work of the kind you meditate. That I speak sincerely you are sure, as accident, not design, made you acquainted with my admiration of your tract on medals. If I wish to delay your history, it must be from wishing that it may appear with more advantages; and I must speak disinterestedly, as my age will not allow me to hope to see it, if not finished soon. I should not forgive myself if I turned you from prosecution of your work; but, as I am certain that my writings can have given you no opinion of my having sound and deep judgment, pray follow your own.

DR. PECKARD TO MR. PINKERTON.

Magdalen College, Cambridge, Nov. 10th, 1784.

I arrived here a few days since, and being immediately elected into the office of Vice Chancellor, was thrown into such a hurry of public business, for which I was not prepared, that I had not time to look out and provide a proper place where you might make your extracts from Maitland's manuscript. The first moment I could command, I did this, and now inform you that I have procured a room with good light, near the library, where you may have a fire.

My being put into this office has made a necessary alteration in my domestic economy; so that I could not give you a room in my lodge, as I at first intended. The librarian was going to write to you some time since, but I prevented him, and took that office upon myself, and therefore hope you will excuse in him the appearance of negligence, which I have occasioned. Whenever it suits your convenience to come, the room and the manuscript will be ready; but we desire you will be so good as to give notice a day or two before, by a line directed to the Rev. Mr. Bywater, Magdalen College, Cambridge.

THE BISHOP OF DROMORE TO MR. PINKERTON.

Dromore House, March 12th, 1785.

I ought long since to have acknowledged the favor of your most obliging letter; but a sore finger has lately disabled me from writing. Accept my very sincere thanks both for the compliment you intend to make me, and for your so judiciously withholding it from the subject you have mentioned. Though it would be indecorous to have set the name of a grave man at the head of any work of levity, yet as I am sure you will never be concerned in any publication that has a tendency to corrupt the heart, so I shall not carry the austerity so far as to refuse to peruse many curious and ingenious pages of your book, because a few lines may retain the indelicacy of a coarse unpolished age; and therefore I cannot reject your obliging offer of a present of your work, which may be left with Mr. Hook, at No. 56, in Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields; and, at the same time, I should be glad if Mr. Nichols would be so kind as to send thither any other parcels he may have had for me.

I wrote to Mr. Nichols a pretty long letter last autumn; but, having never heard from him since, fear that either my letter or his answer miscarried; and the same, I fear, has been the fate of many a letter both to and from this remote corner of the world. Otherwise I cannot believe that my good friend above mentioned would not before this time

have informed me, that the Tatlers* were nearly finished, as I hear they are, but would have indulged me with one line on the subject, in which I cannot but be interested. Indeed if I could have seen the volumes before publication, I could probably have furnished some supplemental notes, as I have been making inquiries with a view to them. I am exceedingly glad that you have taken up the subject of the Old Romances, and will contribute all I can to it; but I think the *Green Knight* is rather fit for a supplemental volume of the Old Ballads, which I mean to deliver over to my poetical nephew in due time. Your kind intention of honoring me with the above work merits my best thanks.

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* As early as the year 1764, Dr. Percy had undertaken to publish, through Mr. Tonson, an edition of the Spectator, Tatler, &c. with notes; and the plan, as far as the Tatler was concerned, was finally completed in 1786. To use the words of Mr. Nichols, in his *Literary Anecdotes*, iii. 161, "The Tatler then appeared in six octavo volumes, with illustrations and notes, historical, biographical, and critical, for which the public was indebted to Dr. Percy, though the work was finished and edited by the Rev. Dr. John Calder." Nor in a book which contains so much from the pen of the learned, acute, and excellent prelate as the present, can it be amiss to state from the same source, that, in farther addition to what he actually published, he "soon after the year 1760 proceeded very far at the press with an admirable edition of Surrey's Poems, and also with a good edition of the works of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, both which, from a variety of causes, remained many years unfinished in the warehouse of Mr. Tonson, in the Savoy, but were resumed in 1795, and nearly brought to a conclusion, when the whole impression of both works was unfortunately consumed by the fire in Red Lion Passage, in 1808."

P.S. If you see Mr. Nichols, you may mention, that, as a proof I have not been unmindful of him, I have got a genuine letter written by Partridge to a person in this kingdom, on the diverting freedoms taken with him by Swift; which I procured purposely for his Supplement,* &c. And I am also in full scent of some curious anecdotes of the Dean of St. Patrick, very unlike those strange things of Sheridan's.

MR. KNIGHT TO MR. PINKERTON.

Pettits, April 1st, 1785.

I am greatly obliged to you for the favor of your last, and so indeed for your advice as to the publication of my Elegies, which I have followed precisely. They do not go on quite so speedily as I could wish; but I shall call upon Mr. Nichols in the course of a few days, and hope to jog him on a little. I omitted the imitative elegy, as you hinted; as I think with you that it will be much better they should all be originals.

I take this opportunity of sending you a sonnet lately composed, and shall be thankful to you for your opinion and animadversions on it. Perhaps you might advise the publication of it now: it would not bear equal objections with the elegy to Mrs. Siddons, as you know Dr. Heberden's is a respect-

* Mr. Nichols first published a Supplement to Swift's works, and afterwards a complete edition of his works.

able character among the literati. The circumstance to which I allude, I know to be fact; and I have also private reasons for wishing to pay him a compliment. Tell me your opinion without reserve, and whether you think it might or might not be the means of introducing the whole to notice. I fear it wants much correction; being so lately written, I am no judge of it: your kind criticisms therefore are the more necessary.

SONNET. TO DR. HEBERDEN.

As oft, when summer heats too long prevail,
Or blighting winds their baleful influence shed,
The smiling honors of the season fail,
And not a floweret lifts her languid head;
If chance, when night extends her sable veil,
Soft clouds drop moisture o'er the purfled bed,
Earth's balmy breath is felt in every gale,
And new-born verdure o'er the fields is spread.
Thus on the bed of want, when Virtue lies,
O Heberden, thy bounteous aid is given;
Thy hand unseen the secret boon supplies,
(Refreshing as the silent dews of even,)
Whose ever-during fragrance mounts the skies—
Incense, how grateful to the throne of Heaven!

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE TO MR. PINKERTON.

June 22nd, 1785.

Since I received your book,* Sir, I scarce ceased from reading till I had finished it; so admirable I found it, and so full of good sense, brightly delivered. Nay, I am pleased with myself too for having formed the same opinions with you on several points, in which we do not agree with the generality of men. On some topics, I confess frankly, I do not concur with you: considering how many you have touched, it would be wonderful if we agreed on all, or I should not be sincere if I said I did. There are others on which I have formed no opinion; for I should give myself an impertinent air, with no truth, if I pretended to have any knowledge of many subjects, of which, young as you are, you seem to have made yourself master. Indeed, I have gone deeply into nothing, and therefore shall not discuss those heads on which we differ most; as probably I should not defend my own opinions well. There is but one part of your work to which I will venture any objection, though you have considered it much, and I little, very little indeed, with regard to your proposal, which to me is but two days old:—I mean your plan for the improvement of our language, which I allow has some defects, and

* *Heron's Letters of Literature*, published this year. See p. 20.

which wants correction in several particulars. The specific amendment which you propose, and to which I object, is the addition of *a's* and *'s* to our terminations. To change *s* for *a* in the plural number of our substantives and adjectives would be so violent an alteration, that I believe neither the power of Power, nor the power of Genius would be able to effect it. In most cases I am convinced that very strong innovations are more likely to make impression than small and almost imperceptible differences, as in religion, medicine, politics, &c.; but I do not think that language can be treated in the same manner, especially in a refined age. When a nation first emerges from barbarism, two or three masterly writers may operate wonders; and the fewer the number of writers, as the number is small at such a period, the more absolute is their authority. But when a country has been polishing itself for two or three centuries, and when consequently authors are innumerable, the most supereminent genius (or whoever is esteemed so, though without foundation,) possesses very limited empire, and is far from meeting implicit obedience. Every petty writer will contest very novel institutions; every inch of change in any language will be disputed; and the language will remain as it was, longer than the tribunal which should dictate very heterogeneous alterations. With regard to adding *a* or *o* to final consonants, consider, Sir, should the usage be adopted, what havoc would it make! All our poetry would be defective in metre, or would become at once as obsolete as Chaucer; and could

we promise ourselves, that, though we should acquire better harmony and more rhymes, we should have a new crop of poets, to replace Milton, Dryden, Gray, and, I am sorry you will not allow me to add, Pope! You might enjoin our prose to be reformed as you have done by the Spectator in your letter XXXIV, but try Dryden's Ode by your new institution.

I beg your pardon for these trivial observations: I assure you I could write a letter ten times as long, if I were to specify all I like in your work. I more than like most of it; and I am charmed with your glorious love of liberty, and your other humane and noble sentiments. Your book I shall with great pleasure send to Mr. Colman: may I tell him, without naming you, that it is written by the author of the Comedy I offered to him? He must be struck with your very handsome and generous conduct in printing your Encomiums on him, after his rejecting your piece. It is as great as uncommon, and gives me as good an opinion of your heart, Sir, as your book does of your great sense. Both assure me that you will not take ill the liberty I have used in expressing my doubts on your plan for amending our language, or for any I may use in dissenting from a few other sentiments in your work—as I shall in what I think your too low opinion of some of the French writers, of your preferring Lady Mary Wortley to Madame de Sevigné, and of your esteeming Mr. Hume a man of a deeper and more solid understanding than Mr. Gray. In the two last articles it is impossible to think more differently than we

do. In Lady Mary's Letters, which I never could read but once, I discovered no merit of any sort; yet I have seen others by her (unpublished,) that have a good deal of wit; and for Mr. Hume, give me leave to say that I think your opinion, *that he might have ruled a state*, ought to be qualified a little; as in the very next page you say, his *History is a mere apology for Prerogative*, and a very weak one. If he could have ruled a state, one must presume, at best, that he would have been an able tyrant; and yet I should suspect that a man, who, sitting coolly in his chamber, could forge but a weak apology for the prerogative, would not have exercised it very wisely. I knew personally and well both Mr. Hume and Mr. Gray, and thought there was no degree of comparison between their understandings; and, in fact, Mr. Hume's writings were so superior to his conversation, that I frequently said he understood nothing till he had written upon it. What you say, Sir, of the discord in his history from his love of prerogative and hatred of churchmen, flatters me much; as I have taken notice of that very unnatural discord in a piece I printed some years ago, but did not publish, and which I will show to you when I have the pleasure of seeing you here; a satisfaction I shall be glad to taste, whenever you will let me know you are at leisure after the beginning of next week.

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE TO MR. PINKERTON.*

June 26th, 1785.

I have sent your book to Mr. Colman, Sir, and must desire you in return to offer my grateful thanks to Mr. Knight, who has done me an honor, to which I do not know how I am intitled, by the present of his poetry, which is very classic, and beautiful, and tender, and of chaste simplicity.

To *your* book, Sir, I am much obliged on many accounts; particularly for having recalled my mind to subjects of delight, to which it was grown dulled by age and indolence. In consequence of your reclaiming it, I asked myself whence you feel so much disregard for certain authors whose fame is established: you have assigned good reasons for withholding your approbation from some, on the plea of their being imitators: it was natural then, to ask myself again, whence they had obtained so much celebrity. I think I have discovered a cause, which I do not remember to have seen noted; and *that* cause I suspect to have been, that certain of those authors possessed grace;—do not take me for a disciple of Lord Chesterfield, nor imagine that I mean to erect grace into a capital ingredient of writing; but I do believe that it is a perfume that will preserve from putrefaction, and is distinct even from style, which regards expression. *Grace*, I think, belongs to *manner*. It is from the

* This letter is likewise printed, but not accurately, in the *Private Correspondence of the Hon. Horace Walpole*, iv. p. 391. No other of Walpole's letters to Pinkerton, except No. 33 of this series, appears in that publication.

charm of grace that I believe some authors, not in your favor, obtained part of their renown: Virgil in particular; and yet I am far from disagreeing with you on his subject in general. There is such a dearth of invention in the Æneid, (and when he did invent, it was often so foolishly,) so little good sense, so little variety, and so little power over the passions, that I have frequently said, from contempt for his matter, and from the charm of his harmony, that I believe I should like his poem better, if I was to hear it repeated, and did not understand Latin. On the other hand, he has more than harmony: whatever he utters is said gracefully, and he ennobles his images, especially in the Georgics; or at least it is more sensible there from the humility of the subject. A Roman farmer might not understand his diction in agriculture; but he made a Roman courtier understand farming, the farming of that age, and could captivate a lord of Augustus' bed-chamber, and tempt him to listen to themes of rusticity. On the contrary, Statius and Claudian, though talking of war, would make a soldier despise them as bullies. That graceful manner of thinking in Virgil seems to me to be more than style, if I do not refine too much; and I admire, I confess, Mr. Addison's phrase, that Virgil "tossed about his dung with an air of majesty." A style may be excellent without grace: for instance, Dr. Swift's. Eloquence may bestow an immortal style, and one of more dignity; yet eloquence may want that ease, that genteel air that flows from or constitutes grace. Addison himself was master of that grace, even in his pieces of humour, and which do not

owe their merit to style; and from that combined secret he excels all men that ever lived, but Shakespeare, in humour, by never dropping into an approach towards burlesque and buffoonery, when even his humour descended to characters that in any other hands would have been vulgarly low. Is not it clear that Will Wimble was a gentleman, though he always lived at a distance from good company? Fielding had as much humour, perhaps, as Addison; but, having no idea of grace, is perpetually disgusting. His innkeepers and parsons are the grossest of their profession; and his gentlemen are awkward, when they should be at their ease.

The Grecians had grace in every thing; in poetry, in oratory, in statuary, in architecture, and, probably, in music and painting. The Romans, it is true, were their imitators, but, having grace too, imparted it to their copies, which gave them a merit, that almost raises them to the rank of originals. Horace's Odes acquired their fame, no doubt, from the graces of his manner and purity of his style, the chief praise of Tibullus and Propertius, who certainly cannot boast of more meaning than Horace's Odes.

Waller, whom you proscribe, Sir, owed his reputation to the graces of his manner, though he frequently stumbled, and even fell flat; but a few of his smaller pieces are as graceful as possible: one might say that he excelled in painting ladies in enamel, but could not succeed in portraits in oil, large as life. Milton had such superior merit, that I will only say, that, if his angels, his Satan, and his Adam, have as much dignity as

the Apollo Belvidere; his Eve has all the delicacy and graces of the Venus of Medicis; as his description of Eden has the coloring of Albano. Milton's tenderness imprints ideas as graceful as Guido's Madonnas; and the Allegro, Penseroso, and Comus, might be denominated from the three Graces, as the Italians gave singular titles to two or three of Petrarch's best sonnets.

Cowley, I think, would have had grace, (for his mind was graceful,) if he had had any ear, or if his taste had not been vitiated by the pursuit of wit, which, when it does not offer itself naturally, degenerates into tinsel or pertness. Pertness is the mistaken affectation of grace, as pedantry produces erroneous dignity: the familiarity of the one, and the clumsiness of the other, distort or prevent grace. Nature, that furnishes samples of all qualities, and on the scale of gradation exhibits all possible shades, affords us types that are more opposite than words. The eagle is sublime, the lion majestic, the swan graceful, the monkey pert, the bear ridiculously awkward. I mention these, as more expressive and comprehensive than I could make definitions of my meaning; but I will apply the swan only, under whose wings I will shelter an apology for Racine, whose pieces give me an idea of that bird. The coloring of the swan is pure, his attitudes are graceful; he never displeases you when sailing on his proper element. His feet may be ugly, his notes hissing, not musical, his walk not natural; he can soar, but it is with difficulty:—still the impression the swan leaves, is that of grace. So does Racine.

Boileau may be compared to the dog, whose

sagacity is remarkable, as well as its fawning on its master, and its snarling at those it dislikes. If Boileau was too austere to admit the pliability of grace, he compensates by good sense and propriety. He is like (for I will drop animals,) an upright magistrate, whom you respect, but whose justice and severity leave an awe that discourages familiarity. His copies of the ancients may be too servile; but, if a good translator deserves praise, Boileau deserves more: he certainly does not fall below his originals; and, considering at what period he wrote, has greater merit still. By his imitations he held out to his countrymen models of taste, and banished totally the bad taste of his predecessors. For his Lutrin, replete with excellent poetry, wit, humour and satire, he certainly was not obliged to the ancients. Excepting Horace, how little idea had either Greeks or Romans of wit and humour! Aristophanes and Lucian, compared with moderns, were, the one a blackguard, and the other a buffoon. In my eyes, the Lutrin, the Dispensary, and the Rape of the Lock, are standards of grace and elegance, not to be paralleled by antiquity, and eternal reproaches to Voltaire, whose indelicacy in the Pucelle degraded him as much, when compared with the three authors I have named, as his Henriade leaves Virgil, and even Lucan, whom he more resembles, by far his superiors.

The Dunciad is blemished by the offensive images of the games; but the poetry appears to me admirable; and, though the fourth book has obscurities, I prefer it to the three others: it has descriptions not surpassed by any poet that ever

existed, and which surely a writer merely ingenious * will never equal. The lines on Italy, on Venice, on Convents, have all the grace for which I contend as distinct from poetry, though united with the most beautiful; and the Rape of the Lock, besides the originality of great part of the invention, is a standard of graceful writing.

In general, I believe that what I call grace is denominated elegance; but by grace I mean something higher: I will explain myself by instances—Apollo is graceful, Mercury elegant: Petrarch, perhaps, owed his whole merit to the harmony of his numbers and the graces of his style. They conceal his poverty of meaning, and want of variety. His complaints too may have added an interest, which, had his passion been successful, and had expressed itself with equal sameness, would have made the number of his sonnets insupportable. Melancholy in poetry, I am inclined to think, contributes to grace, when it is not disgraced by pitiful lamentations, such as Ovid's and Cicero's in their banishments. We respect melancholy, because it imparts a similar affection, pity. A gay writer, who should only express satisfaction without variety, would soon be nauseous.

Madame de Sevigné shines, both in grief and

* Pinkerton had said of Pope (*Heron's Letters*, p. 75.) that "he could only rank with *ingenious* men;" and, 11 pages before, that "his works are superabundant with superfluous and unmeaning verbiage; his translations even replete with tautology, a fault which is to refinement as midnight is to noon-day; and, what is truly surprising, that the 4th Book of the Dunciad, his last publication, is more full of redundancy and incorrectness than his Pastorals, which are his first."

gaiety. There is too much of sorrow for her daughter's absence; yet it is always expressed by new terms, by new images, and often by wit, whose tenderness has a melancholy air. When she forgets her concern, and returns to her natural disposition, gaiety, every paragraph has novelty: her allusions, her applications are the happiest possible. She has the art of making you acquainted with all her acquaintance, and attaches you even to the spots she inhabited. Her language is correct, though unstudied; and, when her mind is full of any great event, she interests you with the warmth of a dramatic writer, not with the chilling impartiality of an historian. Pray read her accounts of the death of Turenne, and of the arrival of King James in France, and tell me whether you do not know their persons as if you had lived at the time. For my part, if you will allow me a word of digression, (not that I have written with any method,) I hate the cold impartiality recommended to historians: "Si vis me flere, dolendum est primùm ipsi tibi:" but, that I may not wander again, nor tire, nor contradict you any more, I will finish now, and shall be glad if you will dine at Strawberry Hill next Sunday and take a bed there, when I will tell you how many more parts of your book have pleased me, than have startled my opinions, or perhaps prejudices.

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE TO MR. PINKERTON.

Strawberry Hill, July 27th, 1785.

You thank me much more than the gift deserved,

Sir: my editions of such pieces as I have left, are waste paper to me. I will not sell them at the ridiculously advanced prices that are given for them: indeed, only such as were published for sale, have I sold at all; and therefore the duplicates that remain with me are to me of no value, but when I can oblige a friend with them. Of a few of my impressions I have no copy but my own set; and as I could give you only an imperfect collection, the present was really only a parcel of fragments. My memory was in fault about the Royal and Noble authors. I thought I had given them to you. I recollect now that I only lent you my own copy; but I have others in town, and you shall have them when I go thither. For Vertue's manuscript I am in no manner of haste. I heard on Monday, in London, that the *Letters* were written by a Mr. Pilkington, probably from a confounded information of Maty's Review: my chief reason for calling on you twice this week, was to learn what you had heard, and I shall be much obliged to you for farther information; as I do not care to be too inquisitive, lest I should be suspected of knowing more of the matter.

There are many reasons, Sir, why I cannot come into your idea of printing Greek. In the first place, I have two or three engagements for my press; and my time of life does not allow me to look but a little way farther. In the next, I cannot now go into new expenses of purchase: my fortune is very much reduced, both by my brother's death, and by the late plan of reformation. The last reason would weigh with me, had I none of the others. My admiration of the Greeks was a

little like that of the mob on other points, not from sound knowledge. I never was a good Greek scholar; have long forgotten what I knew of the language; and, as I never disguise my ignorance of any thing, it would look like affectation to print Greek authors. I could not bear to print them, without owning that I do not understand them; and such a confession would perhaps be as much affectation as unfounded pretensions. I must, therefore, stick to my simplicity, and not go out of my line. It is difficult to divest one's self of vanity, because impossible to divest one's self of self-love. If one runs from one glaring vanity, one is catched by its opposite. Modesty can be as vain-glorious on the ground, as Pride on a triumphal car. Modesty, however, is preferable; for, should she contradict her professions, still she keeps her own secret, and does not hurt the pride of others.

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE TO MR. PINKERTON.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 18th, 1785.

I am sorry, dear Sir, that I must give you unanswerable reasons, why I cannot print the work you recommend.* I have been so much

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* It is impossible to say with certainty what is the work here alluded to; but, most probably, it was *Ailred's Life of St. Ninian*, of which it appears, from a letter from the late Rev.

solicited since I set up my press to employ it for others, that I was forced to make it a rule to listen to no such applications. I refused Lord Hardwick to print a publication of his; Lady Mary Forbes, to print letters of her ancestor, Lord Essex; and the Countess of Aldborough, to print her father's poems, though in a piece as small as what you mention. These I recollect at once, besides others whose recommendations do not immediately occur to my memory; though I dare to say *they* do remember them, and would resent my breaking my rule. I have other reasons which I will not detail now, as the post goes out so early: I will only beg you not to treat me with so much ceremony, nor ever use the word *humbly* to me, who am no ways intitled to such respect. One private gentleman is not superior to another in essentials: I fear the virtues of an untainted young heart are preferable to those of an old man long conversant with the world; and in the soundness of understanding you have shown, and will show a depth which has not fallen to the lot of,

Your sincere humble servant.

Rogers Ruding, dated August 4th, 1785, that Mr. Pinkerton obtained at this time a transcript through him from the manuscript in the Bodleian Library. Pinkerton speaks of this manuscript in the 2nd Vol. of his *Early Scottish History*, p. 266, as "a meagre piece, containing very little as to Ninian's Pikish Mission. The letter alluded to from Mr. Ruding shows Pinkerton to have turned his mind to the antiquities of Scotland with great earnestness.

DR. BEATTIE TO MR. PINKERTON.

Edinburgh, Aug. 24th, 1785.

Though my attention has been much engrossed of late by a variety of matters, I have not neglected your commission; but I am sorry to tell you that my inquiries have ended in nothing. Of Barbour, I know that he was Archdeacon of Aberdeen, that he wrote the book you mention, and that he is often quoted with approbation by Sir David Dalrymple in his Annals of Scotland; but I know nothing more. I have applied to the masters of King's College (for Barbour, being an archdeacon, must have resided in Old Aberdeen, the seat of the bishop, or must at least have been more connected with that city than with the town of New Aberdeen)—I say, I have applied to the professors of King's College, but can get no account of any of Barbour's manuscripts, nor any trace of a tradition concerning him. All the advice therefore that I can give you is, to read Sir D. Dalrymple's Annals (if you have not already done it), in which you will probably find something that may be of use to you. The Ode on the approach of Summer I remember to have read formerly; but all I can say of the author is, that his name was *Seaton* or *Seatoun*. This I was told by an old gentleman who has been dead these four years, and who, I think, was the only person I ever heard speak of him.

I do not believe there is any old Scotch poetry in either of the Libraries of Aberdeen, except what

has been published; and I question whether we have any edition of Barbour, either old or new. The bird you mention I never before heard of.

I always suspected you to be the author of the second part of Hardyknute; though I never mentioned it to you, because you seemed unwilling to be explicit on that subject. I long to see the collection of Antient Poems, and shall be much obliged to you for the copy you are so good to promise me. What is become of your little comedy? Is it likely to make its appearance on the stage?

A good edition of Barbour is much wanted; and I am sure the public will thank you for it. By the by, I wonder it was not attempted sooner. I freely confess I knew nothing of that poet, till I read Sir D. Dalrymple, who not only commends his poetry, but quotes many parts of his narrative as authentic history.

I am happy to hear that you still go on in your studies, and sincerely wish you success. My health is become so precarious, that I dare not attempt any thing that requires labor. I thank you for what you tell me of Mr. and Mrs. Peckard, and beg to be remembered to them.

THE REV. W. TREMAYNE TO MR. PINKERTON.

Helston, Sept. 16th, 1785.

Though a perfect stranger to Mr. Heron's person, I have some acquaintance with his *Letters of Literature*, which have given me much satisfaction, especially where you propose a plan for refining and improving the English tongue, in this scheme my thoughts are so fondly interested, that I cannot forbear addressing you, and begging your indulgence to accept, my cordial acknowledgements. I have turned a considerable share of my attention to the English tongue for these five or six years past, but chiefly to the grammatical part, which I have found loose and imperfect in several points. I often, by the way, regretted that our nervous language should be so crowded and set a-jar with harsh superfluous consonants; but never hoped to see a scheme advanced to the public, effectually to refine and harmonise our northern tongue, by substituting throughout, for those grating and hissing finals, melodious vowel terminations. This Mr. Heron has done; and every person who hath an ear in the least attuned to harmony, and hath mastered habitude and prejudice, must be delighted with the improvements illustrated in the subjoined specimen. But the blessing of a good ear is rare; insomuch that, if all the learned in the kingdom should, according to Mr. Heron's plan, "associate themselves under the name of 'The Academy for Improving the Lan-

guage,'" it were, I think, to be feared, that the majority, having no ear for musical harmony, would have none for plans to that effect. However, if a good number of men of extensive classical knowledge, possessed of a good ear and of a taste for polite literature, could be brought to meet together for this purpose, these might probably mature such a design, and establish a scientific language among themselves: it will be expedient that the select Academy not only publish a grammar and dictionary of the new orthography, &c. but also compose and publish from time to time books of all kinds in the same reformed tongue. This cannot fail of speeding its celebrity. The spirit of vanity, then, I verily believe, would work all the excellent effects of a good ear. The learned fops and literary smatterers would seize with avidity the scientific language, as the distinguishing ensign of the polite literati. Many would adopt the improvements from true taste; infinitely more from mere affectation and love of novelty. It would now become "quite the thing," "the ton;" and, by and by descending even to the lower ranks, in half a century it would prevail throughout the kingdom. In these improvements etymology must not be lost sight of, but be paid the utmost respect to, in all material points; and, in the grammatical construction, the parts of speech must be carefully discriminated, and kept as distinct from one another as possible. These are truths whereof Mr. Heron must be fully sensible.

I now beg leave to trouble Mr. Heron with some remarks, which his very enterprising and inge-

nious scheme has suggested to me. In the first place, the frequency of open vowels is certainly an imperfection; and I the rather mention it, because it may easily be amended. In this case I would make constant elisions, save in two or three instances of harsh double consonants, agreeably to the most perfect Greek model, as "the star' appeareth," not "the stars," &c. With the ancient Romans, I would regard the "H" every where, in the beginning of a word, as it really is, a mere aspirate, and no letter; and would always say *an* House, *an* Hat, &c. &c. The better to distinguish some substantives from adjectives like them, I would, for example, say, "the Soun filled mia Eara," the sound of the "Drumo," (I see "soune" in Chaucer,) to distinguish it from "*soundo*," "*sleepo*," &c. &c. &c. I would say "The Resto," the remainder: "*rest*" (ease,) which, if no vowel or "H" directly follow, may be made *Resté*. The substantive *Quiet* may be made *Quiĕt*, and if a vowel or "H" immediately follow, be restored "*quiet*," to distinguish it from "*quieto nyto*," &c. In like manner should be managed the accented final E′, to discriminate nouns and verbs the better from one another. After these precautions, there will be yet plenty of open vowels in the plural final "A;" which evil must be tolerated, to prevent the greater, of hissing consonants. I find Tully, in his 4th book of Rhetoric to Herennius, reprobates the "*crebras vocalium concursiones*," &c.; and Quinctilian, book IX. 4th chapter, remarks the same as a great imperfection. The mode peculiar to the ancient Greeks and Latins of

sundering their substantives from the adjectives, obviated in a main degree this defect. This defect, so strikingly prevalent in the modern Italian, is the true cause of the excessive and effeminate softness of that language, even to insipidity.

All nouns denoting the human kind, I would distinguish from such as only denote the brute and inanimate creation; in this manner: Plur. *Kindi Fatheri, kind fathers; a kind mother, a Kinda Mothera; kind mothers, Kindai Motherai; Honesti Shepherdi, honest shepherds; an honest shepherdess, an Honesta Shepherda, and Shepherdeza:* plur. *Honestai Shepherdai, and Shepherdezai, &c. &c. honest shepherdesses, &c.*

I deem this form far more elegant than *Kindo Mothero, Kinda Fathera,* &c. I have some more notices to make, which, if Mr. Heron approve these, I will do myself the pleasure to send him at a future time.*

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* One only other letter, and that dated three years subsequently, appears from Mr. Tremayne in this collection. It may therefore fairly be inferred, that Mr. Pinkerton was not desirous to continue the subject, and that seeing by reflection, '*veluti in speculum,*' the fruits of his proposed alterations in our orthography, he very wisely considered, that the sooner they were suffered to be forgotten the better. Mr. Tremayne's second letter I have not printed: it refers altogether to his studies in the Italian and Spanish languages, which the reading of *Heron's Letters* had led him to undertake.

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE TO MR. PINKERTON.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 17th, 1785.

You are too modest, Sir, in asking my advice on a point on which you could have no better guide than your own judgment. If I presume to give you my opinion, it is from zeal for your honor. I think it would be below you to make a regular answer to anonymous scribblers in a Magazine: you had better wait to see whether any formal reply is made to your book; and whether by any avowed writer; to whom, if he writes sensibly and decently, you may condescend to make an answer.

Still, as you say you have been misquoted, I should not wish you to be quite silent, though I should like better to have you turn such enemies into ridicule. A foe who misquotes you, ought to be a welcome antagonist. He is so humble as to confess, when he censures what you have *not* said, that he cannot confute what you have said; and he is so kind as to furnish you with an opportunity of proving him a liar, as you may refer to your book to detect him.

This is what I would do:—I would specify in the same Magazine, in which he has attacked you, your real words, and those he has imputed to you; and then appeal to the equity of the reader: you may guess that the shaft comes from somebody whom you have censured; and thence you may draw a fair conclusion, that you had been in the

right to laugh at one who was reduced to put his own words into your mouth before he could find fault with them. And, having so done, whatever indignation he has excited in the reader must recoil on himself; as the offensive passages will come out to have been his own, not yours. You might even begin with loudly condemning the words or thoughts imputed to you, as if you retracted them; and then, as if you turned to your book, and found that you had said no such thing there, as what you was ready to retract, the ridicule would be doubled on your adversary.

Something of this kind is the most I would stoop to; but I would take the utmost care not to betray a grain of more anger than is implied in contempt and ridicule. Fools can only revenge themselves by provoking; for then they bring you to a level with themselves. The good sense of your work will support it; and there is scarce a reason for defending it, but, by keeping up a controversy, to make it more noticed; for the age is so idle and indifferent, that few objects strike, unless parties are formed for or against them. I remember many years ago advising some acquaintance of mine, who were engaged in the direction of the Opera, to raise a competition between two of their singers, and have papers written pro and con; for then numbers would go to clap and hiss the rivals respectively, who would not go to be pleased with the music.

Dr. Lort was chaplain to the late Archbishop, Sir, but I believe is not to the present; nor do I know whether at all connected with

him :* I do not even know where Dr. Lort is, having seen him but once the whole summer. I am acquainted with another person, who, I believe, has some interest with the present Archbishop; but I conclude that leave must be asked to consult the particular books, as, probably, indiscriminate access would not be granted.

I have not a single correspondent left at Paris. The Abbé Barthélémi, with whom I was very intimate, behaved most unhandsomely to me after Madame du Deffand's death, when I had acted by him in a manner that called for a very different return. He would have been the most proper person to apply to; but I cannot ask a favor of one, to whom I had done one, and who has been very ungrateful. I might have an opportunity perhaps, ere long, of making the inquiry you desire; though the person to whom I must apply is rather too great to employ; but, if I can bring it about, I will; for I should have great pleasure to assist your pursuits, though, from my long acquaintance with the world, I am very diffident of making promises that are to be executed by others.

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* Only a few months after this letter was written, Dr. Lort would have been the person best qualified to assist Mr. Pinkerton's researches at Lambeth; for he was appointed librarian to the Archbishop, in the course of the year 1785, upon the death of Dr. Ducarel.

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE TO MR. PINKERTON.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 30th, 1785.

As soon, Sir, as I can see the lady, my friend,* who is much acquainted with the Archbishop, I will try if she will ask his leave for you to see the books you mention in his library, of which I will give her the list. I did ask Mr. Cambridge where Dr. Lort is: he told me, with the Bishop of Chester, and on an intended tour to the Lakes.

I do not possess nor ever looked into one of the books you specify, nor Mabillon's *Acta Sanctorum*, nor *O'Flaherty's Ogygia*. My reading has been very idle, and trifling, and desultory; not that perhaps it has not been employed on authors as respectable as those you want to consult, nor that I had not rather read the Deeds of Sinners than *Acta Sanctorum*. I have no reverence but for sensible books, and consequently not for a great number; and had rather have read fewer than I have, than more. The rest may be useful on certain points, as they happen now to be to you; who, I am sure, would not read them for general use and pleasure, and are a very different kind of author. I shall like, I dare to say, any thing you do write; but I am not overjoyed at your wading into the history of dark ages, unless you use it as a canvas to be embroidered with your own opinions, and episodes, and comparisons with more

* Lady Diana Beauclerk. See preceding letter.

recent times. That is a most entertaining kind of writing. In general, I have seldom wasted time on the origin of nations; unless for an opportunity of smiling at the gravity of the author, or at the absurdity of the manners of those ages; for absurdity and bravery compose almost all the anecdotes we have of them, except the accounts of what they never did, nor thought of doing.

I have a real affection for Bishop Hoadley: he stands with me in lieu of what are called the Fathers; and I am much obliged to you for offering to lend me a book of his; but, as my faith in him and his doctrines has long been settled, I shall not return to such grave studies, when I have so little time left, and desire only to pass it tranquilly, and without thinking of what I can neither propagate nor correct. When youth made me sanguine, I hoped mankind might be set right. Now that I am very old, I sit down with this lazy maxim—that, unless one could cure men of being fools, it is to no purpose to cure them of any folly; as it is only making room for some other. Self-interest is thought to govern every man; yet is it possible to be less governed by self-interest than men are in the aggregate? Do not thousands sacrifice even their lives for single men? Is not it an established rule in France, that every person in that kingdom should love every king they have, in his turn? What government is formed for general happiness? Where is not it thought heresy by the majority, to insinuate that the felicity of one man ought not to be preferred to that of millions? Had not I better, at sixty-

eight, leave men to these preposterous notions, than return to Bishop Hoadley, and sigh? Not but I have a heartfelt satisfaction, when I hear that a mind as liberal as his, and who has dared to utter sacred truths, meets with approbation and purchasers of his work. You must not however flatter yourself, Sir, that all your purchasers are admirers. Some will buy your book, because they have heard of opinions in it that offend them, and because they want to find matter in it for abusing you. Let them: the more it is discussed, the more strongly will your fame be established. I commend you for scorning any artifice to puff your book; but you must allow me to hope it will be attacked.

I have another satisfaction in the sale of your book: it will occasion a second edition. What if, as you do not approve of confuting misquoters, you simply printed a list of their false quotations, referring to the identical sentences at the end of your second edition? That will be preserving their infamy, which else would perish where it was born, and perhaps would deter others from similar forgeries. If any rational opponent staggers you on any opinion of yours, I would retract it; and that would be a second triumph. I am perhaps too impertinent and forward with advice: it is at best a proof of zeal; and you are under no obligation to follow my counsel. It is the weakness of old age to be apt to give advice; but I will fairly arm you against myself, by confessing that when I was young I was not apt to take any.

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE TO MR. PINKERTON.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 2nd, 1785.

I am much obliged to you, Sir, for the notice of the pictures; but, as I have no place left here for more pictures, and have a bust of Francis II. and so good a copy of his Queen from the original, I am not inclined to buy them unseen, and would not hinder the proprietor from selling them, if he can, by desiring him to keep them till I come to town, which may be in a week; but I cannot fix a day, as I am to have company with me this week, and do not know how long they will stay. Should they not be sold, I will let him know when I am in Berkeley Square, if he will bring them to me.

Sir Lionel Tolmache, who married the famous Countess of Dysart, afterwards Duchess of Lauderdale, was not, I believe, a parliamentary general; nor, as far as I recollect, a general at all; but there was a former Sir Lionel, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, of whom Mr. Pennant might see a portrait in Scotland.

MR. ASTLE* TO MR. PINKERTON.

Battersea, Nov. 4th, 1785.

I embraced the first opportunity of examining

* Thomas Astle, Esq., predecessor of Mr. Lysons in the

the manuscript you inquire after. I do not find a date in the whole book; and the relations, as far as I am able to form a judgment, are too fabulous to deserve attention. The genealogies are of the same cast. I have long wished that some selections had been made from Andrew Wintoun's Chronicle in Verse. The former part is fabulous; but the three last books are interesting, as well for the matter, as for the genuine specimens of the language of North Britain in the 14th and 15th centuries. Wintoun was first a canon of St. Andrew's, and was afterwards prior of Lochleven, from about 1395 to 1413. Several extracts might be made from the two last books: as—

The battle of Falkirk.	The sieges of
of Roslyne.	Striveling.
of Duplyne.	Lochleven.
of Halydown Hill.	Dunbar.
of Durham.	Perth, &c.
of Otterbourne, &c.	

A Description of a Tournament at Berwick, the Gallant Actions of Sir Wm. Wallace; of Douglas; and of Sir Pat. de Graham.

Several transactions, of which Wintoun was an eye-witness in the reigns of our Richard II. and Henry IV., deserve particular attention. I have a

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office of Keeper of the Records in the Tower, and author of the *History of the Origin and Progress of Writing, &c. &c. &c.*, died Dec. 1, 1803, aged 68. A memoir of his Life and Writings will be found in *Nichols' Literary Anecdotes*, Vol. iii. p. 202.

fair copy of this Chronicle,* which you may see, if you will do me the favor of calling at the State-Paper Office, Treasury. Mr. Topham will show it you, in case I should not be there. There is a short Chronicle of the Affairs of Scotland at the end. Another copy of this work is in the royal library at the British Museum, 17. D xx. I have not the *Palice of Honor* by Gawin Douglas.

MR. PINKERTON TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.†

Knightsbridge, near London,
Nov. 24th, 1785.

Though I could with ease have procured a letter from either of my friends Mr. Walpole, Mr.

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* The Chronicle of Andrew Wintoun is quoted by Mr. Pinkerton in his *Ancient Scottish History;* but he does not state whether he made much or any use of it. It was published entire, with notes and a glossary by Mr. David Macpherson, in 1795, in 2 vols. 8vo. Dr. Watt, in his *Bibliotheca Britannica,* gives the following account of it: "As a history, it throws great light upon Scottish transactions, especially ecclesiastical, which are to be found no where else. As a poem, the versification is easy, and the style often animated; and it has the farther advantage of being written in the pure language of the country,

'Tyl ilke mannys wndyrstandyng;'

a thing of great consequence to our Scottish lexicographers."

† David, 11th Earl of Buchan, author of the Lives of Thomson the poet, of Fletcher of Saltoun, and of Napier of Merchiston, devoted himself, throughout a long life, most zealously and honorably to the pursuit of literature, and was at all

Spottiswoode, or Mr. Nichols, to your lordship, yet, as I believe you are too much a friend to letters to require a formal introduction in literary matters, I hope to be forgiven for saving your lordship the trouble of reading more than one epistle upon this occasion. Without further preamble, I beg leave to inform your lordship, that, having with much labor and at considerable expense (for which no return can well be expected) published no less than one hundred Ancient Scottish Poems (never in print) from the Maitland manuscript in the Pepysian library, I have desired Mr. Creach to send your lordship two copies, one for yourself, and another for the library of the Society of Antiquaries: these I hope you will honor me by accepting, as a mark of my regard for your lordship and the Society.

From the introductory parts of this work, your lordship will see that I propose publishing legitimate editions of many of our old Scotish poets, who, if given in the ancient orthography, and conformably to manuscripts, would hold high rank in the list of the ancient poets of Great Britain; though now, from the slovenly editions, they be considered as mere amusement for the vulgar. Of these the first and chief is Barbour, who wrote in 1375. A manuscript of his poem, written 1489, is in the Advocates' Library; and I shall immediately, at my own expense, give an edition *literatim* from

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times an active patron of all that referred to the arts or learning. He died in the month of April 1829, at the age of 86.

this manuscript, if I can procure an exact copy. Now, though I have just written Lord Hailes to this effect, yet, my lord, I most earnestly beg of your lordship that, if necessary, (and of which my factor, Mr. William Buchan, will inform your lordship,) you will join your interest to that of Lord Hailes, in order to prevail on the Society of Advocates to permit a literal copy of this manuscript to be taken at my expense. I know, my lord, that, in Scotland, other ideas are often entertained about these matters than in England. Here, if a man wishes to publish a manuscript, every body is eager to serve and oblige him in the design; every library is open to him who can use it; and a librarian would send you a challenge, if you offered him money: he knows the trouble is yours, not his, and that, if dirty gold must interfere in literary matters, you ought to be paid by him, not he by you; as you have the trouble, his library and he the honor. This I mention, my lord, as when Mr. Buchan, writer to the Signet, my factor, copied himself the titles of some old poems in the Advocates' Library for me, it was hinted by Brown, the librarian, that a fee was expected! Now, though I should with pleasure pay 100*l.*, rather than this venerable old poet should remain in his present vulgar condition, yet one grudges to add to the expense necessary, an imposition payable to a greedy librarian, who looks upon literature as a matter of low and paltry gain.

I should also be happy to learn from your lordship, if any person or persons in the Society of

Antiquaries be sufficiently versed in the oldest Scotish, to compare the copy with the original before it is sent to me for publication. Your lordship knows how very little our old language is studied, so will not think this an improper question; and, if such person in the Society could be prevailed on formally to collate the copy and vouch its being literal throughout, no greater favor could be conferred on me. This copy of Barbour's manuscript is the greatest wish of my heart; and, if your lordship will use your great influence in the affair, I shall most gratefully acknowledge the favor in my edition, (which shall be sent to the press as soon as the copy reaches me,) and on every private occasion in my power.

Did your lordship ever see *The Complaynt of Scotland*, printed 1549? I mean to reprint it; but want a fac-simile of the title-page and transcripts of two leaves (marked 39, and 137) which are wanting in the copy in the Museum. *Gawin Douglas's Palice of Honor, London*, 1553, and *Edinb.* 1579, I can find in no library in England, and should wish much to reprint it.

Such pieces, my lord, almost any bookseller here might reprint without risk; but other publications I intend, I am forced to have recourse to Tom Hearne's plan of high subscription to accomplish. For though, were I a little richer, I should with infinite pleasure reprint many curious pieces relating to my country at my own expense, yet I find that with 300*l.* a year one cannot go far in such matters. Accordingly, your lordship will see, from the end of the second volume of the pre-

sent work, that I mean to publish by subscription the *Vitæ Antiquæ Sanctorum Scotiæ*, from manuscripts, and from vast collections never seen by one man in ten thousand. As also Andrew Winton's Chronicle, from the capital manuscript in the King's Library. Since printing of these proposals, (of which Mr. Creech will send some to the Society,) I have purchased from Mr. Astle, Keeper of the Records in the Tower, a capital copy of Win ton, collated with three manuscripts in Scotland, and prepared for publication by a Mr. Seton in 1724. This, compared with two copies in England, as shall be done, will form the best edition of an ancient writer of Scotland that can well be ever given. He is full of curious matters, totally unknown at present to all our writers.

I know your lordship's love of literature and antiquities will induce you to encourage these designs. All I wish is to be kept from expense beyond my power. My time, my labor, and such expense as I can afford, I shall ever think well bestowed in illustrating the neglected antiquities of my country.

Requesting pardon for this long letter, I beg leave to subscribe myself with much respect.

MR. KNIGHT TO MR. PINKERTON.

Yarmouth, Nov. 29th, 1785.

Your last letter was dated —; but I believe I have already said enough on that subject. Suffice

it to add that, some time previously to the date of it, I had left Essex, and taken up my residence at this place for the benefit of sea-bathing, in which I have persisted, and continue to persist with great perseverance.

I am somewhat apprehensive, from your own account of yourself, that you have entirely forsaken the bright and flowery paths of poetry, to wander among the dark and barren deserts of early history. Your country, no doubt, will be greatly indebted to you for the vast labor which must attend the investigation of the long-forgotten events of earlier ages; and I am ready to allow that the learned will peruse with applause and pleasure what your diligent researches will bring to light; but, valuable as these acquisitions may be, I shall scarcely prevail upon myself not to lament the time you bestow upon them; if we are thereby deprived of such works as labor alone can never produce. I flatter myself, however, that the eagle is not continually confined in a gloomy cavern, but that sometimes he *basks upon the lofty rocks of genius*. Yet it is to be remembered that the strongest eye, if too much inured to darkness, will shrink from the dazzling brightness of the *noontide* ray.

Heron's Letters have been much the subject of conversation in several companies where I have already been. The admirers of Virgil will never forgive you. This, I suppose, you expected. Many condemn the whole work by the lump, evidently because their feelings are hurt by the propriety of their old prejudices being called in question. Some, however, (and they, let me tell

you, are of the first abilities,) allow the author to be possessed of uncommon genius and extensive learning. Yet many of the assertions in your book are disapproved of even by them; and some are even taxed with absurdity. This is indeed the less to be wondered at, as you treat of so many different subjects; for it surely would be much more extraordinary, if any one man could be found in every respect on every subject exactly of the same opinion with yourself; especially as you avowedly combat prejudices of long standing. The 24th letter (connexion of literature with political business) is most particularly admired by Mr. Nicholls,* Gray's friend. George Hardinge, a nephew of Lord Camden, who is an excellent scholar and certainly of the first rate abilities, is one of your admirers. Nicholls, by the way, is not much pleased with your treatment of Gray, in your discussion of his character of Hume. I must indeed freely confess I do not understand in what respect the latter, as

* The Rev. Norton Nicholls, one of the most elegant scholars and accomplished gentlemen of the day, died on the 22d of November, 1809, in the 68th year of his age. It was his singular good fortune to have been distinguished in his early life by the friendship of Mr. Gray, the poet; while the close of his days was cheered and enlivened and dignified by the friendship and almost constant society of a man scarcely inferior to Mr. Gray in talents and acquirements, and inseparably connected with him in name, Mr. Mathias. Mr. Mathias has embalmed the memory of Mr. Nicholls in an Italian Ode and a Biographical Memoir, which latter is a beautiful specimen of that kind of composition: it was intended only for private circulation, but has been lately reprinted, together with the Ode, in the last volume of *Nichols' Illustrations of Literature.*

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a contemporary lord of fame, is to be considered of far higher rank than the former.

I shall hope to hear from you soon after my arrival at Milton, if you can spare half an hour for that purpose. I shall (at least it is my present intention,) endeavor to acquire as much knowledge of Italian as I can during the ensuing winter:—for the present therefore I bid adieu to the Muses: they have not indeed paid me a single visit since they favored me with the little Elegy I sent you before I left Pettits. The Reviews have, I think, upon the whole, treated me with tolerable civility. I did not see the Monthly till very lately.

LORD HAILES TO MR. PINKERTON.

Dec. 2nd, 1785.

I am favored with your letter, and I am much pleased to hear of your intended publications. Although I am very much hurried at present, I wrote a letter to the Vice-Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, in absence of the Dean, requesting leave to have Barbour's manuscript of 1489 collated, and offering, in my own name, to be surety for the restoring of the manuscript: it would have been in vain for me to have asked permission to send the manuscript out of the kingdom. As Lord Buchan also interests himself in this business, I hope that the request will be granted. But, in that case, you must find out a collator or copier: should the application prove

successful, I think that you ought, in your preface, to confine your thanks to the Faculty of Advocates.

The Catalogue of manuscripts in the Advocates' Library is to be found in the general catalogue of that library: there has, I believe, been a plan of making an abstract of the contents of letters, &c., but that is no easy work; and I fancy that, were it performed, it would not communicate much useful information.

The *Palice of Honor*, as Lord Buchan informs me, is in the Advocates' Library, and I believe that there are other copies of it: so, as to that particular, you will have no difficulty; for any member of the Faculty can borrow the tract, and have it transcribed.

I am surprised to hear that the *Complainte of Scotland* was written by one Wedderburn, and not by Sir James Inglis, as M'Kenzie says. M'Kenzie had certainly the book before him, when he gave an abstract of it: so Ames and the Harleian Catalogue ought to be subjected to a farther review.

The copy which I looked into many years ago belonged to Dr. P. Cuming, one of the Ministers of Edinburgh: what became of it I do not know. I believe that Mr. George Paton, of the Custom-house, Edinburgh, has a copy, and that he once intended to reprint it.* I wish to see it when re-

* Wedderburn's, or Vedderburn's, *Complainte of Scotland, vyth ane Exortatione to the thre Estaits, to be vigilante in the Diffens of their Public Veil,* was printed at St. Andrews, in 8vo. 1549, and reprinted by Dr. John Leyden, with a Preliminary Dissertation and Glossary, in 4to., in 1804.

printed before publication; as it possibly may happen that I can furnish some illustrations. Do not let Mr. M'Gowen rest till he sends you the transcript; for, with the best inclinations possible, he is an unaccountable procrastinator.

You mistook me if you suppose that I reckoned Sir John Bruce to be the author of Hardyknute: it was his sister, Lady Wardlaw, who is said to have been the author: all that I know on the subject is mentioned in Bishop Percy's Collection: if you wish to have the original edition with the supplementary stanzas in the hand-writing of Dr. John Clerk, the copy is at your service. Sir John Bruce was a steady Whig; but I will not say any thing as to his sister's opinions: at any rate I should not wish to have my authority quoted as to the supposed political opinions of any one. I shall furnish you with the name of the lady, and of her husband, at full length. I know nothing particular about her, excepting this, that she was the mother of many handsome daughters, and that she had a turn for design in landscape.

When I wrote to Dr. Birch, I did not know the meaning of *Scotorum pultis.** I afterward learnt that it respected the opinions of Pelagius. By the way, how came Pelagius or Morgan to be a *Scotus?*

I am much obliged to you for your intended present of Maitland's Poems: I suspect it is on shore in Lincolnshire.

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* *Scotorum pultis*, (Scotch pottage,) is a term applied by St. Jerome to the heresy of Pelagius, and is also used by some councils.

From your letter, I can form no judgment of the *Vitæ Sanctorum:* I hope you do not depend on Camerarius. I have met with some of Camerarius' Saints in some other low country collection by an Irishman, but have no remembrance of his name, or of the title of his book.

As to *Winton's Chronicle,* I wish that the publication of it may answer. I remember, that, on consulting it, I thought it very incorrect and ill-informed. Barbour is an author of a different kind: most of the facts in his metrical Chronicle have been collected from the information of eye-witnesses: this you will see at large in my Annals.

From this scrawl you will see how much I am hurried.

P. S. I should advise a publication in quarto: separate tracts will go together that way, which, singly, cannot constitute a duodecimo volume; but of that you will judge for yourself.

DR. PECKARD TO MR. PINKERTON.

Magdalen College, Cambridge,
Dec. 9th, 1785.

I have received your most elegant present of the two volumes of ancient Scottish Poems,* for

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* *Antient Scottish Poems, never before in print, but now first published from the manuscript collections of Sir Richard Maitland, of Lethington, Knight, Lord Privy Seal of Scotland, and a Senator of the College of Justice: comprising Pieces Written from about* 1420 *to* 1586, *with large Notes and a Glossary,*

which I return you my sincere thanks. I am much obliged by the honorable notice you have taken of me; but indeed you far overrate the poor civilities I had it in my power to show you. I wish I had been able to have made them of greater importance; but, situated as I then was, nothing more was at that time in my power. I see you mention an Elegy of Mr. Smollett's with praise. If it is an Elegy in which there is the expression, *the sheeted ghosts;* it was not written by Mr. Smollett, but by a friend of his, and a most intimate and most beloved friend of mine, Mr. Thomas Crawfurd, at that time one of the Scotch exhibitioners of Baliol College, Oxford, who afterwards lost his life, most unfortunately, in the East Indies. If on any future occasion it should be in my power to be of service to you, I shall be happy in the opportunity.

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2 *vols.* 8*vo.* 1786. In *Nichols' Illustrations of Literature,* iii. p. 669, Mr. Pinkerton is styled, in relation to these poems, a *second Chatterton,* and it is stated that all which was said of their connexion with the manuscripts of Sir Richard Maitland is fictitious. Reference too is made to the *Gentleman's Magazine,* vol. lvi. p. 147—150, which I have now no opportunity of consulting, in support of this opinion. But, surely, the present letter is a decisive answer to such a charge: Pinkerton was no fool; and it would seem to be an act of consummate folly, after having been guilty of such a forgery, to send it to the individual who was best qualified to detect it, and who indeed could scarcely fail to do so.

LORD HAILES TO MR. PINKERTON.

Dec. 26th, 1785.

I doubt much whether Barbour's manuscript will be allowed to go out of Scotland: perhaps Lord Buchan may procure that permission; for his brother, Mr. Henry Erskine, is just now elected Dean of the Faculty of Advocates; and his interest may accomplish what nothing else can.

I have neither eyes nor leisure to collate manuscripts: the transcripts made from Bannatine were by myself, before the inflammation of my eyes began to distress me. Your Lives of Scottish Saints is on a good plan: perhaps Turgot's work* is fuller in Papenbroch than in Surius;† and perhaps, in the same enormous work, there may be a fuller account of David the First, by Ailred, than what Twisden published.

Your Collection of Poems came to my hands a few days ago: I thank you for it. I have not had leisure to read much of it. I wish that the indecent poems had been omitted: the obscurity of the language, however, will make them less offensive.

It surprised me not a little to see you, in your Essay, declare war against the Old Testament,

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* Turgot, a monk at Durham, and afterwards Primate of Scotland, is said to have been the author of the *Historia Ecclesiæ Dunhelmensis*, published under the name of Simeon of Durham.

† Papenbroch is one of the principal writers in the voluminous *Acta Sanctorum*: Surius published a work in 6 vols. folio, entitled '*De probatis Sanctorum Historiis.*'

but what you say will do little harm; for it is plain that you have not studied the subject sufficiently. What you say of the similarity of style throughout the Old Testament convinces me that you have never read Lowth *de Hebraicâ Poesi*, or his *Translation of Isaiah*:—it is not incumbent on me to enter into a discussion of that subject, or of others of the like nature.

But I would seriously recommend it to you to set down what you have said in the shape of queries, and then subjoin your answers: this will show you that you have been in too great a hurry. The queries to be thus: *who* was Bayle? *who* were the wisest Rabbis? *when* did they live? *how* should their authority be the best?

This is for *yourself*, and not written with any view of obtaining an answer.

I have only to beg, that, in your future publications, my name may not be mentioned as a correspondent of yours: at least, while you can perceive no difference between *Jehovah* and the Demons of barbarous nations; or between the religion of the Jews, and that of the Hottentots.

MR. DOUCE TO MR. PINKERTON.*

. . . . . 1786.

I have read over the Preface to Le Grand very attentively:—all that he says relating to your

* Francis Douce, Esq. author of *Illustrations of Shakspeare, and Ancient Manners*, a man than whom no one possesses a

inquiry, is, that the circumstance of the Saracens being in possession of Spain, some provinces in France, and the Holy Land, gave rise to the productions of the three earliest "Ouvrages Romanesques," in each of which Charlemagne is the hero.—One makes him undertake an expedition into Spain; another into Languedoc; and the third into Palestine. He says the authors of these romances were monks; but he omits to say who they were, or when the romances were written. He afterwards speaks of four devotional romances by the Troubadours, one of which is Philumena, composed by a monk under the name of a pretended secretary to Charlemagne. This contains the exploits of the Emperor against the Saracens in Spain, and the miracles of the Abbey of Grasse, of which place the author was a monk. The authors of "*l'Histoire Littéraire de la France*," he says, carry the date of it as high as 1015; the Count de Caylus places it in the reign of Saint Louis; and, however well founded Mr. Le G. thought this latter opinion, he still meant to refer to the romance as one of the three "Ouvrages Romanesques" before mentioned, for fear of being suspected of an inclination to diminish the glory of the Provençals.

Although I do not think the above will answer your purpose, yet I have hazarded the communication of it, lest you might hereafter accuse me

richer fund of knowledge connected with ancient customs, poetry, and history, and than whom, certainly, no one is more ready and more disinterestedly liberal in offering his treasures to the use of any one disposed to profit by them.

of inattention, from a difference in opinion. I should have almost doubted of the existence of any specimen of the French language so early as 1100 (for the laws of William are dubious), if I had not recollected something that Massieu,* I think, has said. Massieu misled me, and I had then never seen Otfrid's work,† which is Francic. Will not the writings of Wicliffe, and the Translation of the Polychronicon by Trevisa, fill up the chasm between Maundeville and Caxton?

GENERAL CHARLES VALLANCEY TO MR. PINKERTON.‡

Feb. 1st, 1786.

I am favored with yours of the 28th ult. with the list of Pictish Kings inclosed, desiring an interpretation of their names. I shall endeavor to perform the task on my return to Ireland. At the first view of the list, I cannot avoid

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* *Histoire de la Poésie Française. Paris*, 1739.

† Hickes, in his *Grammatica Franco-Theotisca*, p. 5, gives a long and interesting account of Otfrid and his works, among which he particularly mentions *tria magna Volumina* of a Commentary upon the Psalms, and a *Volumen Pseudo-Rythmicum Evangeliorum*, divided into five books, both written in the Francic tongue. He also speaks of Otfrid, as the man, 'qui maximè omnium perpolivit et eliminavit patriam linguam.'

‡ Author of a *Grammar of the Irish Language*, the *Collectanea Hibernica*, &c., one of the most profound scholars, and, let me add from my own experience, one of the most friendly and obliging men of his day.

thinking it fabulous, and the work of a modern Scot or Irishman, from the name of the first, viz., Cruidne, written I suppose for Cruitne. Cruitne na Cuann, i tir Tarrcon, fogus na Brutnaoi Mor, is the description of this people in the oldest Irish Chronicles: the English of which is, the *Crotoni* of the harbors, in the country of Tarcon (Targuin), near the Brutii majores.

If words can possibly point out a people and country, these were the Crotoni of Italy, an old colony of the Pelasgi, who were Scythi from Greece; but Cruith, or Cruth, in Irish, signifies form, image, &c., signifying the act of forming; whence Cruithoir, the Creator: the modern Scots, then, apply the Latin Picti to this name, and will translate the old Crotoni by Picti, and the Picti by Cruitne: they were as distant and distinct a people as the country of Scandinavia is from Italy. In one of my *Collectanea* I have cleared up this passage: the Brutnaoi being joined in the same sentence, I think has been the cause of their mistake: these, say they, must be Britons—why not the Britons of Mount Caucasus? for there exists an ancient people of that name there at this day. All the Brutii or Britani derive their name from refiners of metal or pitch, &c. Bruith-oir is a refiner of gold in the Gaodhlic at this day.

You are much mistaken with respect to my researches into history and languages. I have carefully studied all the northern writers; and, finding nothing in the history to my purpose, I turned to the eastern writers, where I was instantly at home.

The northern languages contain much of the Asiatic in their obsolete words. In the list you sent me stands *Ce*, the illustrious—it is Chaldaic, Arabic, Persic, Irish, and enters into many compounded proper names.

Junius, I believe, you would not have me give much attention to; yet I think you are much mistaken in your opinion of the abilities of that author.

Ur is a common epithet; signifying, radiant, more brilliant. See *Majansius de Vocibus* in Ur. It may also be corrupted from our *Aire*—we have both.

BISHOP OF DROMORE TO MR. PINKERTON.

Dromore House, Feb. 11th, 1786.

Your first very obliging favor of 19th November would not have remained unacknowledged, till your second of January 23d reminded me how long I had been in your debt, had I not been uncertain whether I should be at Dublin this winter or not, in order to execute your first commands; and I delayed writing till that was decided, which it is now in the negative. Very important business of this See will keep me here altogether in the country; and, having sent my proxy to Parliament, my attendance there is excused. On this account, I fear I cannot be of that use to you in your researches, to which the slightest intimation of your wishes and my own

desires to aid your valuable labors would sufficiently incline me. I am truly glad to see the discussion of the early history of Scotland is likely to fall into such good hands as yours; and I both applaud your resolution, and wish the greatest success to your undertaking. I am afraid it will not be easy to procure any extracts from Irish manuscripts without the aid of Colonel Vallancey; who (except an amanuensis of his,) is the only person in this kingdom known to me, who pretends to read an Irish manuscript or to understand the old language. You would be surprised, if you observed, as I do, how little the original language of this country is cultivated or understood by the aboriginal natives of it.

We last winter began to form a society, in imitation of those in London and Edinburgh, for studying and preserving a knowledge of the antiquities of Ireland: then I had an opportunity of making the above remark. I believe there is not a Fellow of Dublin College that can read a line in their old Irish manuscripts. Vallancey, as you justly observe, is so *hot-headed*, that he is a very bad medium through whom to come at any sound, solid information; and yet I can only refer you to him. If I were in Dublin, I would apply to none but him, and unfortunately I am not upon that footing with him to apply to him by letter; for he is as hot tempered as he is *hot headed*, and downright quarrelled with me one evening at the Society, for presuming to question some of his wild reveries. Yet I must do him the justice to say, that he, like other warm people, is very good-

natured; and, if you would apply to him by letter, cautiously concealing your incredulity as to his historical tenets, you would find him obligingly active to serve you (I am persuaded); and he could do it; for he keeps an old Irish amanuensis, as I said above, who is continually making transcripts and extracts from the old Irish manuscripts for his use. This man I saw copying an old Irish manuscript for Colonel Vallancey in Archbishop Marsh's Library in Dublin, a public Library founded by Archbishop Marsh, who bought Bishop Stillingfleet's library as the foundation, &c., replete with valuable books both printed and manuscripts. Here, in this northern county of Down, the Irish language is quite worn out among our colonists from Scotland and England; so that none of the Campbells, Frazers, Hamiltons, &c., who inhabit Dromore, can give any assistance in explaining *Dal;* but, on looking into Lloyd's Archæologia, folio, Oxford, 1707, (a work you should have always at your elbow), I find in his Irish-English Dictionary he interprets *Dal*, "a share, part, or portion;" as *Dalaighim* is "to assign, appoint," &c. Apply therefore to Colonel Vallancey, either in your own name, or through our friend, Lord Buchan, as a public friend to antiquities; and I doubt not his enlisting himself and his old Irish amanuensis in your service, for making the extracts you want from the manuscript. If he superadds his own visionary comment, this you must silently prune away, when you compose your work. For any critical explanation of names or words I could get at *O'Conor*.

But he lives remote from Dublin, I believe altogether in the country: otherwise, he understands the old Irish, and I believe could examine its manuscripts. If you wish at any time to address O'Conor himself on any point relating to your subject, and will inclose your letter to me, I will get it conveyed to him; though I am not acquainted with him myself. But then, for fear of delay from my great avocations, do not let me be obliged to write myself on the subject to either of you.

I am much obliged to you for your intended kind present of your book, which I long much to see; and it may be left for the Bishop of Dromore, at the Rev. Dr. Lort's house, Saville Row, near Burlington Gardens, with an explanatory card; just mentioning that the Bishop of Dromore desired you to leave it there, and hoped his good friend, Dr. Lort, would excuse the liberty, till he could give further directions about it.

I have at your service a very fair copy of *the Palis of Honour, compyeled by Gawyne Dowglas, Bysshope of Dunkyll. Imprinted at London in Fleet Stret at the sygne of the Rose Garland, by Wyllyam Copland. God save Quene Marye.* In small 4to., containing thirty-nine leaves only. At the end is the Printer's Colyphon, *Imprinted at London in Flete Strete at the sygne of the Rose Garland, by Wyllyam Coplande,* but no date at all. It is needless to add, that it is all in a fat black letter, bound up with the edition of the *Eneados,* London, printed 1553. I am pretty sure I have the *Complaint of Scotland* amidst my immense farrago,

never sorted since I came into this country. I fancy what I know of it I heard from Lord Hailes.

THE BISHOP OF DROMORE TO MR. PINKERTON.

Dromore House, March 23rd, 1786.

The Bishop of Dromore's compliments to Mr. Pinkerton: he hopes he will excuse a short billet written in haste, to acknowledge, without delay, the receipt of his favor of the 13th inst., and to assure him he has forwarded, as directed, the two inclosed letters to Colonel Vallancey and Mr. O'Conor.

The Bishop will take the first opportunity in his power to forward *Bishop Douglass's Palis of Honour;* but, as it is bound up with the Æneid in 4to., and both are very fair copies, the Bishop wishes they may be both preserved clean, and not suffered to go into the smutty hands of the printers. The Bishop concludes Mr. Pinkerton has got a transcript of another allegorical poem of Gawain Douglas, intitled *King Hart;* which is preserved in manuscript in Maitland's Collection, pag. 226. beginning thus—

"King Hart into his cumlie castel strong,"—

if not, the Bishop has a transcript at his service, and some few manuscript illustrations, partly his own, and partly communicated by John Davidson, Esq., a writer of the Signet in Edinburgh, a man

of learning, and very excellent critic, to whose kind offices principally the Bishop was indebted for procuring him the loan of Bannatine's manuscript out of the Advocates' Library; but indeed he was favored in this by all his friends in Scotland, who were numerous, and used their influence in concurrence with Mr. Davidson, in obtaining so great an indulgence. The Bishop hath not been able to find any copy of the *Complaint of Scotland*, among his pamphlets, &c. which have been so shuffled about in travelling from London to Carlisle, and thence to Ireland, that it is not impossible but it may have been lost, if he ever had it.

P. S. Your frank did not prevent the postage: this I only mention, to save you the trouble of such an application in future. I shall never scruple postage for any packet you may wish to transmit through me to others, &c., though I cannot but lament our difference in opinion in what I think some very essential points; and, as many others as well as myself think them of great importance to the welfare of society, the least to be wished is, that this departure from the received opinions should not officiously or unnecessarily be obtruded on the world. Excuse this general reflection, which, till I have seen your book, I cannot judge whether it be well applied or not.

REV. JAS. JOHNSTONE* TO MR. PINKERTON.

Copenhagen, March 30th, 1786.

Your letter of July 7th, 1785, learned Sir, after a long chace, only reached me about six weeks ago, which I hope will be deemed a sufficient apology for my silence. It gives me extreme satisfaction to observe that a gentleman of your erudition has deigned to cast a pitying look upon the scanty and vanishing remains of Scottish history. Between monkish credulity and refined *superficiality*, they have hitherto been sadly mangled. I sincerely wish you all the success possible; and, treading in the same field, but "longo intervallo," I will glean up what may escape your notice. With respect to your queries, I have met with no complete chronicle of Scotland in this country: nothing but *disjecta membra*. To suppose that the Caledonian records were preserved at Iona is a common error: for a long period it had no dependence upon the crown of Albany, and, besides, it underwent so many catastrophes, (being twice burnt, and the monks and patriarch massacred three other different times,) that it is impossible to conceive how any thing of value should be suffered to remain there. It is much more likely that Kenneth the 2nd, after obtaining the Pictish crown, intrusted his archives

* Rev. James Johnstone, Chaplain to the English Minister at Copenhagen, was author of the *Death Song of Lodbroc*, *Antiquitates Celto-Normanicæ*, *&c. &c.*

to Tuathal M'Fergus, primate of the united kingdoms; but who resided in a part of the nation very remote from Icolmkill, and much less explored.

Neither the Danes nor Norwegians have preserved any written monuments of their history, previous to the 10th century: any thing we know of prior times is from the Icelanders. I am persuaded, if those gentlemen-rovers could only lay their hands upon a few fat cows, they gave themselves little trouble about other matters. Pictavia was incorporated with Albany before Iceland was discovered: consequently, it is not surprising if the Picts are never mentioned by the Scandinavian writers. I find nothing concerning Galloway in them previous to the time of Earl Allan, who made a distinguished figure in those ages. The castle that Pennant alludes to probably contained nothing but the charters of the Norwegian monarchs to the Bishops of Man, and the islands, and to the Hebridean chieftains. They were kept in the palace, or cathedral, of Drontheim, and consumed by fire; but I forget the year. There are no lives of Scots saints to be found at this place: the few extracts I have from them were obtained elsewhere. I can get no intelligence of Bishop Robert's Description of the Orkneys; nor, what is more strange, of Valleius's Priscæ Cantilenæ Danicæ.

Thus, Sir, I think I have answered all your queries; and I wish I could have done it more satisfactorily. But, notwithstanding, I now and then pick up an anecdote, which shows me that the northern nations were neither so barbarous,

nor so unconnected as is generally supposed. Several of even Boece's fictions are founded in truth: among these I long reckoned his wars of Macbeth against the Scandinavians; but I find now it is a fact. The traditional character of the Danes is so frightful, that we should be surprised a gentle son of Morven should dare to put his foot in Lochlin. I find, however, that the Earl of Carrick was there; and that his great son, after the defeat at Methuen, retired to the same place. It was, no doubt, by his negociations at that court, that he got Angus of the Isles, and the posterity of the brave Norwegians, to act the manful part they did at the battle of Bannockburn. I am told a Baron Ferguson, in Cowal, is possessed of some charters which nobody can read. I wish they could be copied: they are most certainly of the Norwegian princes. I have seen some hundreds of them; and they are generally in Icelandic, the common language of that kingdom till the reformation.

I have more confidence in your friendship than to suppose you would think of publishing this scrawl: you evidently see, Sir, it consists of a few loose thoughts, thrown out in the hurry of business. My collections will make their appearance in due time.

MR. DAVIDSON* TO MR. PINKERTON.

Edinburgh, April 2nd, 1786.

Mr. Buchan gave me last day your favor; and I am glad to see that you approve of my ideas about the *Regiam Majestatem.* Malcolm's laws appear to be not authentic. Spelman is quite in the right: Lord Hailes printed a tract in 1769, which fully demonstrates the thing.

Your ingenuity and labors about the Picts and Scots merit much commendation. I shall be happy to see your work, and beg you will have me set down as a subscriber to all your publications on our Scots antiquities, &c., and for two copies of each, one for myself and another for the writers to the Signet. I think a map of Scotland, Pictish and Scottish, might be a thing prefixed to your work, and which would elucidate it. *Caer* occurs in the Lothians—*Carbery* and *Cramound,* in old writings: I remember to have seen it named *Carra mund Scottorum,* i. e. the castle on the river. It is also in Fife, Carbery and Cardwan; vide Sibbald, p. 85. These etymologies are perplexing matters: somehow the languages and customs came to mix; but the oldest names every where, as Fife, Scoon, Cupar, Lothian, and Perth, I have found puzzle even our Gaelic etymologists; though they often appear very lucky in that art, aptly expressing the nature of the

* John Davidson Esq., Writer to the Signet, author of *Observations on the Regiam Majestatem, &c.*

place in the name. But we might go far by a complete *village* and nomenclature, which I have in vain tried to get done by some of the knowing ones: my friend, Lord Hailes, was deceived by them when he wrote the Dissertation on the *Guild* in his Annals. I showed him the true etymology; and he by a note corrected the Dissertation, and gave that etymology to the public.

Your intelligence about the first edition of the Detection, &c., I gave notice of to Principal Robertson: I should be glad to see it or hear more about it.

I went with Mr. Buchan to the Advocates' Library, and saw the plays of Sir D. Lindsay in the Hyndford manuscripts. It seems to me there are 94 pages of plays and interludes. If I am not mistaken, the title at the beginning, bearing them to be Lindsay's, though not on the head of the pages, is not succeeded by any other title; and therefore they may be properly all, on the authority of that manuscript, ascribed to that poetic Knight. I got Mr. Buchan into a train by which I hope he will get them copied for you. I notice well what you say about Barbour: I looked at the manuscript: it is more difficult to be read than the other; but yet easily made out by attention. I do not know, however, if there is one to be got here who can do it. I remember well much work was employed to obtain the manuscript to be lent to my worthy friend, the Bishop of Dromore; and I could scarcely prevail, even with the aid of the donor, the Earl of Hyndford. I almost despair of it. But, when the curators meet,

I shall attempt it. I am glad that you find the English universities, &c., so liberally-minded now. I think I have read that Selden was refused a loan of a book by the college to whom he gave his manuscripts.

I am much obliged to you for your handsome offer of getting me copies of manuscripts from the English collections. If the articles, p. 86 and 234, in Goodall,* Vol. ii. are extant, I should be glad to be at the expense of a copy. I would also wish a copy of Earl Morton's Trial for Darnley's Murder: it is not in this country. A *fac-simile* copy also of No. X. Vol. ii. p. 54, I would also wish to have. Mr. Gough was applied to by a friend of mine, and sent me the *fac-simile* copy of the subscription to it, very well done by a lead-pencil on oiled paper: but I would wish to have the whole; and the way he had used is possibly the easiest. I take it to be one of the copies which were left in England of these papers produced against Queen Mary, by Earl Murray or some other of that party. I am glad you have studied that controversy, and see it in the light it always appeared in to me. I have given Mr. Buchan, to send you, the last but one copy I had of the Rolls of Robert Bruce, which I had printed several years ago, and a charter

* *Walter Goodall's Examination of the Letters said to be written by Mary, Queen of Scots, to James, Earl of Bothwell; showing, by Intrinsic and Extrinsic Evidence, that they are Forgeries: also an Inquiry into the Murder of King Henry.* Edinburgh, 1754, 2 Vols. 8vo.

which I found among the Duke of Buccleugh's papers, and got him to give orders to engrave. I never saw any Scots deed or paper, in Saxon, Gaelic, or French prose, before Robert the Bruce's time, that I can recollect, and should wish to see one. Some few charters we have. I have tried to come at Bulls from Rome; and, as several Rescripts, &c., are mentioned in the *Corpus Juris Canonici*, I think there must be many curious things there. Earl Buchan informs me he has a prospect of getting them.

If you are at any expense for me, I will pay it to Mr. Buchan the moment I know it. I do not go far in such matters; but I am always willing to throw away a few pounds for amusement.

Thus your goodness brings you to the trouble certainly of a long letter, and perhaps of more still.

MR. PINKERTON TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.*

Knightsbridge, April 3rd, 1786.

I was afraid of being troublesome with my correspondence, else I should have answered the letter your lordship did me the honor to write me immediately. I do not know how to thank your lordship for the kind offer of lodging me at your house till I copied the manuscripts; but I shall

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* Lord Buchan has indorsed this letter: "A curious letter from Mr. Pinkerton to the Earl of Buchan."

always be as grateful for the offer as if I actually had accepted it, which it was impossible for me to do. For, alas, my lord, I have quite other matters to mind than to copy Scotch manuscripts; and, since my countrymen seem so cold in the business, I shall allow them to go on in their old way.

I learn from your lordship's letter that you have misunderstood me as to the design. The *Vitæ Sanctorum* are by subscription. Winton I have a copy of. Barbour I want no subscribers for; but only the manuscript to copy. I was also surprised at your lordship's mention of *haste* and *inaccuracy* in speaking of my Ancient Scottish Poems; for the short Essay prefixed cost me half a year's toil; and the toil and pains bestowed on the whole publication have struck those most versed in such matters here, as greater than have ever been exerted on a like occasion.

Indeed, every page shows *primâ facie* the pains taken. Your lordship also mentions *several mistakes,* but points out none. This is unusual with literary people; for it is a favor to point out a mistake; but to mention them without showing them, is unallowable. I can see your lordship differs in opinion about the camps of Agricola, &c.; and I know it is a common plan with my countrymen, to call all people *mistaken* who differ from them in opinion; but this idea is not found in any other country save Ireland, and the sooner we abandon such strong prejudices the better.

As to Antiquarian matter, my lord, I am glad to see, from your speech to our Antiquaries and

your Letters on Agricola's Camps, that your lordship is very little versed in them; and I may say to you, as the Harper did to Philip of Macedon, "*Heaven forbid you should know these matters as well as we!*"

REV. DR. CHARLES O'CONOR* TO MR. PINKERTON.

Belanaga, near Roscommon,
April 4th, 1786.

Through the kindness of my Lord Bishop of Dromore, and the conveyance of my learned friend Mr. Walker, an officer in our Irish Treasury, I this week received your letter of the 13th of March. It gratified me to find a gentleman of your candor and abilities employed on the Antiquities of the Ancient Scots, a distinct people among the other various tribes inhabiting our Britannic Isles; and it would add highly to my gratification, if I could supply you with any useful document on the subject—a subject of importance, but long under a cloud, thickened by prejudices from your country, as well as from our own: luckily, these prejudices begin to subside here, a circumstance which encouraged me to draw up a Prospectus on the Origin, Civil Government, and Manners of the Ancient Scots in their Heathen State. How it will be

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* This singularly learned Irish Antiquary, author of *Columbanus' Letters*, &c. &c., and Librarian to the Duke of Buckingham, died very recently.

received in the committee of Antiquities, belonging to our Royal Irish Academy, I know not. It may fail of giving satisfaction from such hands as mine; but I doubt not of its success when the subject falls into better hereafter.

This I am bold to assert; for some materials of authentic information are still preserved among us. I say, *some materials;* for most of our historical details are irrecoverably lost. Our Archives deposited in the Monasteries of Ireland, have been consumed in the fires of the heathen barbarians of the North; who, in frequent incursions, despoiled France, Britain, and Ireland, in the 8th and 9th centuries. They demolished our nurseries of learning; and it was only on the reduction of their power here, that some Irish Patriots have set about collecting as much of our historical wreck as escaped. A collection has been made; but some of the collectors wanted critical skill in their choice: they, however, wanted not the art of flattering the vanity of a declining nation, by following such documents as gave the Scots too high an antiquity in this island. In consequence, they published genealogies with redundant generations, and gave us a correspondent catalogue of kings, who only obtained their titles by the courtesy of their several factions. They are confounded with the few monarchs who had a legitimate election, from the concurrence of the majority of the nation; and these injudicious publishers have put our titular kings in succession to each other, as a son would succeed to a father in modern monarchies. Such was the art employed to gain the Scots a high

antiquity, thoroughly inconsistent with the state of affairs in Europe before the commencement of the Persian Empire. This fabric, therefore, of technical genealogies, and technical succession of ninety Kings before the Christian æra, cannot stand; and your countryman, Mr. Innes*, (a priest of the Scotch College in Paris,) has sufficiently exposed its weak foundation; though in other respects a very mistaken writer.

To Gilla Coeman and Flan, of Bute Abbey, we owe the publication of the Regal List I mentioned: they were esteemed as able antiquaries by the majority of their contemporaries in the eleventh century; and the majority since their time (even our learned O'Flaherty) have adopted a popular error: I have done so in my youth; but, on meeting with better guides, am not ashamed to retract. In the annals of Tigernach, and other ancient documents, I found that our more authentic notices are to be deduced from the building of Eamania †

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* "In 1729 appeared Innes' invaluable Essay on the Ancient Inhabitants of Scotland, in 2 vols. 4to. and 8vo. This work forms a grand epoch in our antiquities, and was the first that led the way to rational criticism on them. His greatest merit lies in publishing the Old Chronicles and other genuine remains of our History. His industry, coolness, judgment, and general accuracy, recommend him as the best antiquary that Scotland has yet produced."—*Pinkerton's Inquiry into the Antient History of Scotland; Introduction*, p. lxiv.

† In illustration of what is here said of Eamania, and indeed respecting the whole of this letter, see a very curious paper by Dr. O'Conor, entitled, *Reflections on the History of Ireland, during the times of Heathenism*, published in *Vallancey's Collectanea*, iii. p. 213.

in Ulster, about 200 years before the Christian æra. The seven generations of Ultonian princes mentioned in the interval, prove this calculation to be pretty exact. Of what passed in Ireland before this Eamanian æra, little is known, except a few capital facts; such as the expedition of the Scots from Spain to Ireland, about 500 years before the birth of our Saviour; the legislation of *Ollamh Fodhla*, and his erection of apartments for the college of Fileas at Teamor, where they continued undisturbed under every revolution, and from thence spread with equal immunity through the neighboring provinces. These were facts which were too big for oblivion in any country, where the elements of literature were cultivated. These elements were imported from Spain, where the native Scytho-Celts held intercourse with the Phœnicians and their Carthaginian posterity. It was in memory of these intercourses that the ancient Scots took occasionally and ostentatiously the name, Phenii. Hence the dialect among them called the Phenian, (the language of their jurisprudence preserved to this day, but not understood by me or any other Irish scholar in this kingdom); and hence the number of Phœnician terms discovered by Colonel Vallancey in our old intelligible writings.

Through the lights obtained by the Scots (in a part of the continent where the Phœnicians had lasting settlements) they learned the art of sailing on the ocean, and imported into this island the seventeen cyphers they used in their writings; and, thus initiated, and cut off in a remote island from any

intellectual intercourse with the polished people of Greece and Rome, they were left to the improvement of their own stock. In such a situation, their improvement must be slow as well as gradual. It took them time to form their barren Scytho-Celtic dialect, (first used in the greater division of Europe) into a nervous and copious language, stripped of its original consonantal harshness. It is still preserved in our old books, and discovers to us the corruptions of our common people, who are corrupting it more and more every day, even in places where the English language is not yet used. By the way, how could the language of the third century in your country be preserved pure to this day in the Highlands of Scotland? How could the powers of Ossian be preserved by oral tradition through a period of 1500 years? In our old written language we discover that the speakers were a cultivated people; but their cultivation was local; and, on that score, the discovery of what it was among this sequestered people, is an object more interesting to us than one offered to investigation from a bare principle of curiosity. To you, Sir, and to disengaged writers like you, it is left to bring this subject of Scottish antiquity out of the darkness spread over it. The lights which the revolution under our Tuathal, (surnamed the Acceptable), afford, will be of great use to you. At the close of the first century, the Belgians of Ireland revolted against their Scottish masters, expelled the old royal family, and set up a monarch of their own blood. Tuathal, the presumptive heir of the Heremonian line, was

conveyed to your country: his mother Ethnea being the daughter of the king of the Picts, he was protected there, under his grandfather. Grown to maturity, he returned; and after subduing all the enemies of his house, he mounted the throne of Teamor. Soon after, in a convention of the states, the crown of Ireland was, by a solemn law, declared hereditary in his family; and, from this epocha, which commenced A. D. 130, to the establishment of Christianity, we have a series of authentic history productive of great men and great actions.

I shall owe much to your indulgence, if you pardon all this before I come to the chief subject of your letter. Of all that I could find relating to your country, I shall in my next send you transcripts and literal translations; but I must confess that I have not hitherto met with much that has not been published in the last age by Mr. O'Flaherty. In the book of Balimote I find our antiquaries concurring with Bede in the establishment of Carbry Riada as the leader of the first colony of Scots in Britain, supported there partly by the indulgence of the Picts, and partly by the negociating power of the wisest of our monarchs, Cormac Ulfada, Carbry's cousin-german. The second greater colony was established by Carbry's posterity, the sons of Erk, about the year 503. The succession of the Dalriadic kings from that period, with the years of reigns down to Malcolm Canmor, has been preserved in the poem quoted by Mr. O'Flaherty, a copy of which I possess; and the original, with a translation, shall be remitted to you, as soon as I recover from my

present languid state, bound by rheumatic pains. That the Tuatha De Danan arrived in Ireland from North Britain, and subjected the Belgians, all our old documents aver.

Be assured, Sir, of any service I can render you in your present undertaking. The more it is agitated by able writers, the more the truth of history will appear. The motto of your arms, *post nubila Sol*, makes me look up to you as the person who will disperse the cloud cast on our history.

MR. PINKERTON TO DR. CHARLES O'CONOR.

Knightsbridge, near London,
July 22nd, 1786.

I was duly favored with your full and obliging letter of the 14th April, and was in hopes that your health would ere now have permitted your sending me the extracts and the poem you so politely promise. But, as they have not come to my hands, I am afraid that your great and venerable age, joined with your rheumatic complaints, have come in the way of your good intentions.

My Inquiry into Scottish History prior to 1056, will not be sent to the press till next summer (1787), and will not appear till the beginning of 1788. It is a work of infinite reading and labor; and, though but an octavo volume, will cost me more pains than two quarto volumes upon an easier subject would.

But these pains I cheerfully undergo, as I

hope at last to settle the ancient history of my native country, upon the solid footing of facts and authorities which nothing can shake, and which shall, as the Spanish proverb runs, *leave nothing in the ink-horn.*

Such being the case, I hope that your health will permit you, some time before next summer, to send me the extracts and poem you promise. I assure you, Sir, no service can be more acceptable to me; and I shall be most grateful for it.

What is the reason that the Irish do not publish extracts at least from the Psalter of Cashell and other old monuments, with literal translations? A general reference to old chronicles, which is the common plan of your antiquaries, is very unsatisfactory, and is never allowed in the history of other countries. When manuscripts are referred to, the passage itself ought always to be produced, the page and age of the manuscript, and the place where it is. But a single pamphlet, containing extracts from the manuscripts themselves, with translations, would give more satisfaction to the literati of Europe, than all the works which have been published on your antiquities, your own excepted, which are by far the most sensible and valuable. Where is a hymn to St. Patrick, published by Colgan as of the fifth century? Is not that hymn modern Irish, and legible by any one who can read Irish of the fourteenth century?

Has the language continued the same, or how are we to account for this?

MR. JOHNSON TO MR. MORISON.*

Kenmore, Aug. 13th, 1786.

With this catalogue I send you an exact copy from one of the originals in Taymouth House, which you will be so kind as to forward to Mr. Pinkerton.† I am sorry I could not send it sooner; but I spent some time in procuring the list, and find myself rather at a loss which to begin

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* Mr. Morison, bookseller at Perth, who is occasionally noticed in this Correspondence, and whose letter will be found subsequently, giving an account of the sad death of Mr. Johnson.

† I have preserved this letter, as the first intimation of Mr. Pinkerton's having turned his thoughts to the *Iconographia Scotica*, and as containing, what I do not know was ever published, a full Catalogue of the Portraits in Lord Breadalbane's seat at Taymouth. "These portraits," Mr. Pennant observes, in his *Tour in Scotland*, Vol. III. p. 30, "constitute the most remarkable part of the furniture of the house;" and he has enumerated several of them, and described some. It were greatly to be desired that similar lists were kept of the portraits in all the residences of our ancient families in Britain. For want of a little care in this respect, many, within the narrow circle of my own knowledge, are no longer to be identified, though known to be intended to represent individuals of note; and I could enumerate some instances where I have heard the former possessor dwell with pleasure upon the description of family-pictures, while the present proprietor is utterly ignorant whom they are intended to portray. The late Sir William Musgrave felt strongly the importance of this: in the British Museum are preserved two volumes of original letters addressed to him, containing answers to queries regarding the portraits in different houses; and it is plain from these, that he had intended to seek for similar information on a very extensive scale.

with, as I am at present uncertain which of the noble personages Mr. Pinkerton wishes to have, and which in colors, &c.; particularly with regard to Robert II., which I cannot find; and Robert III., which is a very wretched performance, as I have marked in the catalogue. I cannot find Eliz More, nor Mary of Guelder, which Mr. Pinkerton mentions particularly in his letter. This I have sent is undoubtedly the Annabella he wishes for: the date, &c. correspond with the date on Robert III. As I have something to do, I will wait till I hear from Mr. Pinkerton, which I hope will not be long; and will thank you to send me, by the carrier, a few sheets of the best drawing-paper in a stiff case of pasteboard, to keep it from crumpling, in the manner I spoke of.

Catalogue of Portraits in Taymouth House.

IN THE LIBRARY.

1	John, Earl of Mar	dated 1636	Half lengths by Jameson.
2	William, Earl of Airth	1637	
3	William, Earl Marishall	1636	
4	Lord of Loudoun	1637	
5	John, Earl of Kinghorn	1637	
6	Lord Napier	1637	
7	Sir Robert Campbell	1641	
8	Sir John Campbell	1642	
9	James, Marquis of Hamilton . .	1636	
10	Anne, Marchioness of Do. . . .	1636	
11	Thomas, Lord of Binning . . .	1636	
12	John, Lord Leslie	1636	

IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

13 Charles Rich, Earl of Warwick, whole length
14 Henry Rich, Earl of Holland, brother to Charles, Earl of Warwick, and father to Mary, Countess of Breadalbane. } Vandyke.

For these two vide Pennant.

IN THE LOBBY.

15 Sir Dun. Campbell, of Lochaw . . . .
16 Lady Margaret Stewart, his wife, daughter of Robert, Earl of Fife and Menteith . . } 1406

17 Sir Colin Campbell, of Glenurchie, died 1480, aged 80 . . . . . .
18 Lady Janet Stewart, his wife, daughter of William, Lord Lorn . . . . . } 1440

19 Sir Dun. Campbell, of Glenurchie, killed at the battle of Flodden, 1513, aged 70 . . .
20 Lady Margaret Douglas, his wife, daughter of George, Earl of Angus . . . . } 1496

21 Sir Colin Campbell, of Glenurchie, died 1523, aged 55 . . . . . .
22 Lady Mary or Margaret Stewart, his wife, daughter of John, Earl of Atholl . . . . } 1523

23 Sir Dun. Campbell, died 1536, aged 50 . .
24 Margaret, his wife, daughter of Sir John Colquhoun, of Luss . . . . . } 1536

25 Sir John Campbell, of Glenurchie, died 1550, aged 54 . . . . . .
26 Margaret, his wife, daughter of Sir Archibald Edmonstone, of Duntreath . . . . } 1550

27 Sir Colin Campbell, of Glenurchie, died 1583, aged 84 . . . . . .
21 Lady Katharine Ruthven, his wife, daughter of William, Lord Ruthven . . . . } 1583

29 Sir Duncan Campbell, of Glenurchie, died 1631
30 Lady Jane Stewart, his first wife, daughter of the Earl of Atholl, died 1593, aged 35 . . } 1619

31 Sir Colin Campbell, of Glenurchie, aged 50 . .
32 Lady Juliana Campbell, his wife, daughter of Hugh, Earl of Loudoun, aged 52 . . . . } 1633
33 Sir Robert Campbell, of Glenurchie, succeeded his brother, Sir Colin, 1633. (Same as No. 7.)
34 Sir John Campbell, his son, father to the first Earl of Breadalbane . . . . . } 1641

IN THE DINING-ROOM.

35 John, Earl of Breadalbane, ann. 1696, married first, in 1658, Lady Mary Rich, daughter of Henry, Earl of Holland; secondly, 1681, Lady Mary Campbell, daughter of Archibald, Marquis of Argyle, Countess Dowager of Caithness.

36 } Portraits of these two Ladies.
37 }

38 John, Earl of Breadalbane, (ann. 1740,) married first, in 1685, Lady Frances Cavendish, daughter of Henry, Duke of Newcastle; secondly, in 1695. Henrietta, daughter of Sir Edward Villiers, sister to Edward, Earl of Jersey: both married when he was Lord Glenurchie.

39 } Portraits of the two foregoing Ladies.
40 }

41 John, Lord Glenurchie, (anno 1744,) afterwards third Earl of Breadalbane; married first, in 1718, Lady Annabella Gray, eldest daughter of Henry, Duke of Kent; secondly, in 1730, Annabella Pershall, grand-daughter and heiress to Sir T. Pershall, Bart. By Ramsay.

42 } Portraits of both these Ladies.
43 }

44 John Lord Glenurchie, (anno 1762,) married, in 1761, Willielma Maxwell, daughter and co-heiress of William Maxwell, of Preston, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, Esq.

45 Portrait of the said Lady.

46 George and John Campbell, eldest and second sons of John Lord Glenurchie, afterwards third Earl of Breadalbane, (anno 1742). N. B. This John is the same with No. 44.

ANTICHAMBER WRITING-OFFICE.

47 David 2nd, King of Scotland, dated 1330, seemingly a fine original, but rather defaced by time.

48 Robert 3rd, King of Scotland, dated 1390, repaired in 1633; a very poor copy.

49 James 1st, . dated . 1424 repainted 1632
50 James 2nd, ... 1437 . . . 1633
51 James 3rd, ... 1460 . . . 1633
4th, wanting
52 James 5th, K. of Scot. 1514 . . . 1633
53 Ann, Queen of Scotland, without date, but 1633

These six are miserable copies, particularly Robert 3d, and the James's.

54 Portrait of a handsome young man, seemingly a king, prince, or knight; with small feathers and pearls in his cap, dressed in a rich habit of ermine, on one side, and fleur-de-lis on the other, with a collar in which are escallop shells, and a St. George pendent on his breast, without name or date of any kind: appears to be the same workmanship with the foregoing.

55 Margaret, daughter of Christian, King of Denmark, and Queen of Scotland, dated 1460—appears to be original.

56 Mary, Duchess of Longueville, Queen of Scotland, dated 1514—seemingly an original.

57 Annabella Drummond, daughter of the Knight of Stobhall, and Queen of Scotland, dated 1390—appears to be original.

58 Maria, Queen of Great Britain, anno 1635—very old, and much sunk in.

59 John Campbell, of Glenlyon.

LARGE EAST ROOM.

60 Margaret of Argyle.

61 Sir Ewen Cameron, of Lochiel.

62 General M'Nab.

63 N. B.—Since writing the above, a portrait of James 4th is found, of the same workmanship with the rest of the James's; dated 1489, and copied in 1633.

64 Also a portrait of Archibald Campbell, first Lord of Argyle, aged 36.

64 Robert 1st, King of Scotland, 1306—seemingly original, or a very good copy; but in bad preservation.

DR. THORKELIN TO MR. PINKERTON.*

London, Sept. 2nd, 1786.

As I have long wished to be acquainted with you, I won't permit any moment, leading to the aimed point, to eschape, or go in vain.

I will also accept your kindful invitation to-morrow, and render my due thanks to the Eternal Being for the restitution of your health, dear for every of your friends.

GEN. VALLANCEY TO MR. PINKERTON.†

I have the pleasure of introducing to you Mr. Young, a fellow of Trinity College, the gentleman to whom Dr. Usher delivered Mr. Lorimer's Memoirs of the Psalter of Cashell. Mr. Young had taken great pains to discover this manuscript, previous to the search I made: he will inform you of our bad success. I am not yet convinced that

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* Grimr Johnson Thorkelin, LL. D. Keeper of the Archives at Copenhagen, and author of *Fragments of English and Irish History, &c.*

† The following letter was inclosed in this.

the Psalter, or an abstract from it, is not in the library: the manuscripts are many, and contain miscellaneous matter without indexes: to search them thoroughly would require a month; and it is by great favor the librarian attends you in the manuscript room for half an hour; and by the College Laws he must not quit the room when any person is in it. This obstacle to our inquiries is not to be got over; and unless Mr. Young, or some other person residing in the college who understands Irish, will take the trouble on themselves, I despair of accomplishing the task.

I have frequently turned to your list of Pictish Kings with desire of complying with your request, in deriving their names from northern dialects. From the Gloss. Suio-Goth of Ihre, from the Icelandic Dictionary, from the Scytho-Goth of Verelius, and from the Swedish and Danish Dictionaries, I can make no sense of the names. From the Irish and from the Persic most of them are to be analysed.

This strengthens my former assertion that the Picts were not the Cruitne, as the Irish and Erse translate the word; but that the Cruitne were Crotoni, from Croton in Italy, as the Irish History declares; that colony of Pelasgian Scythi, who settled there after the time of the original Hercules, who was a Scythian. My Vindication of the Irish History, (which will be out in a fortnight with a list of Errata a yard long, owing to my dwelling in the country,) I hope, will set this in a clear light; and, previously to your perusal of it, I wish you would read the distinction Richard-

son and Jones have made between the Northern and Southern Scythians, people who, from the first descent from Caucasus, became as distinct nations as the Chinese and Americans—even at enmity with each other; one leading the wandering life of the Tartars; the other descending to the South, mixing with the Jews, Canaanites, Arabs, &c. dwelling in towns, and improving in the arts and sciences. Monsieur Bailly has well described both in his *Atlantide.* From what has been observed, I conclude that the lists of Kings in the Pictish Calendar, are not originals at the beginning, but a forgery of some Erse or Irish seanachy: and the names at the latter end appear to be genuine Northern, as Drust, from the Suio-Gothic *Dristig,* Audax; or corrupted from Drott, Dominus, *Drottset* vel *Drozt, Drost* and *Droxiet,* "nomen præcipui olim regni Officialium, quique secundum regem primas in imperio peragit partes." (*Ihre.*) Bred, from the Suio-Goth: *Braede,* ira, animi fervor, or from *Brodd,* cuspis. *Bryta* or *bryda,* frangere.

These are evidently Northern names; and I believe those in the beginning to be forged.

DR. O'CONOR TO GENERAL VALLANCEY.*

Belanaga, Sept. 23d, 1786.

Your friend, Mr. Pinkerton, being curious to

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* To this letter was subjoined the Duain which is the subject

peruse the *Duain* I mentioned to you, on the first Scottish Kings in North Britain, I request you will remit it to him with my best respects. I am long in arrear to him; and, as you are acquainted with the crazy state of my health, I make a second request, that you will impress him with the truth, that nothing but my infirmity prevented an earlier attention to the transcript he required from me.

The *Duain* was composed about the year 1070, in the reign of Malcolm Canmor. In the course of ages, it did not escape faults and mutilations from ignorant transcribers, particularly in the middle parts, wherein the succession of kings is not only defective, but deranged. In the first period, however, from the year 503 to 719, the list of eighteen monarchs in the *Duain* corresponds exactly with our Irish annals. In the last period, from the reign of Gregory to that of Malcolm Canmor (through a succession of thirteen monarchs) the same exactness is observable also. The defects and deragements in the *Duain* are only visible from the year 719 to 895. The loss of a genuine copy of the whole is to be regretted; as, in the Catalogue given by Buchanan, till he comes to the reign of Malcolm I., A.D. 946, there can be little or no dependence.

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of it, in the original Irish, and also an English version; but as both the one and the other, accompanied, indeed, likewise with another version, have been printed in the second Volume of the *Antient History of Scotland*, p. 321, I have not thought it necessary here to repeat them.

The *Duain* begins with the first peopling of Britain; and the account is mostly fabulous. It is followed by the tradition, that seventy Pictish Kings reigned in Albany before the dissolution of the Pictish Government by the Scots. For Mr. Pinkerton's satisfaction, I annex a translation to the copy I send him on the other side of this paper. I am only sorry to tell him, that, after all my inquiries, I could not find a second copy; and for that in my possession I am indebted to you, Sir, from whom I have received many other documents of the best authority.

Yesterday, my dear Sir, I received your Vindication under a franked cover from our Castle of Dublin. It outweighed all the papers in the post-bag; but this is nothing: it outweighs a hundred volumes, the compositions of ignorance on our British Antiquities: you have opened a mine for new workmen; and, by the treasure you have thrown up, you have created a passion for further explorations. Your erudition and labors in the work before me are immense. The framers of hypotheses on our European Antiquities will be vexed, undoubtedly, to find all their fabrics demolished; but the unbiassed among the learned will be extremely thankful to you for your discoveries in a region (the extremity of the west) where little or nothing in ancient history was expected: *macte esto.* Peevish system-makers envy, and will object. But relative to the Pano-Scythians, their navigations, their knowledge of letters, and the final settlement of some of their tribes in the British Isles, you have carried your

point demonstrably. I return a thousand thanks for your communications and documents for twenty years past. Through that assistance I am preparing a Prospectus of the Internal State of this Country; but my infirmity and other avocations throw, I am afraid, insurmountable obstacles in my way.

DR. THOMAS CAMPBELL TO THE BISHOP OF DROMORE.*

No. 5, Anne Street, Dublin,
Feb. 27, 1787.

I told you that I had put Mr. Pinkerton's inquiry into such a train that I had almost every hope of giving him satisfaction; but the sequel will show how far I have been disappointed. The Librarian of the College, wishing to further our research in the most liberal manner, sent for a Mr. Flanigan, a student of Trinity College, Dublin, and greatest adept he knew of in the Irish language, that gentleman being, as you probably

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* Attached to this letter is one in the hand-writing of the Bishop of Dromore, stating that it is from "Dr. Campbell, author of the *Philosophic Survey of the South of Ireland*, who, since that book was written, has very much wavered in the faith he then had in Colonel Vallancey, and is now an unbeliever in his hypotheses."—Dr. Campbell was Chancellor of St. Macarten's, Clogher, and a correspondent of Mr. Gough, to whose edition of Camden's Britannia he contributed. Dr. Campbell died in 1795: see Mr. Walker's letter of the 7th August of that year.

know, employed by the Royal Academy in copying Irish manuscripts; but, alas! his knowledge failed in making out the dates in the *text* of those venerable parchments, the Annals of *Tigernac* and *Inisfall*, or Innisfallen. (N.B. not *Inisfail!* Inisfail is a name for Ireland at large: Inisfall is an island in the county of Kerry, where the monastery stood, whence originated the famous Annals.) And, unfortunately, there is a chasm or hiatus *valde deflendus* at the period of the reign of Brudi, of whom no mention is made in this copy. But it is to be observed, that, on the margin of this copy, is a regular notation of chronological dates, in our common figures, by a modern hand, from which it appears to my unlearned eye, that the above chasm extends from the year 577 to 590.

Thus far we go on sure grounds: now, it is to be further observed, that, in the Annals of Tigernac, there is a similar notation of chronology in the margin; and, opposite to the account of *Brudi Mac Milochon* is the following marginal note.—"584. Brudeus ob'. Ult. Annal."

On this I remark, that it should from hence seem, that the date of Brudi's death in the Annals of Ulster, to which the writer of that note refers, is a year later than in the translation which Mr. Pinkerton has seen in the British Museum. It is then natural for Mr. Pinkerton to expect that I should have referred to the Annals of Ulster to clear up this doubt; and I did so: but the copy in Trinity College, Dublin, has no marginal notes that we could make out; and the text, as to the

dates, was, like that of Tigernac and Inisfallen, not intelligible to Mr. Flanigan.

Upon the whole, my lord, here is a certain degree of authority in favor of *three* out of those *four* years which pressed Mr. Pinkerton's accuracy with difficulty in his *punctum fixum*, or great epoch. As it was found so difficult to come nearer to the death of *Brudi*, your lordship and he will easily see how vain it would be for me to attempt any inquiry into more minute dates. But I must add, that I have heard that the best copy of the Annals of Ulster is in the Library of Oxford; and whether an inquiry would reward Mr. Pinkerton's pains I dare not so much as guess.

I am heartily vexed that I could not be of more service to Mr. Pinkerton; as I am persuaded he is divested of those fond prejudices which have disfigured the writings of some gentlemen of his country and my own.

THE BISHOP OF DROMORE TO MR. PINKERTON.

Feb. 28th, 1787.

The Bishop of Dromore's compliments to Mr. Pinkerton: he has had the good fortune to procure what he esteems the very ablest assistance in this kingdom for the solution of his doubts and difficulties; and, if the result has not answered his sanguine expectations, the Bishop despairs of success from any other quarter. Dr. Campbell

is supposed to be now engaged in researches, which, like a talisman, will tend to dissolve the unsubstantial visions and reveries of Colonel Vallancey and his followers, and is a very careful and cautious inquirer into the reliques of antiquity. He has in this research of Mr. Pinkerton's employed a Mr. Flanigan, a student of Trinity College, who received a reward for discovering an ancient inscription, supposed to exhibit the *Ogham*, or secret character of the ancient Irish druids and bards, &c., and is wholly devoting his studies to the revival of ancient Irish literature. The Bishop thought he could not do better than send to Mr. Pinkerton the autograph of Dr. Campbell. Dr. Campbell's stay in Dublin being only a few months in winter, he can only be an occasional assistant to Mr. Pinkerton; but, while he is here, the Bishop will apply to him or young Flanigan. He knows no other who can be of solid use.

The Bishop wishes Mr. Pinkerton would carefully read Dr. Priestley's *Institutes of Natural and Revealed Religion*, in 2 vols. 8vo., before he decides that all of that school have given up the Old Testament, as Mr. Pinkerton seems to hint in a former letter; but indeed he wishes Mr. Pinkerton would read them on other accounts.

MR. A. DE CARDONNEL,* TO MR. PINKERTON.

March 5th, 1787.

Some days ago, Mr. Buchan called upon me,

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* Author of the *Numismata Scotiæ, or a Series of the Scotish*

with a request from you, to endeavour to procure a sight of Sir David Lindsay's Plays and Satires. I have been inquiring with great anxiety at every person I could think of, and I have wrote to Lord Balcarras, a descendant of his, to know if he has such a manuscript in his library, but have got no answer yet.

Calling on a friend of mine here about them, I have got the book entitled Sir David Lindsay's Satire, printed, but wanting several pages at the beginning and end: there is a note at the beginning, wrote by Dr. Percy, now Bishop of Dromore. "Although this book is called, on the current title, *Sir David Lindsay's Satire,** it is more properly a moral play, being of that species of dramatic writings, which, at the revival of literature, prevailed all over Europe and even in England, called *moralities.* In Bannatyne's manuscript collection of Old Scotish Poems, (presented by Lord Hyndford to the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh) is a complete copy of this work, beginning at page 164 of the manuscript. In many places the two copies contain considerable variations. Of Bannatyne's

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Coinage from William the Lion to the Union; and of Picturesque Antiquities of Scotland, in 2 vols. 4to. etched by himself, 1788—1793.

* Fifteen years after this letter was written, Mr. Pinkerton printed at Edinburgh, for private distribution, thirty copies of the work here alluded to, entitled, *Ane Pleasant Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis.* Of Sir David Lindsay's works many editions are enumerated by Dr. Watt in the *Bibliotheca Britannica:* the last and most perfect was by Mr. Geo. Chalmers, in 3 vols. 8vo. 1786.

copy, Allan Ramsay made a transcript, (but not with the most scrupulous fidelity,) which is at present in possession of his son, Mr. Allan Ramsay, sergeant painter to the King. T. P. 1776."

Whether the above-mentioned book may be properly styled his Play or Satire on the Estates, I cannot determine; but it is *printed;* and, by what I can learn, the only copy at present extant. I agree with the Bishop in its being a play, from the manner of introducing the character with "*Heir sall thay spulye flattry of the freiris habite, and scho sall have ane kirtil of silk under hir habit:*" these are put in a small type all through the book. This copy begins with the 17th and ends with the 148th page: the first is a Dialogue between Rex and Sensuality and Wantonness. As the gentleman this belongs to will not upon any account part with it out of his sight, I do not know how to get it copied for you in case it is necessary, as to which you must let me know, and I shall fall to work to have it done in as cheap a way as possible. Inclosed, I send you a proof of my second plate: it is the entry of St. Mary's Church, Dryburgh. It is a different style from the last: do write me if it pleases. Lord Buchan has just left me, perfectly satisfied with the plan, and much pleased with the two plates.

MR. A. DE CARDONNEL TO MR. PINKERTON.

April 21st, 1787.

How many obligations do I owe you for your kind attention! Your last letter has been lying on my table before me without my having been able to answer it. The public business has for some time past required very close attendance; and the least moment of leisure I was obliged to seize to get forward with my plates. My correspondents I have not answered from necessity. They may blame me; but I could not help it. Since yours I heard from Mr. Planta. The money is paid to Mr. Nicol: the sum I think little: however, I shall venture to send up what silver ones I have to him, as they are of little use to me. I fancy by this time you will have received Mr. Paton's book; as Mr. Elliot's partner left Edinburgh above a week since, and was to send you notice immediately on his arrival. Although very busy, I have not been unmindful of you: after much inquiry, I have found a person who will undertake to copy for you; but I wait till you shall see the books sent, in case it should be what you want. I see in Arnot's *History of Edinburgh*, an excerpt from a manuscript play then in possession of David Garrick, p. 605—is this it? Do let me hear further; and I shall immediately set about procuring leave for the young man to sit in the Advocates' Library to copy; as no manuscripts are allowed to go out now.

By very hard labor I have now got my work in train: I have almost finished twenty-two plates; I have got drawings for about sixty. I mean to put twenty-five in the first number, with an introduction in much the same style as Mr. Grose. The paper is commissioned from Mr. Whatman, made on wood moulds: it is beautiful, and will have a fine effect both in the printing and copper-plate. It is to be made on purpose, without any blue, and if possible, to have a yellowish cast, and to have no size. The form is Atlas, which cuts exactly in 8vo. to my page. As preface, introduction, and descriptions for the whole views in the first number, are finished in rough, I hope to be able to publish by the first of July or perhaps sooner. I have sent you proofs of the three last plates I have finished, thrown off upon the paper; when carefully done, they will look better, as I do not understand the throwing off myself; but they will serve to show how I go on.

MR. BERKELEY* TO MR. PINKERTON.

Magdalen Hall, Oxford, June 25th, 1787.

Mr. Berkeley presents his compliments to Mr. Pinkerton, and returns him many thanks for his

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* This letter, of no interest in itself, is only introduced for the purpose of showing a part of Mr. Pinkerton's literary life, which is not alluded to in any other portion of this correspondence. Mr. Pinkerton had inserted, in the *Gentleman's Maga-*

great politeness in sending the tragedy, the which Mr. Berkeley will preserve with care and return with punctuality; but flatters himself he may be indulged with the copy till the beginning of September; as he has so much employment at present, as will, he fears, render it impossible for him to accomplish the translation sooner. He is very apprehensive that, when finished, it will by no means do justice to the original; as Mr. Berkeley's acquaintance with the Italian language is of late date. On his utmost exertions, however, Mr. Pinkerton may depend with certainty.

Mr. Berkeley is much flattered by Mr. Pinkerton's invitation to Knightsbridge, and is sorry that he fears it will not be in his power to avail himself of it till winter, as Mr. Berkeley proposes passing the summer at Oxford, where (should any literary researches conduct Mr. Pinkerton to the Bodleian) Mr. Berkeley will be happy to have the honor of receiving him.

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE TO MR. PINKERTON.

Strawberry Hill, June 29th, 1787.

Some time ago you said you would be so kind as to give me a list of the writings of Lord Eli-

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zine for the preceding March, proposals for printing a translation of an Italian tragedy, called *Wallace;* and Mr. Berkeley's letter is in reply to such proposals.

bank. I have a mind to complete my account of Royal and Noble Authors, for which I have amassed a great number of additions, both of works and omitted writers. I shall therefore be much obliged to you, if, without interrupting your own much more valuable writings, you can favor me with that list.

All I know of Lord Elibank's publications are the following:

1. Inquiry into the Origin and Consequence of the Public Debts.

2. Thoughts on Money, Circulation and Paper Currency, Edinburgh, 1758.

3. A pamphlet on the Scotish Peerage, 1771. (I do not know the title.)

I have a very imperfect memorandum, made long ago, and which, being only written with a pencil, is almost effaced, so that all that remains legible are these words, "Lord Lyttleton's correspondence—Lord Elibank's answer to." I recollect that it alluded to some remarkable anecdote; but my memory grows superannuated, and I cannot recover it: have you any idea?

I do not even know Lord Elibank's Christian name: was it Patrick?

In 1778 I cut out of a newspaper almost a whole column, containing an account of the death and character of Patrick, Lord Elibank; and, as he is there described as a very aged man, I conclude it was the lord I remember, who married the widow of Lord North and Grey, and was brother to Mr. Alexander Murray, imprisoned by the House of Commons.

When I have the pleasure of seeing you here, (which I shall hope will be in about a fortnight, when I shall be free from all engagements), I will, if you care to see it, trouble you with a sight of my intended supplement, to which, perhaps, you can contribute some additions, as I think you told me. I am in no haste: for I only intend to leave it behind me, and have actually put all the materials in order, except the article of Lord Elibank. I do not pretend to show you any thing worthy of your curiosity, for nothing is more trifling than my writings; and I am glad to lay you under a sort of debt of communication in which I am sure of being overpaid.

I can tell you, what is truly curious; I have a list (over and above those whom I shall mention, being dead) of at least thirty living authors and authoresses: Would not one think this a literary age? Perhaps, you was not aware of what a mass of genius the House of Lords is possessed—I ought rather to say the peerage of the three kingdoms; and of all, except of two of the ladies, (who are five) the works are in print: I will show you the catalogue—nay, you shall have a copy, if you please; lest so many illustrious names should be lost, when I, their painful chronicler, am not alive to record them. Nor is there an atom of vanity in that expression: books of peerage are like the precious spices that embalm corpses and preserve the dead for ages.

REV. DR. CHARLES O'CONOR TO MR. PINKERTON.

June 30th, 1787.

Unremitting rheumatic pains prevented my writing to you as early as I would wish on the subject of the Scots kings of North Britain; and indeed I am still unable to write but very slowly. In the course of the last winter I have remitted to Colonel Vallancey, for your inspection, a copy (with an annexed translation) of the verses which recite a list of the kings of the *Albanian Scots*, from Loarne and Fergus, the sons of Erk, to Malcolm III.

Of the poem (the duain) I never could find a second copy; nor did Mr. O'Flaherty meet with any copies more just to the original: perhaps a more genuine copy may yet be discovered in Oxford, or in some manuscripts of the Chandos Collection. The ancient manuscripts of your own country have long since been carried away, perhaps destroyed, by Edward I., king of England.

According to the Ancient Documents still preserved in Ireland, the Scots had no considerable settlement in Albany, before one made by Carbry, otherwise Eocho Riada, a son of Conary II., king of Ireland, and the cousin-german of Cormac, who was one of the best and wisest monarchs that ever reigned in Ireland. That Cormac, about the middle of the third century, assisted Carbry Riada with troops, conducted by the celebrated

Finan Mac Cumhal, his son-in-law, a commander so highly celebrated in our Irish romances.

The establishment then made was in course of time weakened.

The Dalriada family were necessitated to retire for some time to their principality in the Irish Dalriada (the county of Antrim at present).

In the beginning of the sixth century, the race of Conary II. re-established themselves, and extended their limits in Britain. Their expedition was conducted under the sons of Erk, then strengthened by matrimonial connexions with this royal family, which then swayed and for 500 years after possessed the crown of Ireland. On the revolution under the sons of Erk, Loarne obtained the title of the king; but, being at the time past his seventieth year, the administration was wholly in the hands of his brother Fergus: accordingly, some of our senachies omit Loarne in the Scotch Catalogue, and name Fergus as first monarch; and properly enough they extend his reign to twenty-six years. By an ignorance in history easily demonstrated, Buchanan and most of your countrymen antedate the expedition under Fergus a hundred years; and the catalogue they give of their kings, down to Keneth Mac Alpine, is partly false and partly deranged.

The verses I sent you would be our best document relating to the succession of the Scots kings, had we a genuine copy: vitiated as it has been, it is remarkable that the list given in those verses agrees exactly with that in our annals, from Fergus to the decease of Ambkellach (your Am-

berkelethus), through a period of 216 years, under the government of seventeen monarchs.

After the decease of Ambkellach to the reign of Donall, A. D. 895, the poem has been vitiated. There is a derangement in the succession, and an omission of kings to complete the number required in the concluding lines of that poem. Here is a disorder of 176 years. From the death of Donall, the Irish and Scotch agree, to the end of the Scotish line, A. D. 1689.

MR. PINKERTON TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

Knightsbridge, July 30th, 1787.

I am glad to hear that Barbour is about to be published from the manuscript, and shall with pleasure give a Preface, Life of the Author, Notes and Glossary, as I promised, to Messrs. Morison. The greatest object of this edition must be to print it from the manuscript *literatim;* so as to say in the title-page, "The First Genuine Edition, printed from a manuscript of the year 1489." Perhaps it would be well if your lordship requested Lord Hailes to inspect the transcript and collate it, if he would take the trouble. He might perhaps also add a few notes, which must of course be sent to me, that I may not repeat what he has said. It will be better not to hurry this work; and Messrs. Morison can go on with Dunbar's Poems in the mean time. There is no necessity for sending the proofs to me; but I should like to see the *first*

proof-sheet. The chief things to be attended to are, complete identity of spelling with the manuscript, that the state of our language on its first appearance in writing may be seen. Good pointing to assist the reader, and especially short sentences: using the full point as often as the sense will bear. Distinct paragraphs; and never using *z* for *y*, as our old printers and some editors do from ignorance, as *zour* for *your*, &c. This last fault, if fallen into, would spoil the sale of the book. What is printed *z*, is merely *y* consonant put *z* in old manuscripts to distinguish it from *y* vowel, which is marked *y*; but of this I mean to speak in the preface.

Particularly, my lord, the work not being divided into books, as *Wallace* is, will confuse the reader by its length, if this be not obviated. *Wallace* is divided into twelve books; and Barbour's Poem for variety, &c. had best be split into twenty. To each book an argument in old Scotish prose ought to be prefixed, marking the chief contents, which will very much relieve and assist the reader. These arguments any one the least skilled in our old language can easily put; but, if desired, I shall do them and send them to your lordship or Messrs. Morison. The little chapter-titles, now running through the work, must all be omitted; for they are not by Barbour; and many are prose, some verse. The arguments will include their essence.

In preparing for my proposed edition, I marked these twenty books as follows, in the common Glasgow edition, 1737, 12mo.

Buke I.

II. p. 18. "The escaping of the Bruce and death of John Cumin."

III. p. 33. "How John of Lorn discomfit King Robert."

IV. p. 52. "How the Queen and other Ladies were tane."

V. p. 71. "Of the King's hansaling in Carrick."

VI. p. 87. "The King is went to his Lodging."

VII. p. 104. "How the King escaped from his foes."

VIII. p. 120. "How James of Douglas discomfit than."

IX. p. 136. "How the King's men with fighting."

X. p. 152. "How the King at Clachmaban."

XI. p. 173. "How Sir Edward withoutens turn
"Undertook the battle of Bannock-burn."

This alone fully shows that the titles were not written by Barbour; for no battle of Bannockburn occurs here.

XII. p. 189. "How the King slew Henry Bohoun."

XIII. p. 204. "How Walter Stewart and Douglas."

XIV. p. 218. "How James Douglas convoyed the King."

XV. p. 237. "The fourth battel made in Ireland."

XVI. p. 251. "How past in Ireland the noble King.'

XVII. p. 269. *close book XVI. with this line—*
"Without peril arrived they."

begin book 17 with this—
"The lords of the land were faire."

XVIII. p. 292. *close book XVII. with this line—*
"To help his brother that was there."

begin book 18 with this—
"But he that rest annoyed ay."

XIX. p. 306. *close book XVIII. with this line—*
"Discomfit had in his own countrie."

begin book 19 with this—
"Thus was the land awhile at peace."

XX. p. 326. "How king Robert assembled them."

Twelve books would be too large, twenty-four too short. The number of lines must be marked on the margin 10, 20, &c.

I hope your lordship will agree with me in the propriety of these remarks; but the chief and essential point is exact conformity with the manuscript, so as the title may bear that the work is from the manuscript only. This can never be done by any collation with former editions, but by considering the manuscript as the only copy extant. I depend upon your lordship's word that this shall be the case: and, if it be not, this edition will do no credit, but be open to the detection of any one who inspects the manuscript.

DR. THORKELIN TO MR. PINKERTON.

Sept. 19th, 1787.

Having arrived to the county of Sutherland, after a voyage through the western coast of Scotland, and great part of the Hebrides, not less tedious than lasting, I am happy in being able to pay you my duty, and renew my warmest thanks for your letters to Mr. Buchan, as the last proof of the best friendship. Since I left your house, the seat for hospitality and the muses, I have struggled with great hardship. Through the Hebrides, the wishes and the second sight have followed me wherever I went; nay, the whole has taught me that you, in your Dissertations of the Origin of Nations, have done justice to the Gauls and their posterity in the Western Highlands. This people boast of Ossian and Pictish Houses: on both they look as belonging to them-

selves. About Ossian Mr. Dempster and I have been very particular: we inquired into the secrets of Mr. M'Pherson's birth. All answers proved dark, indistinct, and perfectly insufficient to make good (the *Alder*) the age and authenticity of that famous Poem. The Pictish Houses * are nothing less than conical heaps of stones, built for the purpose of serving the dead as places of abode. These monuments are still frequent in Denmark, in Norway, and in Iceland: they are called *Haugar*. You please to see account of them in a Prefation to Snorro's History. The age of the famous vitrified castles is at length found out. One Paul Mactyre built that at Chreech about 1270. Will you be kind enough to tell this to our friend Dr. Lorimer? In letters from Copenhagen I am informed that the books, already the 12th

* Pennant, in his *Tour in Scotland*, vol. i. p. 338, gives two plates and a long account of these buildings, of which he speaks as the only remains of the Picts, who formerly inhabited the northern parts of that country. Of these round buildings he says, "there are numbers over all the north, particularly Sutherland, Caithness, and Orkney. It is observable in them, that there is no mortar of any kind, neither clay nor lime; nor had the Picts any notion of casting an arch. They consist of the best stones they could find, well laid and joined: the wall was sometimes fourteen feet thick; and the great room, which was quite round, twenty-two feet in diameter: the perpendicular wall twelve feet high. The roof was carried on round about with long stones, till it ended in an opening at the top, which served both for light and a vent to carry off the smoke of their fire. We found nothing in them but handmills, or what the Highlanders call *Querns*, which were only eighteen inches in diameter, and great heaps of deer-bones and horns."

of June, were taken on board for Mr. Nichols; but all later accounts I shall be glad to get from you: a letter on that subject would exceedingly oblige me. In a few days I go from hence to Dunnichan in Angusshire, near Forfar, from whence a tour is proposed to Glasgow and the Firth of Clyde.

MR. PINKERTON TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

Knightsbridge, Sept. 20th, 1787.

Both your favors of 22nd of August and 5th inst. are now before me. I am happy to see that the last concurs with the agreement I made with Messrs. Morisons, that the manuscript should be sent up here and prepared by me for the press. Will not the best way be to send me ten books when transcribed; that I may be getting them ready while the others are transcribing? Many people will now be passing from Edinburgh to London; and I dare say your lordship will agree with me that a private hand would be the safest mode of conveyance.

There shall be no delay on my part in preparing the work for the press; and it shall be all sent back two months after I receive it. The printer must begin with the poetry and notes. The Preface, Life, and Glossary, I shall prepare, but must have the whole work printed off and sent me before I send them; that I may refer to pages, &c. The notes are to be at the bottom of

the page, as in Tyrwhit's Chaucer, to relieve the reader in so long and uniform a poem.

I am happy to concur with your lordship as to Henry's Wallace. But it will be better to defer all thoughts of it till our present labor be done: nor is it so important as Barbour's Poem, which is a whole century older. Winton's Chronicle, my lord, I have a fine manuscript of; but, upon a diligent perusal of that ocean of Scotish Poetry, I find it a crude history of the whole world, and which would not bear printing; as it would not, if printed, bear reading. But extracts of all worth preserving I may publish in time. I was much surprised, when the Morisons informed me that they had sent 1000 copies of James the First's Poems up here: no book of the kind will bear such impressions. Even here seldom above 500 are thrown off in books of old poetry, which few read. But they may venture on 1000 of our classic poets, if ornamented with prints.

I understood from your lordship's of 22d of Aug. that you were at the expense of transcribing; but your last mentions that Morison is at the expense, which is but fair, for the work will certainly pay him well in the end. But, my lord, it is to be regretted that no society can be formed in Scotland for publishing old pieces of history, poetry, &c. The king would certainly allow 200*l.* a year for that purpose, which would be sufficient; and no greater service could be rendered to the country. In Denmark, private gentlemen, as Mr. Suhen, &c., have been liberal patrons in this

way; and indeed this is the only kind of patronage now known or existing.

I was at Strawberry Hill about a month ago; but have not seen Mr. Walpole since. Next time I see him I shall remember your lordship's compliment.

MR. PINKERTON TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

Knightsbridge, Oct. 15th, 1787.

I am happy to inform your lordship that the complete transcript of Barbour is now come to hand in three divisions. The trouble your lordship has taken in this business does you high honor, and shall be mentioned with due applause in the preface. I am convinced from this that there is a patronage independent of expense; and I exult to see that Scotland has at least one man of high rank who thinks her literature worthy of his care.

For the kind expressions in your last, I am infinitely obliged. The differences of opinion hinted at, I believe, are, in literary matters, only two:—1st. Concerning Ossian. 2ndly. Concerning Queen Mary. Neither of them can be discussed in a letter. Of the first I shall only say, that the light in all other countries of Europe is at present much too strong for such matters; and our own countryman, Murray, (*Acta Nova Goettingensia*, vol. 1.) has fully shown that the oldest parts of Ossian are not older than the thirteenth century.

On the last I believe that both Robertson and Stuart are equally wrong; and that, granting Mary guilty, Regent Murray was a villain. So much for the *Hero* of one, and *Heroine* of another; but it is a general remark, that our countrymen never write without taking a side: we are all *advocates;* and none of us *judges.* In respect to both questions, my lord, I think, with all deference, that for this end your lordship ought not to have thrown into one scale that weight which you possess from your rank, but, above all, as chief and speaker of a society of antiquaries. Imagine to yourself, my lord, what weight an opinion of a whole society must have; and how dangerous it is for an individual to oppose it, though truth be on his side. So much for these differences of opinion, which are merely literary; and such with me never enter into life, however inimical they may be in speculation. I rather speak of any who differ from me with more respect, that I may not seem uncandid.

I wish very much, my lord, to have a complete literal copy of Sir David Lindsay's Play, to be found in the Bannatyne manuscript, beginning part ii. p. 164. "Heir beginnis the proclamatioun," &c., and ending, I believe, p. 221. It is very long; but may be easily copied by the same hand who does Barbour. If your lordship will set him about it, I shall esteem it a great favor; and Mr. Buchan, Writer to the Signet, my factor, will pay the expense.

As your lordship was pleased to encourage my *Vitæ Antiquæ Sanctorum Scotiæ,* and I doubt not

have procured several of the subscriptions in Scotland, I hope you will forgive my sending the inclosed paper. The two years being elapsed, and only thirty-six subscribers having appeared, instead of 100, the number necessary to pay for print and paper, I am forced to give up the work, if the subscribers do not double their sums. But, even then, 14*l.* will be wanted to make up the 50*l.* necessary, which expense I shall myself bear. It will be very kind if your lordship will send them to Mr. Creech, and desire him to forward them to the subscribers; as your interference will have weight both with him and them.

In two months I shall send down ten books of Barbour's, that the Morisons may go on, as I mention to them in the letter inclosed.

SIR JOS. BANKS* TO MR. PINKERTON.

Nov. 1st, 1787.

I shall most willingly undertake to solicit subscriptions among my friends for your intended

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* I have inserted this letter, of no interest in itself, (except as showing the readiness to oblige in one of the most obliging men that ever lived,) for the purpose of attaching to it a portion of Mr. Pinkerton's Prospectus of the work referred to, which is so well written and curious, that it deserves to be preserved. It appears that Mr. Pinkerton was not likely to be very successful in his attempts to find patronage in Scotland; for Mr. Cardonnel, in a letter to him, written some time subsequently, tells him, " I find there are 40 of *Maitland's Poems*

publication of the Lives of Scots Saints; and if

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sold, and 12 of the *Vitæ Sanctorum Scotiæ* subscribed for, at Edinburgh. You know our countrymen tolerably well; but you cannot imagine how few men of any taste there remain here at present. Taste for literature and every virtue has fled, and has left nothing but a mere *caput mortuum.*

"PROPOSALS

For Publishing by Subscription a Work to be called

Vitæ Antiquæ Sanctorum qui habitaverunt in ea parte Brittaniæ nunc vocata Scotia, vel in ejus insulis. Plerasque edidit ex Mss. quasdam solummodo collegit Johannes Pinkerton, qui et variantes lectiones, et notas pauculas, adjecit.

TO THE PUBLICK.

Lives of Saints have deservedly been held in supreme contempt ever since the light of literature revived. As Protestants, and as men of sense, let us laugh at their ridiculous miracles; but as philosophers, let us allow that history and geography they seldom pervert; having no motives; but, on the contrary, every inducement to preserve them exactly, in order to color their other tales. That this is actually the case, we know to a certainty, from the lives of saints of other countries; in which, as appears from contemporary historians, geography and history are never violated. Old historians of Scotland we have very few: hence the lives of our saints become even valuable, as they throw light on our earliest history. The French historians and antiquaries, and of late Mr. Carte in England, have, by means of lives of saints, illustrated many an obscure point in history and geography.

The learned editors of the Historiens de France, Paris 1738, seqq. 12 vols. folio, have published, with the ancient historians, Extracts of the Old Lives of Saints, illustrating history. Largebek, in his Collection of Ancient Danish Historians, lately printed at Copenhagen, follows the same plan. So that Protestants and Papists agree in the utility of such works. Montesquieu, Esprit des Loix, liv. xxx. ch. ii. says, "Quoiqu'on

you will be so good as to send me some printed

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puisse reprocher aux auteurs de ces vies d'avoir été quelquefois un peu trop crédules sur des choses que Dieu a certainement faites, s'ils ont été dans l'ordre de ses desseins, on ne laisse pas d'en tirer de grands lumières sur les mœurs et les usages de ces temps là." Mr. Gibbon, vol. vi. p. 95. 8vo. ed., observes, that "The ancient legendaries deserve some regard, as they are obliged to connect their fables with the real history of their own times." And he then quotes lives of saints. But a matter, now so universally known, needs not to be further insisted on.

It so happens, that the lives of Scottish saints are mostly written by men of eminence. Cuminius, Adomnan, Jocelin, Turgot, Ailred, were all men of real talents and celebrity.

Keith, in his Catalogue of Scotish Bishops, has given a Calendar of Scotish Saints, amounting to 106 in number. But of these, two thirds belong to the Irish; and, if they want any more, they may have them. Others belong to England and Wales; and not above twenty are found who actually either lived, or were born, in present Scotland; and of these not above half were real Scotish saints, or born in present Scotland. But the design of this work is to serve our ancient history and geography, which can only be done by giving the lives of those who resided in present Scotland.

First appears St. Ninian, who converted the Southern Picts, as Beda tells us; and that, as Usher shows, about the year 412. His life is translated from the Saxon, by the famous Ailred, Abbot of Rieval, about 1150; and two copies were in the Cotton Library; but both were unfortunately burnt in that well-known fire of 1731. But another copy, written about the thirteenth century, is in the Bodleian Library; and the Editor has procured a transcript. Above all, the two lives of St. Columba, who converted the northern Picts in 565, as Beda tells us, are the most curious remains of the very earliest Scotish antiquities. They are written by Cuminius Albus, sixth Abbot of Hyona, (or Icolmkil,) in 657; and by Adomnan, eighth Abbot of Hyona, in 679. The last of these writers is mentioned by Beda: the first by the last; and the authenticity of their works is unquestionable. Cuminius and Adomnan are

receipts, or authorise me to give them in writing,

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well put by Father Innes, as the very earliest writers who illustrate Scotish history. Cuminius is published by that great antiquary Mabillon, in his Sæcula Benedictina, (9 volumes folio,) a work not to be found in the first libraries of the kingdom. An abridgement of Adomnan was published by Canisius, in his Lectiones Antiquæ (six vols. 4to.); and re-published by Surius, and other Sanctologists. This abridgement Goodal, who had never seen a dozen manuscripts in his life, was so ignorant as to think complete, and to blame Bollandus for some additions from the full ancient copy, in his Vitæ Sanctorum, 32 volumes, folio; but a most correct and fine manuscript exists in the King's Library, and from it the work shall now be published *literatim*. It is a large production, in three books of forty or fifty chapters each; and is singularly minute, curious, and interesting: the parts omitted being those which relate to history, geography, private manners, &c. are just the most important: though the strange names seem to have shocked Canisius. His style is excellent for the time; and Usher even ranks him with Beda as an historic writer.

St. Kentigern, or Mungo, in 578, appears to much advantage: his life being written at great length, in 45 chapters, by Jocelin, a monk of Furness. He dedicates his book to another Jocelin, Bishop of Glasgow, from 1174 till 1199. A contemporary manuscript is in the Cotton Library, and is very valuable; containing strong lights as to the kingdom of Strathclyde in Scotland; of three successive kings of which, Morken, Roderick, and Constantine, it contains anecdotes; besides many geographical informations. The author tells us he compiled it from two old lives, the one in Irish, the other in Latin. The Life of St. Margaret, Queen of Scotland, 1070, by Turgot, Bishop of St. Andrews, her confessor, shall be given by Surius, compared with manuscripts, if any can be found: that in the Cotton Library being burnt.

That curious piece of northern history, the Life of St. Magnus, Earl of Orkney, 1103, shall be given in the Latin translation of the original Islandic, printed at the end of the

it will much facilitate the cause in which I should wish to be successful.

GEN. STUART TO MR. PINKERTON.

67, Lower Grosvenor-street,
Dec. 4, 1787.

General Stuart's compliments to Mr. Pinkerton, and returns with thanks the inclosed Tree, from James I. of England, a period much later

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Orkneyinga Saga, or History of the Orkneys, published by Jonæus, Hafniæ, 1780, 4to.

The short Eulogy of St. David, King of Scotland, 1124, by Ailred, Abbot of Rieval, his contemporary, shall also be given, compared with three or four manuscripts in the Cotton Library.

The Editor shall only add, that the mode of subscription has become so common among those who use it as a pitiful snare to catch money, that pride might have deterred him from it, had he not been accustomed to despise that pride which would prevent a man from being useful. And he believes the reader is ere now convinced that the present will be a work of utility as well as curiosity. Indeed, as to the latter quality, few books can exceed it. The lives of saints were almost the sole prose reading of our ancestors; as the Metrical romances were their poetry. Both were

"The Classics of an age which heard of none."

Both abound with the most lively pictures of life and manners. And the lives of Scotish saints happen to be singularly curious and interesting from the eminence of the writers; from their length and minuteness; and from the light they throw on the ancient history and geography of a country, most of whose more precious records have perished."

than the Genealogy he is in quest of; namely, the Collaterals of *John Stuart of Darnley*, the Constable of the Scots army serving in France, who was wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Crevant* in 1422, and afterwards killed, with his brother Alexander,† at La Bataille des Harengs, in a sortie from Orleans in 1428. The relation in which the present Sir John Stuart of Castle-milk stands with the Constable, as being the immediate male descendant from the Constable's brother, *Sir William Stuart* of Castle-milk, killed at the battle of Verneuil, in 1424, is the object of General Stuart's immediate researches, in which he expected some information from the book "Genealogy of the Kings and Nobility of Scotland," at Mr. Edwards's in Pall-mall, said to have been sold to Mr. Pinkerton; but, though frequently sent for to Mr. Edwards's, it cannot be found.

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* In this battle, which was won by the English and Burgundians, Monstrelet tells us that the Constable of Scotland surrendered himself prisoner to the Lord de Châtelleux, but with the loss of an eye; and the greater part of the Scots, who were in the front ranks, were either killed or taken. *Johnes' Translation*, vol. i. p. 400.

† Monstrelet says that it was the son, and not the brother, of the Constable of Scotland, who was slain in this engagement, which was fought to protect a great convoy of provisions destined for the English army, and was ever after called the *Battle of Herrings*, because a considerable part of the convoy consisted of herrings and other articles of food proper for Lent. *Johnes' Monstrelet*, vol. i. p. 495.

L'Ecosse Françoise par Houston, and *L'Histoire des Papes, Princes,* &c. par Chambre d'Ormond vers l'an 1400, are the books which treat of the subject; but General Stuart cannot find them in England. Mr. Pinkerton, being well known to him by reputation as an antiquary much further back, is requested for his assistance in this family object, if it lies in his way, which the General will thankfully acknowledge any time he is pleased to call here.

MR. PINKERTON TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

Knightsbridge, Dec. 5th, 1787.

I am much obliged to your lordship for the facsimile, and for the information of your last: could Lord Hailes be prevailed on to proceed with his Annals, it would be happier, than for that valuable writer to waste his time in confuting Mr. Gibbon. Scotland has few accurate historians, while Christianity has defenders in duty bound, all over Europe. He is angry with me, because he suspects my Christianism: but, if I were a Chinese or a Jew, he would not quarrel: such contradictions are found in the wisest of us. By a singular fate, I preserve the friendship of English churchmen, and yet lose that of a Scotish Judge. Yet I shall speak and write of him with respect, as he deserves.

Your lordship's information concerning the Morisons is too true. I promised to endeavor to

get English booksellers to take 500, but find they are averse to any work printed out of London. The Morisons modestly insist on *my* taking 500, and allowing them to print 500 more for their own sale! Thus I am not only to give them my labor gratis, but give them 100*l.* for accepting it! I have told them at once to draw upon George Nicol for their expenses; and I shall keep the transcript. As your lordship kindly says that the transcript was directed and revised by you to do me a pleasure, for which I shall ever be grateful, I hope this resolution will meet with your approbation. My notes are scattered on the blank pages of the transcript; and, rather than give them to the Morisons, I would destroy it, cost what it would. Their conduct to me is ungenerous and unjust; and I leave to your lordship to judge if I deserved it.

MR. PINKERTON TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

Knightsbridge, Dec. 15th, 1787.

I am afraid of being quite troublesome to your lordship by such constant correspondence; but hope your love for our old literature will once more excuse me. Your lordship mentioned in a late letter, that you would cause Jamieson, who copied Barbour, to transcribe Lindsay's Play for me. But, in your last, Mr. Buchan's bond is spoken of for the ma-

nuscript; and, my lord, it seems one Mr. Tytler, an advocate, son of Queen-Mary-Tytler, has taken it into his head that I have spoken ill of his father's book, which presumption he punishes by withstanding my application to the curators! He does not see that he is only struggling to save me trouble, and is injuring only the old poetry of his country. If I find it not beneath me, I shall certainly brand him as he deserves. But, my lord, this opposition may render the borrowing of the manuscript on bond a matter of delay; and I had agreed with a printer to publish six old poems, under the title of "Scarce Scottish Poems, reprinted," which, if your lordship permits, shall be dedicated to you, as the only return I can make for your attentions. Bishop Percy sent me at once the "*Palais of Honour*," from Ireland; but I find my own countrymen will ever be like dogs in the manger: "Lindsay's Play" is the only piece I want to complete the work: it is not long; and if your lordship will cause Jamieson to copy it, I shall take it as a great favor.

When I reflect with how much ease your lordship procured a copy of Barbour for the Morisons, and that it could not be had upon my application a year before, I cannot think that your lordship could prefer their publishing to mine, but impute this to some fault of my factor. He has money in his hands, and ought not to have hesitated to pay those trifles for me: as yet I can impute my want of success to no other cause. It will be extremely kind if your lordship will mention whether this fault was his. The expense of

transcribing "Lindsay's Play" he shall pay instantly to the copier.

The subscribers in England have consented to double their subscriptions for my *Vitæ Sanctorum Scotiæ*, so that the work will proceed. I have not yet heard concerning those in Scotland.

THE BISHOP OF DROMORE TO MR. PINKERTON.

Dromore House, Jan. 16th, 1788.

My copy of the *Hibernia Dominicana* is at your service; and I will send it by the first convenient opportunity to London. I will also make inquiry for *Colgani Trias Thaumaturga* when I go to Dublin, which I shall probably do about March, being detained in the country till that time. I do not yet want Gawin Douglas' *Palais of Honour*, which I purchased merely for the use of some good antiquary like you, and therefore desire you will keep it two or three years longer, if necessary.

I desire I may be a standing subscriber to any thing you may publish upon Hearne's plan; and, upon mentioning it to a very learned and ingenious countryman of yours, the Rev. Dr. William Trail, nephew to the late Bishop of Downe, who was some time a Professor at Aberdeen, and who is my near neighbour here, he desired I would procure him the favor of being a subscriber also. He is reading with great pleasure your late book,

which you sent me; and we both join in wishing we could prevail upon you to abstain from dropping any thing to the discredit of a book, which we highly venerate, the Old Testament; especially when it is not necessary to your subject. If it should be, attack it in a regular and formal discussion; and then we doubt not to defend it at large. But, till this is done, it seems neither fair nor candid to step aside from other topics, to throw out insinuations on this subject, which must be very offensive to many readers as well as to me.

In the new evening paper, called the Dublin Chronicle, appeared lately some strictures on the Ancient Ecclesiastical History of Ireland (*Scotia Antiqua*) which you should by all means see. They first appeared under the signature of *Jerneus* in the Dublin Chronicle for December 24th, and again December 27th. In the Grecian Coffee-house in *Devereux* Court, they formerly took in the Irish papers; if not now, there are other coffee-houses, where, upon inquiry, you might find them, and where they are regularly filed.

MR. PINKERTON TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

Knightsbridge, Feb. 2d, 1788.

I hope your lordship will forgive my troubling you about a literary matter, which your lordship condescended to promote. Mr. Cardonnel, some months since, informed me that, upon calling at

Creech's shop, he learned there were about a *dozen* subscribers to the *Vitæ Sanctorum Scotiæ*. Upon desiring my factor, Mr. Buchan, since to call on Creech, and learn the names, Creech informed him "there were but *two* or *three;* and the subscription paper was lost, so he could not tell the names."

Though the booksellers have a mean opinion of Creech, I cannot think him capable of sheer robbery, as this is; but I should take it extremely kind, if your lordship would desire Mr. Cardonnel to call on Creech and bring him to reason. I shall have a sufficient number of subscribers in England; for the number increases fast since the price was raised. Yet I humbly hope your lordship will not allow the subscribers in Scotland and me to be thus wronged. Subscriptions are always entered in a book; so the subscription paper is a mere farce: I should take it extremely kind if your lordship would recommend some other bookseller in Edinburgh, who does not, like Creech, set up for a genius and a gentleman; and far less take a party in selling books, or at any rate inclines to the Whig. Your lordship's knowledge of Scotland must render you a perfect judge. Mr. Buchan informs me that your lordship has applied, by petition to the curators, for Bannatyne's manuscript. I thought your lordship's rank and influence rendered this unnecessary; and supposed it was not done in the case of Barbour. I only wait for Lindsay's play, to publish the volume; and I hope no time will be

lost. Barbour's poem I shall publish here next year.

DR. THOMAS CAMPBELL TO MR. PINKERTON.

No. 28, Dame Street, Dublin,
Feb. 6th, 1788.

I have been but a few days in this town, and have not had time to inquire for Burke's *Hibernia Dominicana,* which I am pretty certain of getting for you, though I never saw the book; but I despair of getting the *Trias Thaumaturga:* however, my diligence shall not be wanting in looking out for it. This intelligence should, in its natural course, come to you, by reflection, from our excellent Bishop of Dromore; but I could not lose a minute to renew my intercourse with you; and, in particular, I beg that you will put me on your list of subscribers for your Lives of the *Scotish Saints,* which the Bishop has wrote to me (for I have not seen him since I saw you), you are preparing *upon Hearne's plan.* Mr. Ledwich (Edward) F.A.S.* desires also to be a subscriber.

I should by this night's post send to you, in compliance with the Bishop's desire, a *newspaper,* in which is a continuation of a *slight Sketch of the Ecclesiastical and Literary History of Ireland,* only that I disagree very much with the Bishop as to its merit; for, in good truth, I do not deem it worthy your perusal; and I fear that your lyncean eye

* Author of the *Antiquities of Ireland,* &c. &c.

might discern some *Celtic nonsense* in it. However, if it should in future appear to me worthy your notice, I shall send you some of the papers, (especially when I shall be certain that a newspaper sent to London in an open cover will cost you but a penny) wherein the names of M'Pherson and Pinkerton may be introduced.

You must know the origin of this matter:—on my leaving London I went to Beaconsfield, where the hospitable owner entered very cordially into my plan, which I partly communicated to you, of writing the History of the Revolutions of Ireland, &c., so as to give the *spirit* rather than the *letter* of our melancholy Annals. He advised me to be as brief as possible upon every thing antecedent to Henry II.; and, in full conviction of the force of his advice, I have been, since I saw you, weeding out certain ecclesiastical and literary documents there interspersed, and have thrown them into the present newspaper form, so as to be arranged, *in a better form*, and in a book or pamphlet, if they should meet any decent share of approbation, which the Bishop's partiality encourages me to hope for. Mr. Burke, however, did not content himself with giving me good advice: he gave me also his very valuable collection of manuscripts relative to Ireland, no less than *four folio volumes*, of which I have already considerably availed myself. I have reason to believe the Bishop has wrote to you lately, though I am ashamed to say I have not yet answered his letter.

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE TO MR. PINKERTON.

Berkely Square, Feb. 11th, 1788.

I wrote a letter to Sir Joseph Banks, soliciting his interest for you, should there be a vacancy at the Museum. He answered (and I will show you his answer when I see you) that he is positively engaged to Mr. Thorkelin, should Mr. Planta resign; but that, the Chancellor having refused to sign the permission for the latter, who will not go abroad without that indulgence, no vacancy is likely to happen from that event. Sir Joseph has since called on me, to make excuses for not complying with my request; and he then told me he thought Mr. Planta might go abroad, with the consent of the Archbishop and Speaker, without the signature of the Chancellor. I do not care about that, which would not promote your interest. I am very sorry, for your sake, that I have none; but I knew as much before.

DR. LORIMER TO MR. PINKERTON.

Charlotte Street, Feb. 25th, 1788.

Your letter of the 20th I received on Friday evening, but could not sit down to answer it till this day; and I am afraid it will still be to little purpose, when I do my best to solve your difficulties. With respect to the sixth section of the

Chronicon Rythmicum,* you may remember, that, soon after you and I were first acquainted, I put the same question to you. I need not tell you that I put no great confidence in the Chronology of this Author; though I should be glad to reconcile the dates he mentions with each other, as it is one of the few authorities prior to Fordun, &c. The Pictish kingdom, he thinks, existed 1224 years and nine months, and ended in the year 836. Consequently, it began 388 years and nine months before the Christian æra. The Scots, he says, came into Argyle 443 years before Christ; and, as it would appear, preceded the Picts about 265 years and three months, I think; but those dates can never be made to tally. This chapter begins "Quod jam promisi, &c.;" where does he promise? In the prologue he says, "quoto tempore, et quotâ arte Pictos, cum iisdem, et post eos vicissim regnaverunt, et qualiter nunc stirps Scotigera miscetur cum Saxonica." If we admit the Scots 443 years before the Incarnation, and the Picts 388 years and nine months, then the former were only fifty-four years and three months before the latter, 1224 years and nine months with them; and how many after them I leave you to consider. I am glad you turned your thoughts

* "The Chronicon Rythmicum is to be found at the end of many manuscripts of Fordun, and is an abstract of his Chronicle, or rather of the Scotish Chronicle or History in general. It is never quoted, nor referred to, either by Fordun or Winton, though they quote the *Carmen Elegiacum* often; so that certainly it was not written before their time." *Pinkerton's Early History of Scotland*, I. p. 513.

towards this subject; and, when we can contrive to meet, we shall have some farther consideration on these matters. At the same time, I must beg that, as you have asked my opinions in writing, you would promise not to expose my name in print; for I have a mortal aversion to it, though several of my scraps have come out without my intending it.

With respect to the Register of St. Andrew's, I only differ from Innes's copy in two reigns: the third king I make thirty-three or thirty-four years, and the thirteenth I make thirteen years. My reasons you can soon see; and if we differ in opinion, we shall not disagree. I wish you may be able to read this scrawl, as I have only time to add that I ever am, &c.

P. S. You see clearly that the order of the verses in the Irish Duain has been altered: query, whether the same liberty has not been taken with the sixth chapter of this Chronicon Rythmicum, the "deca quinque contibinorum" is the only difficulty, and what I always wished to get explained. When I mention the Chronicle of St. Andrew's, I do not mean that I have considered that part which relates to the Picts; neither do I consider the reigns after the children of Malcolm III. to be equally correct with the former part of the Register. The author had begun to nod. I have just found out two or three leaves of my own fragments written about twenty years ago upon this same subject, which I shall put in my pocket, to show you, the first day I can catch you at home: to-morrow I shall be in the city; but,

bating accidents, if the weather is good, on Thursday forenoon I may call.

MR. MACAULEY TO DR. LORIMER.*

72, Charlotte Street, Rathbone Place,
March 24th, 1788.

Mr. Macauley presents his compliments to Dr. Lorimer. Reflecting on the name, *Ethica*, since he saw the Doctor, it has occurred to him that it must be the island situated about six leagues N.N.E. of the Point of Ardnamurchan, and now called, according to the English orthography, *Egg*. Ethica would be pronounced by an Highlander Ehica, according to the Scots method of pronouncing the vowels;—with this difference, that the last syllable would be rather an opening of the mouth than any distinct vowel. In the Gaelic language (monosyllables excepted) words terminating in a vowel, (or rather in either of the vowels *a* or *e*) if that termination is not accented, have it pronounced so indistinctly, that it may be written either with an *a* or an *e*. It depends on the preceding vowel, which of these is to be written at the end of the word, and not upon the pronunciation or sound of the word itself. Thus the name Ethica would be pronounced Ehiche—in three syllables; the last syllable being rather an opening of the mouth than any distinct sound. It is easy

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* Inclosed in the preceding.

to conceive how this name, in process of time, might be changed into Ehiga, and, by a little contraction of the pronunciation into Egge, which is the present Gaelic name, converted by English orthography and pronunciation into Egg. Mr. Macauley will be happy if this explication will appear satisfactory to Dr. Lorimer. The name does not appear to be of Gaelic etymology, and therefore probably is Danish.

MR. PINKERTON TO MR. GEORGE PATON.*

Knightsbridge, March 31st, 1788.

I am favored with yours, inclosing Mr. Herd's remarks, for which I thank you and him.

I am much obliged to you for the etchings. Lindsay's Satire I returned as desired, though I had made no use of it, for want of the Bannatyne copy. I wish you would complete and collate

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* This and the following letter are preserved in the *Paton Correspondence, manuscript,* in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, and have already appeared in a small 8vo. vol. intitled *Reliquiæ Scoticæ,* for a copy of which I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. Alexander Young of Edinburgh. The book was printed only for private distribution; and but a very few copies were taken off. Mr. Paton was a clerk in the Custom-House at Edinburgh, and, as the editor of the *Reliquiæ Scoticæ* states, a well-meaning and inoffensive man. It is to be regretted that his own letters to Mr. Pinkerton are not preserved; that it might be seen what gave rise to so intemperate an effusion as the second of these letters to him. Mr. Pinkerton has preserved no trace of any correspondence between them.

yours with that copy; and lend it me again; and I should reprint it immediately.

Different literary matters so much occupy my time, that I cannot enter into correspondence with Mr. Herd; but I shall give you a few hints. Meston and Nicol I omitted, as I did many others, because beneath notice. Mr. H.'s wonder, that I never saw *Ajax*, &c. puts me in mind of the Shepherd, who wondered where the English traveller was born, who did not know a village in Galloway. His supposing that Bervie, p. 315. is *our* Bervie, is risible. It is coupled with Antwerp. Elliot, in his *Bibliotheca*, London, 1545, *voce Britannia*, mentions "*Antwarpe or Berrow.*" Mr. Herd's remark on my doublet and jablet might have been spared; as it is answered by my note on the passage. That he should speak of accuracy is amazing; for his two volumes * teem with inaccuracies and ignorance. They who speak of the errors of others, should think of their own, and of the Scripture, "Take first the beam out of thine own eye." I have many ignorant letters of remarks from Scotland; for an ignorant man is very fond of appearing wise by correcting his neighbors; but, had I remarked upon works of the writers, I could have shown ten errors in theirs, for one of mine. Learned men pass slight errors, as matters incident to humanity, and dwell on the real merit

* *Collection of Antient and Modern Scottish Songs, Heroic Ballads, &c., by David Herd*, Edinburgh, 1776, 2 vols. 12mo. Mr. Herd was clerk to Mr. David Russell, accountant in Edinburgh.

or demerit of a work. So much for Mr. Herd, whose remarks only confirm the opinion I formed, from his two volumes, that he is an illiterate and injudicious compiler.

For you, Sir, I think you have great merit in the attention you show to our topography and old literature, and esteem your correspondence accordingly; and shall be happy to serve you here, if in my power. Your copy of the *Complaynt* is completing at the Museum; and, as I have got copies of two leaves wanting in the Museum copy, they shall be added. But the title, alas! seems lost for ever.

If you know of any historical books or manuscripts relating to Scotland, preceding A.D. 1700, not in Nicolson's *Hist. Lib.*, it will be kind if you will let me know. Seton's manuscript of Winton I bought from Mr. Astle, and have just procured a very rare description of Scotland, printed by Waldgrave, without date, 4to.

Do you know of any map of Icolmkil? I want one for my *Vitæ Sanctorum Scotiæ*, now in the press. Mr. Creech forgot to mark the names of many subscribers in Scotland, and of you, as I suspect, among others. I am going to write to Mr. Elliot, to take the matter out of Creech's hands.*

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* "On this letter Mr. Paton has written the following note, which he, in all probability, engrossed in his answer to Mr. Pinkerton:

"At my time of life, I think it very improper for me to interfere or enter the lists; so submit it to yourselves, mending what differences may pass between you and Mr. Herd: only

MR. PINKERTON TO MR. GEORGE PATON.

Knightsbridge, April 8th, 1788.

Your last to me is of so singular and uncommon a kind, that I must humbly beg leave to decline your correspondence in future. When I take the trouble to read or write letters, it is in hopes of amusement and instruction. That even this may contribute a little to yours, I must tell you, that the *insolence of office*, though perhaps used in custom-house correspondence, can never be admitted into literary. I blame you for your informing at random various people here, of I know not what nameless errors in my works, which struck you, and nobody else. Do not go to deny this; for I have seen the letters to *three* various persons here, one of them a bookseller. Are you so much a stranger to literature and common propriety, as not to know that, to speak of errors without condescending on any, and to third persons, is to be a declared enemy; while to *point out* facts to an author is to be his best friend? Are you so much a stranger to the character of your own Topographical Catalogue of Title Pages, so noted for dullness and inaccuracy, as to set up for a judge of literature, in which your name is unknown? Can even the dotage of age excuse arrogance, joined with ignorance? But I spare you.

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your acknowledgments in the notes on your Maitland's Poems, have in general given too liberal an opportunity for censure." *Reliquiæ Scoticæ.*

Your conduct, in surreptitiously getting from me a copy of Lindsay's portrait for the Morison edition of our poets, I pass; as I do your ungentlemanlike behavior, in getting Mr. Gough to require Lindsay's Satire from me, while my receipt stands to Mr. M'Kenzie; so that I am still liable for the book.

I was willing to pass over all these improprieties, as I hate to quarrel with people; but, as your last convinces me that you have too much self-importance to be a literary correspondent of mine, and I have more of such correspondence, even with real literati, than I care for; I must for the last time subscribe myself

Your most obedient servant.

DR. JOHN ANDERSON* TO MR. PINKERTON.

Glasgow College, May 15th, 1788.

ANECDOTES OF CROMWELL.†

The following anecdotes concerning Oliver Cromwell, I learned in conversation, many years ago, from Mr. James Anderson, who was long the manager of Stockwell-street sugar-house in Glasgow, who was a man of veracity, and who

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* Dr. Anderson, who was professor of Natural Philosophy at Glasgow, published the *Institutes of Physics;* and *Observations on Roman Antiquities Discovered between the Forth and the Clyde.* He died in 1796.

† Inclosed in the letter to Mr. James Parker, which follows.

died about thirty years ago, at a very advanced age. He said that he had them from Mr. Danziel, senr., a merchant in the High Street of Glasgow, who died in the beginning of this century, and that his friend Danziel's account was confirmed to him by many concurring testimonies.

A short time before the battle of Dunbar, as Cromwell was reviewing the ground, accompanied by a few cavalry, a soldier of the Scotish army, prompted by his own zeal, concealed himself behind a wall which inclosed a field, and fired his musket at Cromwell. The ball did not take effect, but went near him. The cavalry seemed to be alarmed; but Cromwell, who was going at a round trot, never altered his pace nor tightened his rein; and only, looking over his shoulder to the place from whence the shot came, called out, "You lubberly rascal, were one of my men to miss such a mark, he should certainly be tied up to the halberts!"

When Cromwell entered Glasgow, said Danziel, at the head of his victorious army, I was standing in the street called Bell's Wynd, at the end of it which joins the High Street, with a good many young lads and a shoemaker, who was well known to us all by his drollery and by the name of London Willie. As we were silently admiring the order of the troops, Cromwell happened to cast his eye upon us, and cried out, "Hah, Willie! come hither, Willie!" If we were surprised at this, we were more surprised to see Willie retire into Bell's Wynd, and one of Cromwell's attendants go after him, who brought him to the general,

at whose stirrup he not only walked, but went in with him to his lodging for some minutes. My companions and I waited till Willie came out, anxious to know why one of his station was taken notice of by the famous Cromwell. Willie soon satisfied our curiosity, by informing us, that his father had been a footman to James VI., and accompanied him to London at the union of the crowns: That he himself was bred a shoemaker, and wrought in a lane through which Cromwell often passed to a school, as he supposed: That Cromwell used to stop at the work-shop to get his ball and playthings mended, and to be amused with his jokes and Scotch pronunciation: That they had not met from that time till now: That he had retired into Bell's Wynd, lest it should be remembered that his father had belonged to the royal family: That he had no reason, however, to be afraid, for the general had only put him in mind of his boyish tricks, had spoken to him in the kindest manner, and had given him some money to drink his health, which he was going to do with all expedition.

Next Sunday, said Danziel, Cromwell went to the Inner Church in Glasgow, St. Mungo's, and placed himself with his attendants in the king's seat, which was always unoccupied, except by strangers. The minister of the church was Mr. Durham, the author of some religious books, which are still very popular. He was a great Presbyterian, and as great an enemy to Cromwell; because he thought, and early said, that Cromwell and his friends would be forced,

by the convulsion of parties, to erect an absolute government, the very evil they meant to remedy. The text was taken from Jeremiah; and the commentary upon it, by allusions, was an invective against Cromwell and his friends, under Scriptural language and history. During this satire they saw a young man, one of Cromwell's attendants, step to the back of his chair, and, with an angry face, whisper something to him, which, after some words, was answered by a frown; and the young man retired behind the chair, seemingly much disconcerted. The cause of this was unknown to the congregation. It was supposed to be owing to some intelligence of importance which had been just then received; but it was afterwards known, and generally known, that the following words had passed between them:—"Shall I shoot the fellow?" "What fellow?" "The parson." "What parson?" "*That* parson." "Begone, Sir: he is one fool, and you are another!" Danziel added, that Cromwell sent for Mr. Durham on the very next morning, and asked him, why he was such an enemy to him and his friends—declared that they were not enemies to Mr. Durham—drank his health in a glass of wine, and afterwards, it was said, prayed with him for the guidance of the Lord in all their doings.

When Charles I. was in Scotland in 1633, a subscription was set on foot for building a new hall and library to the University of Glasgow; and the king's name appears at the head of the subscribers, for two hundred pounds sterling. The

king, however, was not able, I suppose, to pay that sum; and he contracted some debts at Perth, which are unpaid at this moment. When Cromwell arrived at the fullness of his power, he sent two hundred pounds to the University, and there is below the king's subscription "*Solvit Dominus Protector.*" One of the magistrates of Perth, hearing of this, thought it entitled him to ask payment of the sum which the king had borrowed, when in that town. But Cromwell did not listen to his petition; and, when it was urged again and again, said with vehemence, "Have done, Sir, I am not the heir of Charles Stuart!" To which the other replied with equal warmth, "I wot well, then, you are his intromitter—shall I say a vicious intromitter?" In the law of Scotland, *intromitter* signifies one who takes upon himself to manage the estate of a deceased person, and who, by that act, renders himself liable for all his debts; and *vicious* is, when it is done without any right, and therefore is a vice or iniquity. Cromwell, though absolute, did not even chide him for this freedom, but declared, that he would never pay that money; "because," said he, "I will do things for a learned society, which I will not do for other societies, and I would have you know this!"

Such facts mark the temper and genius of celebrated men more distinctly, perhaps, than the labored character of many elegant historians; and the above I have heard, with some variations, from many persons as well as from Mr. James

Anderson, of Stockwell-street Sugar-house in Glasgow, who was not in the least degree connected with any of my kindred.

DR. JOHN ANDERSON TO MR. PARKER.

Glasgow College, May 24, 1788.

I trouble you with this packet, that you may be my advocate with Mr. Pinkerton, who must think me very negligent. I believe, however, that I could fully justify my delays, by a great variety of business in which I have been for some time engaged; but they would cost a page of writing, and therefore I think it will be better for me to plead guilty, if you will be my apologist. Trusting, then, to your defence, I beg of you to request Mr. Pinkerton to present the inclosed anecdotes of Oliver Cromwell to Mr. Walpole, with my most respectful compliments.

Be pleased to send the inclosed remarks on Sir John Dalrymple's Memoirs to the Gentleman's Magazine, after Mr. Pinkerton has seen them. In the Edinburgh Magazine, which is sold by Murray in London, Sir John has got a trimming for what he has said of the great Earl of Stair; and it is said that more remarks of the same kind are waiting him. The articles that I have animadverted upon are such as either I myself, or some of my friends are interested in, particularly the Carronades; for the *report by the Glasgow professor* was given by me, above seven

years ago, to the Commander-in-Chief in Scotland. Sir John is so merciless in his two volumes to some of the greatest men who lived about the beginning of this century, that he deserves no mercy; but truth, not revenge, is my object.

Whitaker is rioting so much in the victory which, he thinks, his three volumes concerning the Bonny Queen have procured him, that he is preparing, it is said, a fourth,* as a *coup de grace*, and as a *Te Deum*. It is expected, however, that Mr. Pinkerton will give him a *coup de main*—I mean with his pen, and without delay.

You must have seen the account of Robert Bruce's watch in the newspapers and in the Memoirs of the London Antiquarian Society.† Reports say that the King gave two hundred pounds for that watch. Does Mr. Pinkerton know that it is an absolute imposition by a pedlar and an engraver in this place, about fifteen years ago?

In the next edition of the Ancient *Scottish Poems*, perhaps (observe I say "perhaps") I will give Mr. Pinkerton a few notes upon some of them. Take the two following as a specimen:—

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* It was in the course of this year that the Rev. John Whitaker published his Vindication of Mary Queen of Scots, which he afterwards reprinted with additions and corrections in 1790; but both editions are equally confined to three volumes.

† What is here referred to, forms part of a Memoir entitled *Observations on Clocks*, by the Hon. Daines Barrington, printed in the 5th volume of the Archæologia. What was supposed to have been Robert Bruce's watch, passed into the possession of our late king.

In volume first, page cxxxviii—The author, Mr. Blair, was a clergyman of the Church of Scotland, and minister of the parish of Atholstonford, in the presbytery of Haddington. He was succeeded, if I mistake not, by the author of the tragedy of Douglas. His eldest son, Robert, is, at present, at the head of the Scotch bar. Another son is a merchant in Edinburgh: a third is professor of astronomy in the University of Edinburgh; and a fourth, who was a merchant in America, lives within a few miles of Mr. Pinkerton, at Turnham Green, if I mistake not; but he must be known to some of the loyalists of Mr. Parker's acquaintance, from whom Mr. Pinkerton may get exact information. I agree with Mr. Pinkerton as to the great merit of the poem; though it is undervalued by some scribblers in this country.

In volume second, page 418—The allegory is kept up from beginning to end, and with so much accuracy, that its beauty is marred by technical words, which none but seafaring people can understand. *Scheittis*, which in modern spelling is *shytes*, is the name of the ropes at the lower end of a sail; and, when a square sail is at right angles to the keel, the ship is then between the shytes, and sails with a stern wind, or, as it is called, before the wind. *Sole* is a mistake for *sale*. *Bolwyn* is the name of a rope which, at present, is called a *bowling;* and the three words which follow it are at present in use, with a different spelling; being all parts of the apparatus belonging to the sails of ships that have old-fashioned riggings. *Sale ouir strek*, that is, *sail over straight;*

that is, the shytes hauled too tight, in order to lose none of the wind. *Bubbis* is the striking of the sail against the mast by back winds. *Lek* is a *leak*. *Pres*, a *press of sail*, is still in use, for using every sail that will draw wind. *Sloggis* is a *squall*, or *gust* of *wind*, such as are commonly met with at St. Abb's Head, and Buchanness, in the north of Scotland. Mr. Pinkerton will not be surprised at my knowledge in these things, when he is informed that I have seen the rage of a storm in the Bay of Biscay, in a clear night, with thunder at intervals: the most magnificent scene, I imagine, that can be seen in this globe.

Various societies in Scotland, political, religious, and irreligious, are to celebrate, on the 5th of November next, the revolution which was effected by the Prince of Orange, an hundred years ago. I wish Mr. Pinkerton would write a song for the Revolution Club, of which I will make one on that day. Nobody will do it better. It must be to a tune that every body can sing, such as Purcell's "God save the King," or Thomson's "When Britain first at Heaven's command." If Mr. Pinkerton will undertake it, his health will be drunk in a bumper by the Revolution Club; and I will send him a memorandum of the chief grievances from which the Scots were delivered by that great event.

I have troubled you with so many remarks and queries, that it will be a labor to answer them, unless you shall receive help from Mr. Pinkerton, or from the hand of one of Mr. Elmsley's young men.

Be pleased to present my best respects to Mr. Pinkerton, and to Mr. Elmsley—alas! I cannot say to worthy James Ingram.

MR. PINKERTON TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

Knightsbridge, May 20th, 1788.

The bad state of your health, with which General Melville had made me acquainted long ago, gives me sincere concern; but I hope that the present spring, as a pleasant and convalescent season, will soon restore your lordship to your pursuits, to your friends, and your country.

I could not conceive, my lord, that Lindsay's piece should be so immodest. But it only forms *one* out of *six* poems meant to be published together; and all the obscene parts shall be castrated: so I hope still that your lordship will have no cause to regret that the collection is inscribed to you. But, as I am at present occupied with Barbour, (as a relaxation from historical pursuits,) I must defer that collection for a year or two; and your lordship will have time enough to think of the matter.

When your lordship can attend to literary affairs, I should be much obliged if you would cause some of your correspondents near the spot to take a small map, or bird's-eye view, of the whole island of Icolmkill, as I wish to engrave it for the *Vitæ Sanctorum Scotiæ*, now in the press.

General Melville said he would write to your lordship concerning a small literary scheme I proposed to him, namely, to have a catalogue taken and printed of all the Gaelic manuscripts found in Scotland.

I dare say your lordship may know some person proper to undertake another scheme for illustrating our antiquities: to wit, a dictionary of names of places in Scotland, where antiquities and curiosities are to be seen, with brief descriptions of towns, &c. This, though a mere compilation, would be highly useful to travellers and others, and might be thrown into one or two small volumes.

A traveller informs me that Mr. Cummyng neglects the manuscripts of the Antiquarian Society shockingly; and, in particular, that Drummond of Hawthornden's are all in confused heaps. I hope your lordship will think the honor of the Society concerned in removing this charge, though also common to the Advocates' Library. If Drummond's answer to Camden be among these manuscripts, Mr. Nichols, I am sure, would gladly pay for a copy to print in the *Bibliotheca Topographica*.

DR. JOHN ANDERSON TO MR. PINKERTON.

Glasgow, Aug. 5th, 1788.

I thank you heartily for your letter of the 9th of June last. It would have been answered sooner, but I was out of town; and the toasts and

subject of conversation for the Revolution Club were not ready till yesterday.*

* TOASTS AND SUBJECTS OF CONVERSATION FOR NOV. 5TH, 1788.

1. To the immortal memory of James II. King of Great Britain, who produced the best system of political liberty that has ever existed, though he possessed a violent desire, and the greatest advantages for rendering himself absolute!

2. May the Ministers of those times never be forgotten: Feversham, Jefferies, Kirk, Wright, Lauderdale, Hatton, Sharp, Aberdeen, Queensberry, Perth, &c.!

3. Never-fading honor to the memory of such as suffered for supporting the rights of human nature: Pilkington, Ward, Russell, Sydney, Barnardistone, Rosewell, the grandson of the great Hampden; the 251 persons condemned at Taunton, Mrs. Grant, Lady Lisle, Prideaux, Cornish, Coke, Compton, Halifax, Nottingham, Mordaunt, Jones, Montague, Charleton, Nevil, &c.; the twelve Magistrates of Edinburgh, More, Argyll, Weir, Spencer, Baillie, Carstairs, Burnet, &c.; the 2000 persons who were outlawed under the pretence of holding intercourse with rebels; the multitudes who were put to death without any trial!

4. Blessed be the memory of the Prince of Orange, who saved his own country from ruin, restored the liberties of Britain, and supported the independency of Europe; who was the friend of civil liberty, of religious toleration, of the brave, and of the honest, even among his enemies!

5. Everlasting renown, in all the nations of the earth, to the Convention of Scotland, which voted, That King James, by his mal-administration and his abuse of power, had *forfeited* all title to the crown, and therefore they made a tender of it to the Prince and Princess of Orange; while the Convention of England only voted, That he, having violated the fundamental laws of the constitution, and withdrawn himself out of the kingdom, had abdicated the government, and that the throne was thereby vacant.

6. Health to consistent Jacobites, who ought to respect the

They are made so as to please all the members, and to be free of asperity, in language at least, as

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character of the Prince of Orange, because he meddled not with the affairs of Britain till called to do it by the King, in order to support his ruinous conduct, and because, upon their own principles, he that has the reversion of power, or of wealth, has a right to hinder the present possessor, if he attempts to destroy it. Health likewise to inconsistent Jacobites, who now pray for their lawful sovereign; acting right, but reasoning wrong, upon their own principles. May both be thankful that the British government, since the Revolution, has not been like that of their favorite kings! for, if it had, they, for their contumacy, would have been hanged, or banished, or fined, or imprisoned, or tortured with screw thumbkins and iron boots.

7. May the Whigs never be Tories in practice! but remember that true liberty and the happiness of the people is the only just object of government; particular families being elevated for that end alone. May they never forget that the excellence of the British constitution consists in the checks which the three parts of it give to each other; in the ease with which the minister, that is, the actual sovereign, can be displaced or punished, without touching the King, or altering the succession; and in preserving the hereditary succession, by which the ambition of such as Cæsar and Cromwell is constantly suppressed!

8. The Habeas Corpus; no torture; toleration in religion; the liberty of the press; and may the people in Scotland be allowed a proof of "the truth of the reproach, and of the damage sustained," as well as in England!

9. May all the old leaves fall off the old tree. Halkerston's cow; Kinless Rascals; Patting! What will the Ministry think of this?

10. The trial of civil causes in Scotland by juries as well as in England, from which there will arise the most important consequences. The people will be better acquainted with the laws of their country, and respect them more. The force of the evidence will be better ascertained, because taken before

much as possible; and every thing mentioned is admitted by D. Hume and all the defenders of the Stuart family. The sixth article relates to the Episcopal clergy of the old church at present existing in Scotland, who have lately made a figure in the newspapers. The majority of them pray for the King since April last; but Bishop Rose and some of the presbyters protested against

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those who are to judge of it." Partiality and indolence in the bench will be checked by the jury, and those faults in the jury will be checked by the judges, while they will acquire that exalted reverence which is peculiar to English judges, in consequence of their acting with a jury.

11. The aid of counsel, open doors, the presence of friends, pen, ink, and paper, exculpatory proof to every accused person; and may all such as refuse these means of defence be opposed and despised by every good man!

12. Long live our sovereign George III., who is an example to his subjects of private virtues; who is the friend of liberty, the patron of the sciences, the support of the elegant arts, and the encourager of the useful arts, and of every thing that can make his people happy!

God bless our lawful King!
[The tune—Purcell's "God save the King."]
And all that from him spring,
Long live the King!

May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
With heart and voice to sing
God save the King!

A Hymn to Liberty. [The tune and measure the same as Thomson's "When Britain first at Heaven's command."]

the resolution, and continue their old practice: as these protesters maintain passive obedience, and indefeasible right, they are called the consistent Jacobites, and the others are called the inconsistent. The ninth relates to old events in the court of session, which are very famous, but which it was necessary to involve in mysterious expressions. If you do not understand them, I will explain them to you afterwards. The tenth relates likewise to that court; but it was not necessary to make it dark, because its constitution is according to law, and because there is a cry in the country for juries in civil causes. The eighth and eleventh contain the general principles of British liberty, and consequently the subject of your hymn; and therefore it is unnecessary to give you more hints for it than are contained in these articles. As a revolution club implies a disposition to rebel, it was thought proper to give all the praise to the present crowned head, which is the last article.

When do you propose to publish the scarce Scotish poems mentioned in your last letter? Your labors for these many years upon the Scotish history, preceding the year 1056, will, I hope, have a good sale. The University is much obliged to you for the present which you propose to make of the *Vitæ Sanctorum;* but I really think it is too expensive a present for you to make to a rich society.

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE TO MR. PINKERTON.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 14th, 1788.

The new regulation of the post proves very inconvenient to this little district; for it arrives and departs again in half an hour; so that, having a visitor when I received your letter yesterday, I could not possibly answer it then; nor can I write now expeditiously, as, for these thirteen days, I have had a third fit of the gout in my left arm and hand, and can barely hold the paper.

Your intelligence of the jubilees to be celebrated in Scotland in honor of the Revolution was welcome indeed. It is a favorable symptom of an age when its festivals are founded on good sense and liberality of sentiment, and not to perpetuate superstition and slavery. Your countrymen, Sir, have proved their good sense too in their choice of a poet. Your writings breathe the noble generous spirit congenial to the institution. Give me leave to say that it is very flattering to me to have the ode communicated to me: I will not say, to be consulted, for of that distinction I am not worthy: I am not a poet, and am sure I cannot improve your ideas, which you have expressed with propriety and clearness, the necessary ingredients of an address to a populous meeting; for I doubt our numerous audiences are not arrived at Olympic taste enough to seize with enthusiasm the eccentric flights of Pindar. You have taken a more rational road to inspiration, by adhering to

the genuine topics of the occasion; and you speak in so manly a style, that I do not believe a more competent judge could amend your poetry. I approve it so much, that, if you commanded me to alter it, I would alter but one word, and would insert but one more. In the second stanza, for

"Here ever *gleam'd* the patriot sword,"

I would rather read

"Here ever *flash'd*;"

as I think *gleamed* not forcible enough for the thought, nor expressive enough of the vigorous ardor of your heroes. In the third stanza I think there wants a syllable, not literally, but to the ear,

"And *slavery*, with arts unblest."

Slavery, if pronounced as three syllables, does not satisfy the fullness of harmony, and besides obliges the tongue to dwell too strongly on *with*, which ought not to occupy much accent. An epithet to *arts* would make the whole line sonorous.

These are trifling criticisms of a trifling critic, I know; but they mark both my attention and satisfaction with your ode. I must add, how beautifully is introduced "Innocent of blood!" How ought that circumstance to be dwelt upon at the Jubilee of the Revolution!

I will tell you how more than occasionally the mention of Pindar slipped into my pen. I have frequently, and even yesterday, wished that some attempt were made to ennoble our horse-races, particularly at Newmarket, by associating better arts with the courses; as by contributing for odes, the best of which should be rewarded by medals.

Our nobility would find their vanity gratified; for, as the pedigrees of their steeds would soon grow tiresome, their own genealogies would replace them, and in the mean time poetry and medals would be improved. Their lordships would have judgment enough to know if their horse (which should be the impression on one side) were not well executed; and, as I hold that there is no being more difficult to draw well than a horse, no bad artist could be employed. Such a beginning would lead farther; and the cup or plate for the prize might rise into beautiful vases. But this is a vision; and I may as well go to bed and dream of any thing else. I do not return the ode, which I flatter myself you meant I should keep.

P. S. I must not forget how difficult it is to write to a given tune, especially with so much ease as you have done; and nothing is more happy than making "*November smile as May.*"

DR. JOHN ANDERSON TO MR. PINKERTON.

Sept. 4th, 1788.

I heartily thank you, in the name of all my friends, for the Hymn to Liberty, which you were so good as to send me in your letter of the 16th of the last month. It is much admired, particularly the plan, the absence of hard words, and Pindaric flights, and the eighth verse (*and soon the*), which is thought equal to any thing that could have been written upon the occasion by Lucan and

Milton, while at the same time it is historically correct. Some various readings have been proposed, which you will be pleased to adopt, to alter, or to amend. The whole, to wit, the Toasts, Song, and Hymn, will be printed in a sheet for the use of the drinkers and singers; and it is wished to get it inserted in the London Chronicle, and Gentleman's Magazine, a few days after the 4th of November next is past. After I shall have received your corrections, some of the printed copies shall be sent you by water in a bale to Elmsley.

HYMN TO LIBERTY.

1.

Hail, brightest daughter of the sky!
Lo Scotia from her dales and hills,
[Lo Caledonia from her hills,]
To thee, to thee, sweet Liberty,
The grateful song of triumph fills.
Great are they who worship thee;
[While our rocks resist the waves,]
Blest the people that are free!
[Never shall their sons be slaves.]

2.

Our fields with native valour stor'd,
The Roman legions saw and fled:
Here ever flash'd the patriot sword;
A Bruce has reign'd, a Wallace bled.

3.

Yet by tyrannic arts opprest,
[Yet by unequal laws opprest,]
A while our drooping fathers pined,
And chains, and priestly cant unblest
[And slavery's hidden art unblest]
Debased a while the daring mind.

4.

Religious freedom to confound,
Stern torture brought her engines dire;
[Stern Fortune show'd her engines dire;]
The Press, in rigid fetters bound,
Controll'd the mind's celestial fire.

5.

But why the spectre forms relate
That haunted our degrading night?
To save Britannia's falling state
Great William came, and all was light.

6.

From thee, from thee, sweet Liberty!
The hero his bold message bore,
To rear thy radiant banner high,
And bring it to the British shore.

7.

With ev'ry virtue fraught he came,
[He came, he came, the Hero came,]
And Tyranny confounded stood:
Sufficient, Goddess! was thy name,
To conquer without shedding blood.

8.

And soon the British temple wide,
To thee erected long of yore,
Appear'd in more than ancient pride,
And stood with strength unknown before.

9.

Then sacred ever be the day
Which brought such blessings to our land,
[That oped these blessings to our sight,]
And made November smile like May,
[That made November smile as May,]
With roses shed by Freedom's hand!
[That fill'd our skies with Freedom's light.]
Great are they who worship thee!
Blest the people that are free!

Again and again I thank you heartily for your hymn, and beg that you will be so good as to send me your corrections of the above readings. Some of the above notes, and my seal upon this letter, will show you that I belong to a Whig family.

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE TO MR. PINKERTON.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 15th, 1788.

I am rather sorry to hear that you are going to be the editor of *another's* work, who are so infinitely better employed when composing yourself: however, as it will be on a branch of *virtù* that I love, I comfort myself, from your taste and accuracy, that it will be better executed than by any one else.

I will execute your commissions; but you must give me a little time. The gout has lamed my fingers, and I cannot use them much at a time; and I doubt it has made me a little indolent too. Age, you may be sure, has not improved my

sight, and Vertue's manuscripts are not only a heap of immethodic confusion, but are written in so very diminutive a hand, that, many years ago, when I collected my Anecdotes from them and had very strong eyes, I was often forced to use a magnifying-glass. Should you be impatient, will you come and search those manuscripts yourself? Next, will you come next Sunday hither, and pass the whole day, if you please, in the examination?

I do not recollect *three* medals of my father. One, I think, was struck by Natter, who was much patronised by my brother, Sir Edward, and who also engraved two or three seals of Sir Robert's head. The consular figure on the reverse of the medal I mean, was intended for Cicero; but I believe it was copied from a statue belonging to the late Earl of Leicester at Holkham, and which, if I do not mistake at this distance of time, is called Lucius Antonius. I do not know that any medal of my father was struck on any particular occasion. *That* I mention and Dassier's were honorary, as of a considerable person; and his being prime minister might have a little share in the compliment. Of Dassier I know no more than I have said in the Anecdotes of Painting.

I am ignorant who has the medal of the Duchess of Portsmouth: perhaps you might learn of Mr. Bindley, Commissioner of the Excise, and who lives in Somerset House. He had a great collection of modern medals, but sold them. Perhaps the Duke of Devonshire has the medal in question: you might learn of Doctor Lort; or I

can ask him. Are there no modern medals in Dr. Hunter's collection?

These are all the answers I am ready to give to your queries at present.

THE BISHOP OF DROMORE TO MR. PINKERTON.

Dromore House, Oct. 22nd, 1788.

I received your obliging letter, and beg leave to assure you, that the delay of my sending you the *Hibernia Dominicana* has been unavoidable. Dr. Campbell lives so remote from this place, that we never see each other but in Dublin, and have no more intercourse than if he were in Cornwall and I in Caithness. I will however contrive, if possible, to get it transmitted to you before I go to Dublin to attend Parliament in January next: if not, you may then depend upon it: my present residence is upwards of eighty English miles from our metropolis; and we have not that regular intercourse by stage-waggons, &c., as they have in England. As I shall not see Dublin before the meeting of our Parliament, I fear I shall not have it in my power to see Mr. Professor Thorkelin, if he should visit our metropolis before the time above mentioned; unless he honor me with a visit here, which will make me particularly happy: but, as I should be glad to be of service to him in any of his literary researches, if I were apprised of his arrival there, and favored with his address,

I would endeavour to procure him access to the libraries and manuscripts, &c., and procure all the civilities to be shown him in my power.

I am much obliged to you for your kind offer of your *Inquiry*,* which I shall gratefully receive, and shall be extremely glad to hear of the progress of your studies, and any literary intelligence, which in this remote region reaches me slowly.

GENERAL STUART TO MR. PINKERTON.

Lower Grosvenor Street,
Friday, Jan. 9th, 1789.

General Stuart's compliments and best thanks to Mr. Pinkerton for the note just received, and sends a person for "*Chambre d'Ormond*," which shall be carefully returned.

Most of the books in the Museum collection have been consulted and extracted concerning the pedigree and feats of Constable John of Darnley, and his posterity, according to the Catalogue now in General Stuart's possession. Sir David Dalrymple, Lord Hailes, knows and approves of the investigation hitherto made. Abercrombie's "*Scots Atchievements*" have also furnished good matter; but there are some of his authorities cited, which might be of great use, if General Stuart knew

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* *Inquiry into the History of Scotland preceding the Reign of Malcolm III. in the year* 1056, 2 vols. 8vo.

where to find their works: such as "*Traitez d'entre les Roys de France et d'Angleterre, &c., Chart. penes Com. de Winton—Extracta a Chronicis Scotiæ;*" but, above all, a third volume of his, Dr. Abercrombie's, own works, which he mentions in his preface to vol. ii. to have ready in manuscript, and which treats of the separate lives of our country worthies; and among whom were those of John, Earl of Buchan, Constable of France, and Sir John Stuart of Darnley, the constable of the Scots army, whose brothers and their families is the present object of General Stuart's inquiry; and he is certain that William, one of them, was killed at Verneuil, and Alexander at the battle *des Harengs* near Orleans, at the same time with the Constable.* This appears in many books; but more particularly in a paper found at the Museum, where this William is precisely ascertained to be of Castle-milk (the immediate ancestor of General Stuart). A copy of this paper shall be sent one of these days for Mr. Pinkerton's information. General Stuart hopes for the pleasure of Mr. Pinkerton's personal acquaintance, and that he will, meanwhile, excuse the present encroachment upon Mr. Pinkerton's time, so usefully employed.

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* See p. 171.

GENERAL MELVILLE* TO MR. PINKERTON.

Brewer Street, Feb. 20th, 1789.

I was happy to learn from Mr. Fyers, who had met you, that I shall have the pleasure of your company at dinner on Sunday next; and I wish you to come, if you conveniently can, as early as four o'clock, if not earlier; both as I wish to submit to your perusal a small Narrative, with notes relating to the discovery of Agricola's camp in Scotland, which I had been engaged to furnish to Mr. Gough for his new edition of Camden's Britannia, the sheet containing which he has sent to me, and that, being perfectly persuaded of your being better acquainted with the origin and ancient history of the different nations who have either been the residents and possessors, or the occasional invaders of Scotland, than any other of the gentlemen of learning, I am desirous to obtain from you, as soon as your time will permit, the respective dates of these events, as far as you can supply them; or that you will point out what authorities may be resorted to thereon; for I cannot help being of opinion, that much of the

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* Lieut.-General Robert Melville was author of a paper upon an ancient sword, printed in the 7th volume of the *Archæologia*; and Mr. Nichols, in his *Literary Anecdotes*, vol. viii. p. 3, quotes a letter from Mr. Gough, in which he mentions an Essay given to the Society of Antiquaries by Gen. Melville, on Ancient Ships, as "new and entertaining;" but I do not find it was ever printed.

darkness, doubts, and difficulties, which perplex our antiquaries about military and other remains, supposed to be Roman, Caledonian, Pictish, Danish, &c., might be better discriminated and understood, were the times when, and the places where, these different kinds of people lived, more exactly known.

MR. PINKERTON TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

Knightsbridge, March 16th, 1789.

I should have answered your lordship's obliging letter of 10th Nov. long ago, had your lordship mentioned how I was to address to Dryburgh Abbey. Nothing can give me more pleasure than to hear of your lordship's health being re-established; and I hope that health and leisure will excite to further literary labors. I long much to go to Paris and examine the libraries there; but I am so occupied at present, that the journey must be postponed. My book on Scotish History, preceding the year 1056, in 2 vols. 8vo., will be out in a month. The *Vitæ Sanctorum*, so long delayed, from the printers here not dealing much in Latin, will be ready in two months. Barbour is in the press,—one volume printed: two others remain; and it will not be out till next winter. It is finely printed by Hughes, and to be ornamented with plates. My "*Scarce Scotish Poems Reprinted*," which your lordship permitted me to dedicate to you, will be in the press this year, I

hope. To publish other men's works is an easy matter; but my book on History has loaded me so much for many years, that I am at present almost sick of composition. But I am not yet old, and hope to do much for my country in the literary way, before I die. I know your lordship's goodness to me, and attention to Scotish literature, will excuse these hints on my labors.

Your lordship's plan of publishing our chartularies is an excellent one; and it is hoped so noble an example will excite some attention in our countrymen to national antiquities; their neglect of which cannot be too much regretted.

GENERAL STUART TO MR. PINKERTON.

Lower Grosvenor Street,
March 17th, 1789.

General Stuart's compliments to Mr. Pinkerton. He has received his note of yesterday: he knows Mr. Pinkerton by character too well to imagine he would neglect any thing deserving his notice; but the truth is, General Stuart did not think himself entitled to take up any portion of his time; but, as Mr. Pinkerton is pleased to say he wishes to be informed on the object of General Stuart's research, he now acquaints him, that every thing of public notoriety that exists in print concerning John Stuart, of Darnley, the Constable of the Scots army in France, with his diplomas, as Seigneur D'Aubigny et de Concressault and Comte d'Evreux, is in the possession of General Stuart,

although he wants the third manuscript volume of Abercrombie's Worthies, which, in his preface to his second volume, he announces as containing the lives of John Stuart, Earl of Buchan, Constable of France, and John Stuart of Darnley, Constable of the Scots in France.

But the immediate object of General Stuart's earnest research is concerning Sir William Stuart, of Castle-milk, (the direct ancestor of General Stuart,) who was the brother of that Sir John Stuart of Darnley, Comte d'Evreux, &c., and who went abroad with him in 1419-20, and who was killed at the battle of Verneuil, in 1424.

Besides many other proofs, there is a paper in the Museum, which ascertains that this very Sir William Stuart was the ancestor of the Castle-milk family, at present represented by Sir John Stuart, of Castle-milk, near Glasgow, the next to whom is Alexander Stuart, of Torrance, the elder brother of General Stuart. There are several collateral points desirable to be ascertained; namely, the commission borne by this Sir William in the corps of *Archers de la Garde,* or original troop, commanded by his brother, Sir John, under Charles VII. This point, 'tis imagined, might have been found in Houston's *Ecosse Française,* where the first who composed that corps would have been inserted: also the particular feats of the chief officers; for example, at St. Riquier, in 1422, where a William D'Aubigny is said to have distinguished himself in single combat in the Dauphin's (Charles VII.) party.

General Stuart has an inventory of the Museum

Library, but can no where observe this book, Houston's *Ecosse Française*, therefore will be most particularly obliged to Mr. Pinkerton to obtain a reading, for an hour, of it.

General Stuart has the most indubitable proofs of this William having been the brother killed at Verneuil, and that another brother, Alexander, was the person who fell with Sir John, the constable, at the battle *des Harengs*, abandoned by the jealousy or the cowardice of Le Comte de Clermont, (the immediate ancestor of the Bourbon reigning family,) during the siege of Orleans, 1428.

But General Stuart is in search of every minute particular concerning Sir John of Darnley's force, carried from Scotland, in 1419-20, with the names of his brothers and principal officers who accompanied him to France, made part of his regular corps, or were distinguished or extinguished either at Baugé, Crevant, Verneuil, or Orleans; and of the monuments erected to them, particularly at Bourges, Tours, Angers, or Orleans. In this last place, where a Scotsman was bishop during the siege 1428-29, there was a monument erected for John Stuart, of Darnley, whose body was brought from the field by the famous Count de Dunois, Bâtard d'Orleans, who himself was wounded in the same action where Darnley was slain, with his brother Alexander, as before mentioned. General Stuart has heard of a work by Symphorien Guyon, entitled "*Les Antiquités d'Orleans*," but can no where get it.

Every thing that is known in the best French histories concerning Bernard Stuart d'Aubigny,

who commanded the French auxiliaries to Henry of Richmond, at Bosworth field, and was Charles the VIII.'s and Lewis the XII.'s lieutenant-general in Naples, and of Robert Stuart, Marshal d'Aubigny under Francis I., descendants of John of Darnley, are also known to General Stuart; but there are many things yet unknown, which might be discovered in Houston's *Ecosse Française*, and other works, which, by industry, 'tis hoped, may yet be discovered; and these Mr. Andrew Stuart, General Stuart's brother, will find, perhaps, at the Vatican, as he is now at Rome.

MR. DEMPSTER* TO MR. PINKERTON.

July 18th, 1789.†

As an admirer of the extent of your learning, as well as the depth of sagacity and research in your late account of the ancient inhabitants of Scotland, I beg leave to mention a curious enough passage I met with yesterday in Aristophanes's

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* Geo. Dempster, of Dunnichen, Esq., was educated for, and practised at the Scotch Bar, on quitting which he represented the boroughs of Forfar, &c. in four Parliaments, from 1768 to 1790. He was author of some papers in the *Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries* and of the *Highland Society of Scotland*, besides a *Discourse, containing a Summary of the Proceedings of the Directors of the Society for Extending the Fisheries of Great Britain*, printed 1789.

† Just at this time, Mr. Pinkerton printed his *Vitæ Antiquæ Sanctorum Scotiæ:* the letter from the Society of Antiquaries, returning him thanks for a copy of it, bears date 9th July, 1789.

play, The Clouds, which, as far as one custom goes to prove any thing of the origin of nations, shows our Celts to have been of Eastern origin. It is in the second scene of the fifth act, 10th and 11th line. I give it in the Latin translation, because I foolishly neglected the Greek language, after having pretty nearly overcome its difficulties at College.

Ipse vero statim velut obsoletum esse dixit citharâ canere;
Et canere potantem *tanquam mulierem hordea molentem.*

Now, the corn in the Highlands is still ground by the women, who accompany the operation with a song; and this corn is generally barley. If our common friend, Dr. Thorkelin, has not presented you with a little Discourse of mine on the subject of Improving the Highlands, I shall be happy to send you a copy of it. But I think he got one from me the other day for the purpose of asking your acceptance of it.

MR. DEMPSTER TO MR. PINKERTON.

Knightsbridge, July 22nd, 1789.

I cannot conceive how my Discourse has happened not to be delivered to you at the same time with my letter; as I put both with my own hand into the Post-office, and both with the same address. I now accompany this with a second copy. I have only skimmed the surface of the subject of improving the Highlands, which is my professed

object, as a member of the British Society of Fisheries, from a conviction that a numerous body of fishers, any more than other manufacturers, can never be found in a wild, rude, uncultivated, barbarous country, and from a full conviction of the highlands of Scotland being as improvable as the highlands of England or Wales; if the people were but as free, as well governed, and as well protected in the one, as they have been, since Henry the Eighth's time, in the other. But many of the Society think the fisheries may be a solitary improvement.

I thank you for your observations on the corn-grinding song. I did not set down that coincidence of customs, as a strong proof of the origin of our Celts. I agree with you in thinking a few words go farther to ascertain the origin of a nation than a hundred customs; for all nations must grind corn, row boats, bury their dead, and beget successors to themselves; but no nation can use ten words as the meaning of the same things, without some original connexion between them. One is naturally led to inquire about their grandfather; and, having found him out, to extend their inquiries farther: but a Scotchman's inquiries on these subjects lead him very soon into mist and fog, and barbaric darkness and fable. Your writings were the first that led me to believe our invaders, the Danes, were opposed by their own countrymen, settled here at an earlier period. A remark of my own on visiting the Hebrides struck me very much. In the Lowlands, all the ancient names are, with great submission to you, Celtic;

and the inhabitants radically and fundamentally Goths. But, when I went into the Highlands, I found this order of things quite reversed, and the names of all the islands, at least, Gothic, and the inhabitants Celts. Leod House, Cannay, Staff-ay, Bar-ay, Colons-ay, High Skers, Jurr-ay, Combr-ay, Jerner-ay, Benbecul-ay, Ay-Kolumbkill.

That the aboriginal Celts should have been driven back among the hills by Gothic invaders, is natural to suppose; for so were the Welch, and probably, the Britons and Biscayeners. But how to suppose the Highlanders to be from Ireland, and at no very remote period, puzzles me also. Or how to suppose it otherwise: when we Lowlanders call their language invariably Erse, and when all their ancient songs that I heard, were allowed, by the best judges among themselves, to be rather Irish than Gaelic, and all their traditions represent Fingal as coming from Ireland, and most of the pedigrees, as reported or recorded or repeated by the genealogists whom I saw, remount their chiefs to Irish origin. I expect your second volume to-day, and promise myself no small satisfaction from its perusal; the first having afforded me a great deal, saving the abuse of the Macphersons, unless they have been the aggressors, which I do not know.

I cannot conclude without mentioning to you, that every thing I met with in the Highlands, led me to credit Shaw's account of the poetry of that country:—all, all, Irish!

MR. DEMPSTER TO MR. PINKERTON.

Knightsbridge, July 28th, 1789.

I am just now favored with yours; and I acknowledge your conditions are reasonable, and I promise to comply with them; for nobody has ever abused the privilege of an antiquarian, to be dull, less than yourself. It is the only book of that size over which I have not slept for these last five years that I am turned of fifty and grown corpulent. You and I differ much on the manner of treating antiquities: I can say all my little *say* in a letter of a moderate length; while the smallest point of antiquity in your hands could furnish a chapter. You are a bee, that has taken pains to collect honey—I am a mere bear, made for overturning the hive and robbing the combs: differing from the bear only in gratitude to the bee.

I acknowledge you have thrown great light on our British antiquities, by establishing the remote date of the introduction of the Gothic language into Great Britain, which could neither have come by means of the English, Saxon, or Scotch-Danish invaders; and which I could account for in Scotland no other way than by discrediting all our historians as to the defeats we gave the Danes, and believing they had not only beat us, Gauls, as I thought, but expelled and superseded us. You have shown me we were Goths as well as our invaders, and reconciled Ancient History to the existing fact of our low country language.

This is all I have to say on the subject; as I

should be happy to convince you, by waiting on you and hearing you with pleasure, were I not, unfortunately, just going to the country for the summer, where, if any thing new occurs to me on the perusal of your second volume, as well as on the re-perusal of the first, I will avail myself of your obliging permission to trouble you with my crudities.

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE TO MR. PINKERTON.

Strawberry Hill, July 31st, 1789.

Having had my house full of relations till this evening, I could not answer the favor of your letter sooner; and now I am ashamed of not being able to tell you that I have finished reading your Essay on the Ancient History of Scotland. I am so totally unversed in the story of original nations, and I own always find myself so little interested in savage manners unassisted by individual characters, that, though *you* lead me with a firmer hand than any historian through the dark tracts, the clouds close round me the moment I have passed them, and I retain no memory of the ground I have trod. I greatly admire your penetration, and read with wonder your clear discovery of the kingdom of Strathclyde; but, though I bow to you, as I would to the founder of an empire, I confess I do not care a straw about your subjects, with whom I am no more acquainted than with the ancient inhabitants of Otaheite. Your origin of the Piks is most able; but then I

cannot remember them with any precise discrimination from any other Hyperborean nation: and all the barbarous names at the end of the first volume, and the gibberish in the Appendix, was to me as unintelligible as if I repeated Abracadabra, and made no impression on me but to raise respect of your patience, and admire a sagacity that could extract meaning and suite from what seemed to me the most indigestible of all materials. You rise in my estimation in proportion to the disagreeable mass of your ingredients. What gave me pleasure that I felt, was the exquisite sense and wit of your Introduction, and your masterly handling and confutation of the Macphersons, Whitaker, &c. there and through your work. Objection I have but one, I think you make yourself too much a party against the Celts—I do not think they were or are worthy of hatred.

Upon the whole, dear Sir, you see that your work is too learned and too deep for my capacity and shallow knowledge. I have told you that my reading and knowledge is and always was trifling and superficial, and never taken up or pursued but for present amusement. I always was incapable of dry and unentertaining studies; and of all studies the origin of nations never was to taste. Old age and frequent disorders have dulled both my curiosity and attention, as well as weakened my memory; and I cannot fix my attention to long deductions. I say to myself, "What is knowledge to me, who stand on the verge, and must leave any old stores as well as what I may add to them; and how little could that be?"

Having thus confessed the truth, I am sure you are too candid and liberal to be offended: you cannot doubt of my high respect for your extraordinary abilities: I am even proud of having discovered them of myself without any clue. I should be very insincere, if I pretended to have gone through with eagerness your last work, which demands more intense attention than my age, eyes, and avocations will allow. I cannot read long together; and you are sensible that your work is not a book to be read by snatches and intervals; especially as the novelty, to me at least, requires some helps to connect it with the memory.

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE TO MR. PINKERTON.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 14th, 1789.

I must certainly have expressed myself very awkwardly, dear Sir, if you conceive I meant the slightest censure on your book, much less on your manner of treating it, which is as able and clear and demonstrative as possible. No, it was myself, my age, my want of apprehension and memory, and my total ignorance of the subject, which I intended to blame. I never did taste or study the very ancient histories of nations. I never had a good memory for names of persons, regions, places, which no specific circumstances concurred to make me remember:—and now, at seventy-two, when, as is common, I forget numbers of

names most familiar to me, is it possible I should read with pleasure any work that consists of a vocabulary so totally new to me? Many years ago, when my faculties were much less impaired, I was forced to quit Dow's History of Indostan, because the Indian names made so little impression on me, that I went backward instead of forward, and was every minute reverting to the former page to find about whom I was reading. Your book was a still more laborious work to me; for it contains such a series of argumentation that it demanded a double effort from a weak old head; and, when I had made myself master of a deduction, I forgot it the next day, and had my pains to renew.

These defects have for some time been so obvious to me, that I never read now but the most trifling books; having often said that, at the very end of life, it is useless to be improving one's stock of knowledge, great or small, for the next world.

Thus, Sir, all I have said in my last letter or in this, is an encomium on your work, not a censure or criticism. It would be hard on you, indeed, if my incapacity detracted from your merit.

Your arguments in defence of works of science and deep disquisition are most just; and I am sure I have neither power nor disposition to answer them. You have treated your matter as it ought to be treated. Profound men or conversant in the subject, like Mr. Dempster, will be pleased with it, for the very reasons that made it difficult to me. If Sir Isaac Newton had written

a fairy tale, I should have swallowed it eagerly; but do you imagine, Sir, that, idle as I am, I am idiot enough to think that Sir Isaac had better have amused me for half an hour, than enlightened mankind and all ages? I was so fair as to confess to you that your work was above me, and did not divert me: you was too candid to take that ill, and must have been content with silently thinking me very silly; and I am too candid to condemn any man for thinking of me as I deserve. I am only sorry when I do deserve a disadvantageous character.

Nay, Sir, you condescend, after all, to ask my opinion of the best way of treating antiquities; and by the context, I suppose, you mean, how to make them entertaining. I cannot answer you in one word; because there are two ways, as there are two sorts of readers. I should therefore say, to please antiquaries of judgment, as you have treated them, with arguments and proofs; but, if you would adapt antiquities to the taste of those who read only to be diverted, not to be instructed, the nostrum is very easy and short. You must *divert* them in the true sense of the word *diverto* —you must turn them out of the way—you must treat them with digressions nothing or very little to the purpose. But, easy as I call this recipe, you, I believe, would find it more difficult to execute than the indefatigable industry you have employed to penetrate chaos and extract the truth. There have been professors who have engaged to adapt all kinds of knowledge to the meanest capacities. I doubt their success, at

least on me: however, you need not despair; all readers are not as dull and superannuated as, dear Sir, Yours, &c.

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE TO MR. PINKERTON.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 19th, 1789.

I will not use many words, but enough, I hope, to convince you that I meant no irony in my last. All I said of you and myself was very sincere. It is my true opinion that your understanding is one of the strongest, most manly, and clearest I ever knew; and, as I hold my own to be of a very inferior kind, and know it to be incapable of sound, deep application, I should have been very foolish, if I had attempted to sneer at you or your pursuits. Mine have always been light and trifling, and tended to nothing but my casual amusement; I will not say, without a little vain ambition of showing some parts; but never with industry sufficient to make me apply them to any thing solid. My studies, if they could be called so, and my productions, were alike desultory. In my latter age, I discovered the futility both of my objects and writings: I felt how insignificant is the reputation of an author of mediocrity; and that, being no genius, I only added one name more to a list of writers that had told the world nothing but what it could as well be without.

Those reflections were the best proofs of my sense; and, when I could see through my own vanity, there is less wonder at my discovering that such talents as I might have had, are impaired at seventy-two. Being just to myself, I am not such a coxcomb as to be unjust to you. No, nor did I cover any irony towards you, in the opinion I gave you of the way of making deep writings palatable to the mass of readers. Examine my words; and I am sure you will find that, if there was any thing ironic in my meaning, it was levelled at your readers, not at you. It is my opinion that whoever wishes to be read by many, if his subject is weighty and solid, must treat the majority with more than is to his purpose. Do not you believe that twenty name Lucretius, because of the poetic commencement of his books, for five that wade through his philosophy?

I promised to say but little; and if I have explained myself clearly, I have said enough. It is not, I hope, my character to be a flatterer: I do most sincerely think you capable of great things; and I should be a pitiful knave if I told you so, unless it was my opinion; and what end could it serve to me? Your course is but beginning; mine is almost terminated. I do not want you to throw a few daisies on my grave; and, if you make the figure I augur you will, I shall not be a witness to it. Adieu, dear Sir.

MR. DEMPSTER TO MR. PINKERTON.

Perth, Aug. 20th, 1789.

Though your book has been my only companion on a three weeks' journey to Scotland, and though I have read some parts of it over a score of times, yet I am not qualified to make any observations on it worthy your attention; for I have not as yet read it all over twice. The intention of this, therefore, is merely to convey to you a whimsical idea, which never before, I dare say, occurred to any body. You mention a *Gallia braccata*, or the breech'd Gauls. Did it never occur to you that the other race might be called Celtic or Keltic Gauls, from their wearing, instead of breeches, a piece of dress, called at this day the kelt or *philabeg*? This last is not the name, but description of the dress, short petticoat; whereas *kelt* is really the name.

I cannot conclude without saying that every new perusal of your book gives me more and more reason to admire the learning and accuracy of its author.

MR. DEMPSTER TO MR. PINKERTON.

Dunnichen, near Forfar,
Sept. 27th, 1789.

I am favored with yours, and could not help smiling at finding my nonsense of kelt had en-

tered your brain as well as mine, but been condemned, as it deserved, by your juster judgment. But is the Gothicism of the word a good reason? for *braccata*, or breeched, is also Gothic. The argument from the dress is more conclusive; and it is an anecdote respecting *that*, which occasions you thus early trouble, lest it should escape my memory.

The Rev. Mr. Mason, our minister here, told me, on my reading that part of your letter, that Mr. Ferguson, the brother of the professor, had told him that his father, minister of Mulmearn, which lies in the direct line of the rebels' march, in the rebellion 1715, told him that he had heard him often say, that those Highlanders who joined the Pretender from the most remote parts of the Highlands, were not dressed in party-colored tartans, and had neither plaid nor philabeg; but that their whole dress consisted of what we call a Polonian or closish coat, descending below mid-leg, buttoned from the throat to the belly, and, below that, secured, for modesty's sake, with a lace till towards the bottom. That it was of one color and home-made, and that they had no shirt, shoes, stockings nor breeches. It would be curious if this should coincide with your French print.

I rejoice you have begun the less irksome part of your task; and hope it will soon see the light; for I have long been sick of the history of monks, pedants, and party-men.

Lord Hailes's work afforded me the first relief from them; and yours will, I hope, leave me nothing to wish for. I must take a good while to

think of the task you have assigned me, before I can be certain of saying one word on the subject worthy of your attention. I was charmed with a hint in your book, of the feudal system being earlier than the Lombards' irruption into Italy; for my mind always misgave me as to that assertion of our jurisconsults. In that system we know the rights of the vassals of the crown; we know that of the vassals of the vassals; but I apprehend we are totally in the dark as to the only rights worth inquiring after, the rights of the man who tilled and sowed the ground, who made and held the plough, and of the several artizans of the state. I suspect they were very low; one of the rights of our towns being that of obliging a laird to satisfy his debt, if they caught him in town. Now the vassal of the crown was a very idle gentleman; and that his vassals were not inferior to their superior in point of idleness, is beyond doubt; for it is our manners to this day. May we not suspect that privileges belonged exclusively to the idle, and that industry had no means of self-protection? Yet among the Hebrides I saw the needle of a warrior's brooch lately found with his body, the workmanship of which would have done honor to Sheffield or Birmingham. It was of copper, plated with silver—the button ground brilliant-ways and playing on a swivel. Our friend, Thorkelin, I think great on these subjects. He will, I hope, help you to much useful information. I am a mere oyster, very little capable of research, with my mouth always open to receive what has been provided by others.

I cannot call myself an enemy to aristocracy, though a decided one to an aristocratical government: I consider our peers as giving stability to all the rest of the state—they qualify the levity and inconstancy of our democracy.

I heartily wish you may find materials that will afford us more rational amusement than the history of proud lords and weak princes; but, alas! I am unable to furnish any.

I was thinking of writing you some conjectures about Tacitus's precious account of Germany, having had a variety of ideas excited in my mind by these passages, "Dextero Suevici maris littore *Æstyorum* (Easterlings) gentes alluuntur, quibus ritus habitusque Suevorum, *lingua Britannicæ* propior."

The Swedish tongue at this moment is nearer the English than any other dialect of the German is, and argues strongly in favor of your hypothesis of Britain being occupied very early by people speaking German. The other, "Gothinos Gallica lingua coarguit non esse Germanos," and this, not a paltry tribe; for Tacitus says, "nec minus valent:" yet they were taxed by the Quadi as strangers, and employed in the iron-works as slaves.

Cæsar's giving us one general character of all the Gauls, after setting out with telling us of their difference in laws, language, and religion, is also quite irreconcilable to the usual accuracy of that hero.

I had once thought of putting this scrawl into the fire; but the anecdote saves it.

DR. BEATTIE TO MR. PINKERTON.

Aberdeen, Oct. 6th, 1789.

At my return home a few days ago, after an absence of several months, I found your much esteemed present, your *Inquiry into the History of Scotland preceding the reign of Malcolm III.* Accept of my best thanks for this memorial of your remembrance and friendship, and be assured that I value it very highly. Now, when bad health and other painful circumstances have in some measure obliged me to retire from the world, I think myself under very particular obligations to those friends who still honor me with their esteem, and show that they are not willing to forget me.

I will give your work a very careful perusal, as soon as I shall have disengaged my mind from some other things which at present engross it; and I expect much entertainment and information. Of that period of our history I must own myself to be very ignorant; for I never paid much attention to the fables of George Buchanan and Hector Boece. Sir David Dalrymple's Annals, which, if I mistake not, begin where you end, I have read once and again with very great satisfaction, and am happy to see that you esteem them as highly as I do.* The task you have executed

* Mr. Pinkerton, in the Introduction to his Inquiry, p. lxxii. had said of these Annals, "they are written with an accuracy and information hitherto unknown in our history. This

is very difficult; but your knowledge of history and of the antiquities of this country makes you equal to that task; and I hope your labor will meet with such a reception from the public as shall encourage you to finish that great work, which it seems you have in view, a complete history of Scotland from the earliest times to the reign of Mary. Go on, my dear Sir, and prosper. I shall be always happy to hear of your success.

THE EARL OF BUCHAN TO MR. PINKERTON.

Dryburgh Abbey, Oct. 23rd, 1789.

Having been much occupied, in the course of this summer, in conducting my works here and in West Lothian, I have had less leisure than usual to bestow on my favorite pursuits in literature; yet I have found time, by stealing it from the night, to read with great care and attention your truly learned and elaborate Inquiry into the History of Scotland preceding the commencement of the reign of Malcolm III.,

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excellent writer had before given sundry smaller works, illustrating our history and antiquities, all of which are highly esteemed for the candour, love of truth, exactness, and industry, which pervade them. It is much to be regretted that he did not continue his Annals; and it is impossible to guess at the reason of the interruption, except that some indignant star seems to influence Scottish history and antiquities. But three centuries of our history illustrated by Sir David Dalrymple, form a great and pleasing acquisition."

on which, notwithstanding the violent disgust which I find it has excited among my countrymen, I can very freely give you my encomium, without either fearing their disapprobation or courting your esteem.

Born in an age of energy and improvement, I glory in being subject to its influence, and in being disposed to promote the expulsion of prejudices, which I may accidentally have contributed to establish; and I continue to desire to assist you in elucidating the true history of my country, to which, as deserving my affectionate attention, I shall always give my services, without forgetting what I owe to truth and to the general interests of humanity.

MR. PINKERTON TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

Kentish Town, Nov. 10th, 1789.

I am honored with your lordship's favor of the 23rd of October, and am extremely obliged by the kind terms in which you speak of my work on our history. That it must shock many received prejudices among my countrymen is certain; and among these some, which, to use your lordship's expression, you may have accidentally contributed to establish. Your candid remark upon this occasion does your lordship the greatest honor; and it is to be hoped that your lordship will protect this work against narrow-minded malevolence; and be

assured that, if any Scotish man thinks that he is a warmer friend of his country than its author, he is mistaken. The "violent disgust," mentioned by your lordship, is perhaps not generally prevalent in Scotland. Your valuable friend, Mr. Dempster, is a warm friend of the work; and the Perth Academy has expressed approbation. But your lordship having been a patron of the Celtic school of our history, (the only one indeed known till this book appeared,) it is natural that many of those befriended by your lordship should be enemies of this work. I indeed lay my account with persecution, for not only having attacked national prejudices, but attacked them violently. Had the supporters of these prejudices been moderate, I should have been moderate too; but violent prejudices must be violently attacked; and there is surely no country in which prejudices are so violent as in ours. I am convinced, my lord, that old John Knox knew us very well; and, if he had not reformed us violently, he would never have reformed us at all.

Your lordship will remember that you permitted me to dedicate to your lordship my "*Scarce Scotish Poems Reprinted.*" That work is now in the press, and will be out next spring. If your lordship wishes to see the dedication before it be printed, let me know, and it shall be sent. It will contain just compliments on your attention to our antiquities in general, and to my labors in particular.

Barbour will soon be published. I have dropt all thoughts of Wallace; and I wish much that

your lordship would recommend to the Morisons to print it from the same manuscript as Barbour. I have drawn out arguments for the twelve books, which are at their service. As Wallace is even more popular than Bruce in Scotland, there is no doubt but the edition would be a matter of gain, and not of loss. If Wallace were thus printed, very little remains to be done for our old poetry.

Your lordship having good friends at the Vatican, I am induced to mention a discovery, which I had from a gentleman just returned from Rome. There is in the Vatican a "Historia Britanniæ,"* written by a *Marcus*, or *Malchus*, *Anachorita*, about the year 990, as appears from calculations in it. It is very short, and might soon be copied; and it certainly would be a matter of glory to import it into this country. If your lordship caused it to be published here, I should willingly superintend the press.

MR. DEMPSTER TO MR. PINKERTON.

Dunnichen, Nov. 25th, 1789.

Immediately on receipt of your favor of the 17th, I wrote to Mr. David Erskine, the first solicitor in Edinburgh, on the subject of your annuity. There is none to whom the wants of the great are better known; and, as he is an excellent antiquarian himself, I hope he will

* This curious work, which is in fact a rifacciamento of Nennius, has since been published with ample notes by the Rev. William Gunn.

enter with some keenness and kindness into your views, especially as they are so very becoming in a literary man.

I know no vendible sinecures which yield any thing like nine per cent. for money. Those about St. James's hardly give five; and in Scotland I do not know of any that are avowedly vendible, except some in Mr. Dundas's disposal, which are all offices of fatigue and attendance in the attorney line.

These are the hopes I have of being able to serve you; and I wish they may be well founded.

When a man can give little assistance, he is proportionably ready to give advice. To this the following impertinence must be imputed; and I hope it will be forgiven:

The expense of housekeeping, however moderately kept, is, I know by experience, excessive in London, and worse in its neighbourhood. You are unmarried. Rather than leave Great Britain and London, the best kingdom, and the best residence for a learned man, and rather than go to Switzerland, where, except in Geneva, (a dear place) one is apt to tire, I should be tempted to become a lodger and boarder in London, somewhere near the Museum. I remember the present Professor Ferguson boarding and lodging most comfortably on a first floor at 18*s.* per week. His victuals were sent up to him, or the family table open, just as he pleased. Our friend, Thorkelin, I presume, lives on very easy terms in London; and to a man so spiritually employed as you, bodily considerations are not of much consequence. The

Spectator and Tatler, and, I believe, half the Members of Parliament in Queen Anne's time, lived so. Dr. Samuel Johnson lived many years in London for 30*l.* a-year—I once heard him detail the system and style of life.

Enough of this from one of the worst economists in Europe; but I don't like that Switzerland, the government of which you'll find an arbitrary, corrupted, oligarchical, aristocratical republic, where the only road to fortune is by the judges selling justice for seven years in their bailiwics. The winter is cold—no coal, and wood very dear. Enough of this also from one who never was in the country he abuses. You will find much comfort in adhering to your true Whig principles; because they are founded in reason, and, thank Heaven, are become at length fashionable in Europe. I fear, however, it will always be a Tory party that will govern Great Britain: the executive government seems of right to belong to Tories: the legislative and controlling part to the Whigs; for a true Whig is not in his true element, unless in a situation of independency, to watch and censure even his own brother, become a minister. All the Whigs, who in my time have departed from the watching system, have died dispirited and broken-hearted; for I doubt if kings have found an adequate recompense for the misery of thinking right, and from servilely speaking and voting wrong.

Don't abandon your History of Scotland. I expect much from it. When you have finished a moderate period, give us a volume, and try the

pulse of the public. Your latter volûmes may, by their sale to the bookseller, make you very rich. I knew David Hume, when he had not above thirty pounds a-year to spend. Your natural succession to a mother, whose life I join with you in wishing to be long and happy, secures an addition as years draw on. What a child you are! I was born twenty-six years before you, and have hitherto fancied I was writing to an older man: having discovered my mistake by your last letter, you see I presume upon it, and offer advice.

HON. HORACE WALPOLE TO MR. PINKERTON.

Berkeley Square, Dec. 15th, 1789.

You will probably have been surprised at not hearing from me so long: indeed, I hope you will have been so; for, as it has been occasioned by involuntary neglect, I had rather you should have reproached me in your own mind than have been thoughtless of me and indifferent. The truth is, that, between great misfortunes, accidents, and illness, I have passed six most melancholy months. I have lost two of my nearest and most beloved relations, Lady Dysart and Lord Waldegrave. Her illness terminated but in September: his, besides the grievous loss of him, left me in the greatest anxiety for his widow, who thought herself at the end of her

pregnancy, but was not delivered till, (above two months after his death,) a fortnight ago.

In the midst of these distresses, I had two very bad falls in June and September, by which I bruised myself exceedingly; and the last of which brought on a fit of the gout. In such situations, I was very incapable of entertaining any body or even of being entertained, and saw few but of my own unhappy family, or I should have asked the favor of your company at Strawberry Hill.

I am now pretty well, and came to town but to-day, when I take the first moment of telling you so, that, whenever you come to London, I may have a chance of having the pleasure of seeing you.

I did not miss the pleasure of reading your solid confutation of one of your antagonists, in the Gentleman's Magazine.

MR. GEO. CHALMERS* TO MR. PINKERTON.

Green Street, Feb. 22d, 1790.

I thank you for your note of Saturday, which mentions Lindsay and a Harley manuscript: the first I received safe and sound; the second I am obliged to you for mentioning, though it be

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* Geo. Chalmers, Esq., author of *Caledonia*, &c. &c. &c. a very voluminous author on a great variety of subjects, and a very useful one, notwithstanding the sneers in the *Pursuits of Literature* upon his *leaden mace*.

published in Hackluyt, vol. i. p. 187, edit. 1598, of my copy, which I bought at Peirson's sale.

The Harley manuscript is said to be the "*Bibel of English Policie:*" Hackluyt's is the *Libel of English Policie.* This leads me to wish that the whole of so curious a poem were collated.

But the great affair would be to discover when and by whom this instructive tract was written. It cannot be of the reign of Ed. IV.; because it was written while Sigismond, the great emperor, was *yet* reigning. Now Sigismond died in 1438. It mentions our Henry V. This leads us to infer that it was composed in some year between 1423 and 1438. I would give the world to know the author, to whom we are obliged for so early an account of our shipping and traffic.

I shall be thankful to you for any other hint.

MR. PINKERTON TO MR. HERBERT.*

Kentish Town, Feb. 22nd, 1790.

I have just received, by the favor of your nephew, that part of your third volume which concerns Scotish typography, and which I was very desirous to see. The books from 1509 to 1541 (if you except the 'Ad Serenissimum,' &c.

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* Mr. William Herbert, an eminent typographical antiquary, well known for his valuable edition of Ames' History of Printing. An interesting memoir of him is given in *Nichols' Literary Anecdotes*, vol. v. p. 264. He died in 1795, aged 76.

p. 1472) are perhaps inserted to humour my countrymen, for they belong not to Scotish typography; and, perhaps, the more apparent the chasm, the more exertions would have been used to discover books to fill it. The 'History,' 1536, cannot stand upon Mackenzie's authority only; for he is grossly inaccurate, as the next article proves; and it is supposed by some, that there were two editions of that work. I am glad you have the only real edition of it; and, if you lived nearer town, I should have esteemed it a most particular favor if you could have lent it to me for one month; as I am engaged in writing the History of Scotland, and learn that Bellenden is a free translator, and has matters not in his original. There is a copy in the King's Library, Buckingham House; but there we can only consult with propriety.

The Complaint of Scotland in Major Pierson's Ballads, I am anxious to have a copy of, and should be obliged to you for information in whose hands they now are. I still think of reprinting *Wedderburn's Complaint*. You will excuse my differing from you as to the Harleian copy having a manuscript title, which, in so full and accurate a catalogue, would, in that case, have been mentioned. As to Mackenzie, I know no term strong enough for his inaccuracies and bold assertions. It is not unusual, nor has been from the commencement of printing, for a blank to be left at the end of a dedication, for the author to write in his name with his own hand in the presentation copy, which was thought more respectful. I sus-

pect, after all, that this book was printed in France, and that the many castrations proceeded from the author's total ignorance of the language. Another copy, but very imperfect, is in the possession of Mr. Macgowan, Edinburgh.

I must retract what I have said in List of Scotish Poets p. 105, that no Protestant books could be printed in Scotland till 1568. From your work it is clear they began in 1560; and your reasoning on the Copenhagen Lindsay is very probable. The Lindsay, Paris, 1588, is in the King's Library, Buckingham House, complete. It contains the *Monarchy*, at the beginning, and the *Tragedy of Betoven* at the end, both wanting in mine. In the same volume is bound the *Papingo, London*, by John Byddel, 1538. I have since picked up the tragedy of Betoven, Paris, 1558, separately, and added it to my copy.

Do you know who has *Rauf Coilyear*, p. 1495? I have *Against Sacrilege*, 1599, p. 1519. If you wish to see this, or any other book in my possession, they shall be left with your nephew at Mr. Hayes's.

I am much obliged to you for your repeated mention of what little I could do for Scotish typography; and, hoping you will excuse these trifling remarks, I remain, &c.

THE EARL OF BUCHAN TO MR. PINKERTON.

March 5th, 1790.

I have caused to be transcribed the manuscript 1488 of Henry the minstrel's *Metrical History of Wallace* for the Morisons at Perth, who have engaged some of the gentlemen of the Literary Society there to accompany the proposed edition with historical and topographical notes. I propose to send them (along with the copy corrected and compared) fac-similes of the original manuscript, and a drawing of the portrait of Wallace from the picture in the possession of Sir Philip Ainslie, knight; which was bought at a great price in France by his father, Mr. Ainslie, merchant at Bordeaux; and which bears the mark of originality, both from the manner of the painting agreeing with that of the fourteenth century, and its having undoubtedly been preserved in the family, who sold it, for more than two centuries, as an original. The dragon is on his helmet; and that side on which he had a wen is averted from the eye, which last circumstance would have been avoided in a fictitious picture of the hero.

The books in this manuscript of Wallace are regularly marked; and the whole is concluded with an attestation by Maister Jhone Ramsay, the clerk, who wrote the copy, of its authenticity.

I shall be glad to know what progress Barbour and Lindsay have made at your press, and if your History of Scotland is advancing. In the cloisters at Westminster you will find ample materials for correcting the Annals of the Reign of James I. II. III. IV. and V.

MR. PINKERTON TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

March 27th, 1790.

I was duly honored with both your lordship's favors of the 5th and 10th instant,* and am always very happy to hear of your lordship's exertions in favor of our ancient literature. The intelligence concerning Wallace pleases me particularly; and, in compliance with your lordship's desire, prefixed are the arguments which I composed for my own satisfaction, and which the editors may make what use of they please. The portrait of Wallace is surely a mistake. Even in France, paintings of monarchs can hardly be got of the fourteenth century. If this piece be in oil colors, its falsehood is evident, or if on canvass. If in distemper, and on board, it may be of the fourteenth century; but surely not of Wallace, who only shone for eighteen months, then sunk into a most obscure situation. By the by, it would be a favor, if your lordship would give me some account of the portrait of James I. published by the Morisons, by what means it got into Germany, and was discovered there, &c.

Barbour's poem will be published in a fortnight: Lindsay's pieces, &c. in not less than four months. I thank your lordship for the hint about the Westminster cloisters; and any other hints that can serve my proposed history will be very acceptable. Is there any thing of much importance in the papal Bulls recovered by your lordship? I should be happy to know if Lord

* This letter is not preserved.

Hailes made any collections about the Stuart family.

The Morisons, if they choose, may leave Drummond of Hawthornden to me: I mean in time to give an edition, with the parallel passages of the Italian Poets, &c. But an edition by them will do no harm, especially if they can get any fresh anecdotes of his life from his papers. If they would print the best unpublished pieces in the Bannatyne manuscript and in that of the late Lord Auchinleck, they would do great service, and acquire the additional merit of original editors. They are very welcome to print the second part of Dunbar's Poems, from the Maitland Pieces. All my publications are *pro bono publico*.

I shall with pleasure superintend the publication of Winton's Chronicle, in any shape that the subscribers would prefer. I have a copy of that in the Advocates' Library, compared with other copies in Scotland, and prepared for the press by Mr. Seton in 1724; but I must inform your lordship that it would be cheating the subscribers to publish from any but the Royal manuscript, which is infinitely superior in accuracy to all the others. If your lordship and Mr. Davidson would patronise the work, by procuring subscriptions, it might be printed complete, in four volumes, 8vo.; and one hundred subscriptions at two, or fifty at four guineas each, would defray the expense, with what subscriptions I might get here.

THE EARL OF BUCHAN TO MR. PINKERTON.

Dryburgh Abbey, April 9th, 1790.

I have written to Mr. Davidson on the subject of my proposed publication of Winton's Chronicle, from the manuscript in the King's Library, with your generous assistance; and, if I find a sufficient number of subscribers to meet your proposal, I shall lose no time in informing you, that the transcript may be set on foot by your intervention.

When I have the pleasure of corresponding with Lord Hailes, I shall sound him on the subject of his history of the Stuarts of the Scotish line, which, from his age and scruples about some disputed points in the Annals of Robert II., I believe he does not intend to produce.

By the liberal assistance of the worthy Mr. Astle, I have no doubt of your collecting ample materials for your history of Scotland from the accession of the Earl of Carrick to the throne of the Scots, to the death of James V., where I hope you intend to finish your narration.

Afterwards, you would get into beaten tracks and into controversy, which I wish you to avoid. I send you, subjoined to this letter, a list of papers in the cloisters at Westminster, which I had in the year eighty-six from Mr. Astle;* and there,

* A few of the most interesting papers in the cloisters relative to the reigns of James III. IV. and V. of Scotland.

1486. July 3. Confirmation of Peace between the Kings.

—— An answer to a solicitation, or letter of advice, of Henry

in the Paper-office, and in the Marquis of Lansdowne's Library, you will meet with excellent materials for your work.

Whatever I can do for you in Scotland you may freely suggest. Uniformly desirous of promoting the advancement of useful learning, I rejoice in being superior to vulgar prejudice, which is found as commonly among the great as among the people.

The Papal Bulls hitherto transcribed for me at Rome, contain no new historical facts.* They

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to the Scotish Nobles, to remove the Duke of Albany from the government of the young King—sealed with the seals of the chiefs of the Scots.

1492. Writings about the Truce.

1499. The Lord Bothwell and Sir Thomas Tod promise to deliver to Henry, the young King of Scots, for which they acknowledge to have had an advance of 166*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*

1493. June 25. Sir William Tyler's bond to pay the Abbot of Cambuskenneth fifty pounds.—(A bribe.)

1502. Letter of James IV. to Henry, wherein he declares, that whereas, in a certain Treaty, he had named the King of England King of France, he had done it unawares. This done by the advice of his ambassador in France, Bishop Foreman.

1504. An account of the honorable treatment of Margaret, and of the adorning of her person.

1516. Jan. 8. Articles of agreement between James and Henry VIII., made by the Duke of Albany during the minority—sealed with the seals of thirty-four of the nobility of Scotland.

These are a few only of a large bundle which you will examine.

* In a subsequent letter, which I have not printed, Lord Buchan tells Mr. Pinkerton that he has found among these Bulls, "a pardon for the burning of a Bishop, and killing his

are from the middle of the reign of Alexander II. to that of Alexander III. Whatever I have, or shall come to my hands that can serve your purpose, shall be transmitted.

I have reason to believe that the portrait sent me from Kielberg near Tübingen in Suabia by Mr. Goguel the younger, counsellor of the Duke of Wirtemberg, is of James III., and not James I., as he supposed; because the portraits in the gallery are all of them of contemporary sovereigns, Edward IV., Henry VI., &c.

Mr. Van Lytram, the former proprietor of Kielberg, had an ancestor, who was passionately fond of foreign travel, and visited most of the courts in Europe, whence it was his pride to bring portraits of the reigning princes and reigning beauties, which he placed in a Gallery at Kielberg, where they yet remain, and were pointed out to me by my maternal uncle, the late Sir James Stewart Denham, Bart., who resided some time at Tübingen on account of the education of his son.

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people, in Caithness, in the thirteenth century;" and, speaking of the state of the Advocates' Library *at that period*, he says, "I shall be ready to cause this Library to be ransacked, if I learn in what point it may be useful; for such is the scandalous disorder of that collection of manuscripts, that nothing but the wish to illustrate the history of my country in your hands or in the hands of a person of equal ability would induce me to undertake it."

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE TO MR. PINKERTON.

Strawberry Hill, May 26th, 1790.

I am sorry I was out of town when you did me the favor of calling. I could have shown you a very Jesuitic letter from the prelate in answer to Lady D.'s application at my request; and of which I should have told you, if I had conceived any hope from it.

I did not at all expect any success from her or my application: I would not refuse you to apply, but I know that I have no credit; and, as I obtain nothing but denials or evasions, I am always most unwilling to solicit what I have no chance of procuring, and what, I assure you, nothing should make me ask for myself. I have not been averse from proving to you that I would have served you if I could; but interest, you perceive, I have none at all. I heartily wish your merit may find more substantial friends than your very insignificant humble servant, &c.

THE EARL OF BUCHAN TO MR. PINKERTON.

Dryburgh Abbey, July 16th, 1790.

I am much pleased with your edition of the Bruce,* which I only received a few days ago, owing to the parcel having remained some time at

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* *The Bruce, or the History of Robert I., King of Scotland, written in Scottish verse, by John Barbour: The First Genuine Edition, published from a Manuscript dated* 1489, *with Notes and a Glossary.* London, 1790, 3 vols. 8vo.

my brother the dean of faculty's, before it was forwarded to the country. I shall cause the printed copy to be again compared with the manuscript; that the work may be rendered more correct if it shall be reprinted. I differ from my respectable friends, Lord Hailes and Mr. Davidson, about the publication of Winton's Chronicle, and agree with you in thinking it better to trouble the public with no more than the latter part, from David II. to 1414, filling up the space from thence to 1437 from Bellenden; for which end I wish you to cause your bookseller to offer proposals to the public, which I will second with all my friends and correspondents, to fill up a subscription for 250 copies to defray the expense of printing, and should wish the book to be printed with the same type, and of the same form and size with Bruce, whereby, with Mr. Morison's editions, we may have a Scotch poetical library. Let me know wherein I can be useful to your noble undertaking of a History of Scotland from the accession of Malcolm III. to the death of James V., where, I suppose, you may choose to pause before you venture to proceed on the controversial annals of Mary. I formerly pointed out to you the cloisters at Westminster, as containing many State Papers of high importance, which have been partly examined by Mr. Astle of the Records, who will, I know, at Mr. Walpole's request, render you useful assistance in the investigation. The Marquis of Lansdowne has many volumes of State Papers and letters relating to Scotland; as has the Earl of Hardwicke. I have copies of all the letters and

instructions of State that are in the Cotton Library of the years 1581-2, which will be imparted for your use when you desire; and I shall with continued attention do every thing in my power to forward a design which I think so commendable, and so likely both to gratify the public and to increase your reputation, which, in my opinion, has been no way shaken by the ill-humor of our antiquarian enthusiasts.

If you choose to give engraved portraits of the most eminent statesmen, &c. in your History of Scotland, for the decoration of the work, I advise such only to be given as have not been hitherto engraved: such as the regents Mar and Moray, Maitland of Lethington, &c., some of which are in my collection, and would be cheerfully copied for your use, and an appendix of curious and characteristic original Scotch papers not formerly printed, which would much increase the number of purchasers of the book.

I thank you for the handsome and acceptable manner in which you have mentioned my name in your preface to Bruce; and I shall endeavour to deserve the ratification of your sentence by the public and by a more impartial posterity.

MR. PINKERTON TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

Kentish Town, July 19th, 1790.

I expected that Mr. Nicol would have sent you a copy of Barbour before now; but, as his many avocations have made him forget it, I have written

to the Edinburgh booksellers, Messrs. Bell and Bradfute, to forward one to your lordship, of which I request acceptance, as a small return for your attention to our old bard.

Your lordship has, I dare say, seen the curious collection of Old Scotish Poems, printed 1508; lately lodged in the Advocates' Library. I spoke to M. Cardonnel, when up here, to get me copies of the chief articles. I should take it very kind, if your lordship will recommend this to Mr. C., and if you could procure for me copies of two poems, the *Houlet*, and the *Bludy Sark*, from the Bannatyne manuscript, fol. 302 and 325.

My *Scarce Scotish Poems, Reprinted*, including Lindsay's Plays, &c., will not appear till next winter.

I beg leave to recommend to your lordship's inquiries "The Memoirs of Lockhart of Lee," Cromwell's Ambassador to France, printed by Uric at Glasgow, about 1760, but, I believe, called in by the family; for, though I read this book when a boy, I can now hear of no copy, except one in the hands of Dr. Adam Smith. It is a pity that it is not republished. If your lordship happens to see your worthy friend, Lord Hailes, have the goodness to mention this; and it will be a favor, if you will also ask him if he did not write an account of Michael Scot of Palwierie, in the Edinburgh Magazine, and for what year; for I wish much to see it.

This letter was written before your lordship's of the 16th came to hand. As to Winton's Chronicle, it will require the copies to be sold at 1*l.* 1*s.* each, to make 250 pay expenses, if printed as the

Bruce, of which 750 are printed, and yet will hardly pay expense of printing, plates, &c. But the Wintor must stand over for a few years.

I am extremely obliged to your lordship for your liberal and polite offers to assist my history of Scotland, which at present engrosses all my attention. I mean the collecting of materials; for as to the work itself, I have not yet put pen to paper in it. When occasion arises, I shall beg leave to avail myself of your lordship's offers.

I never expected that my "Inquiry into our early History" would find great success among the present generation of our countrymen. Deep prejudices can hardly be done away, even in a second generation. But I should be glad to know if any one has written against it; or what are the chief objections which your lordship hears. My countrymen here object to my saying, that Scotland's chief merit is defensive war; and that she has produced no man of erudition. But what is so easy as to confute me, by naming any one conquest we ever made, or any one book of erudition written by a Scotchman? If we sit down idle, in the idea that we have done great things, it is wrong. The object with a true lover of his country, is to sow the seeds of future spirit. As to the real contents and essence of my book, I have heard no objection here.

Mr. Napier in the Strand is publishing Old Scotish tunes with the words. If your lordship knows any unpublished, it will be a favor if you will communicate them to him. His address is "Music Seller to their Majesties."

EARL OF BUCHAN TO MR. PINKERTON.

Dryburgh Abbey, Aug. 5th, 1790.

I have written to M. de Cardonnel about the transcript you desire to be made from the book of Old Scotish poems in the Advocates' Library, in which, if any difficulty should be found, I shall intervene to have it done, and cause the copies to be sent under the cover of a member of Parliament.

I remember to have seen the Memoirs of Lockhart at Glasgow, when I was engaged in the study of civil law and jurisprudence at that university, with Messrs. Millar and Smith, in the year 1760; and I have heard my uncle, Sir James Stuart Denham, speak of it as having been called in by the instigation of the late Mr. Lockhart, Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, afterwards a Lord of Session, by the name of the Lord Covington, who, with others of his family, was a Jacobite and a foe to the principles which raised the ambassador to his station under Cromwell and the commonwealth of Britain. As soon as I received your letter, I wrote to my cousin, the present Sir James Stuart Denham, member of Parliament for the county of Lanark, begging he would procure me three copies of the book, one of which I shall send you as soon as I receive them; as I agree with you in thinking the book should be published, and wish it to receive such illustration as may be derived from the examination of the Paper-office and other repositories at London, that may

contain his correspondence with Thurloe, and other ministers of state, which have not been accessible to the writer of the Memoirs in question.

I shall obtain leave from the family to put the book into your hands, to receive your notes and illustrations, and to be at your disposal for the press. I propose, likewise, to send you a drawing of Lockhart's portrait from the picture by Sir Peter Lely, which is at Lee in Lanarkshire, the chief residence of the family. I have consulted Sir David Dalrymple about this business; and, when I have his opinion, I shall inform you of the result; and with respect to the poems in the Bannatyne manuscript &c., if I find that M. de Cardonnel is too much engaged to be able to follow out the extent of your queries, I shall take care to superintend this or any other transcripts you may wish to have made in the Advocates' Library, or any of our libraries in Scotland.

It is my earnest desire to push vigorously forward the literature of Scotland, at a time when we have excited some taste for it among ourselves, and have in you so indefatigable and so excellent an editor, whose merit will be as much exaggerated hereafter as it is detracted from at present.

I suppose the Scots college at Paris, if the new government of France shall in the end be fully established, will either sell their effects, or cause their valuable manuscripts to be printed or sold to a bookseller. Gordon, their principal, is become old and indolent; but the house must cause some person of erudition and taste to be engaged to arrange the manuscripts, and superintend the

printing of a catalogue, in which case, as you might carry on your work as well at Paris as at London, I should wish to recommend your assistance, if you have no objection to the performance of the task.

There is a whole room full of old letters and papers that were placed in the college by Archbishop Bethune; and the collection of Lesly, Bishop of Ross, is in the same apartment, containing much information with respect to the ancient history of Scotland.

To conclude—Use freely every aid that I can afford you in the prosecution of your researches: "Ask, and you shall receive: knock, and it shall be opened to you."

I shall be happy to hear of the re-establishment of your health: I wish death to keep off such quarry. I could let him have plenty of gentlemen at a shilling a dozen, that would fill his maw much better than our historian.

LORD HAILES TO MR. PINKERTON.

Newhailes, Sept. 28th, 1790.

This day I had the favor of your letter: I have no view of beginning where I left off in the History of Scotland. I have not made any collections worth mentioning as to Robert II. and III. Extracts from Froissart, and those very superficial, compose the chief part. Had I meant to write that part of the Scotish History, I should

certainly have exerted myself to get the manuscript of Froissart, at Breslau in Silesia, inspected; for I imagine that more will be found respecting Scotland in it than in the printed copy.

Any thing that I have as to the *five James's and Queen Mary*, will come in properly among my notes on their Acts of Parliament; a work which has been long under my hands, and which I am unwilling to lose sight of.

I remember that Mr. Boswell told me, some years ago, that he meant to write the life of James IV.: whether he made any progress in it, I know not.

From your purpose of undertaking so large a work as *that* which you mention, I judge that you are resolved to let Mr. Whitaker alone: somebody told me that you intended to examine him. Mr. Tytler and he have dispersed all the birds of ill omen which hovered round the royal body. Accept my thanks for the civilities shown to me in your late book.

MR. PINKERTON TO LORD HAILES.

Kentish Town, near London,
Feb. 1st, 1791.

I was duly honored with your lordship's obliging answer to my last, to which I did not reply, because I was apprehensive of being troublesome; but I am now induced to beg your lordship's

opinion upon a very important department of our history, the old laws of Scotland.

The statutes of Malcolm II. I give up with your lordship; and the Regiam Majestatem with Mr. Davidson. But some parts of the latter strike me as real ancient Scotish laws, preserved in that treatise; as for instance, lib. i. c. 16 to 20, which are clearly referred to in stat. Alex. c. 12, and lib. iv. c. 36, 38, 39, 40. The former part is ascribed to David I. by stat. Alex. c. 12; and the latter, from its intrinsic evidence, seems to contain some of the oldest laws. Skene mentions that, in some manuscripts, the latter chapters are titled, *Leges inter Brettos et Scotos;* and your lordship will remember, in your Annals an instrument of Edward I. is mentioned, referring to the laws *inter Brettos et Scotos.* Most of the other passages in the *Regiam Majestatem* not in Glanville, I suppose to be later laws, inserted when the *Regiam Majestatem* was really compiled under David II. I can discover no manuscript older than the fifteenth century, which is another argument for its not being more ancient than the fourteenth; and under James I. it is regarded as established law; so it hardly can be more modern than David II. But this is submitted to your lordship.

In the Harleian Library is a good manuscript of the old Scotish laws, written about 1430; and it is believed as ancient as any extant. I have compared it carefully with Skene's edition, and find that your lordship is perfectly right in blaming Skene for gross errors, omissions, and interpolations. The statutes of Robert II. are not in this

manuscript; but the first statutes of Robert I. are erroneously called *Statuta Roberti de Bruys Secundi ejus nominis.* I beg your lordship's opinion as to the authenticity of the statutes of Robert II. in Skene. The concluding chapter is a great evidence in their favor.

The *Leges Burgorum* seem to be of David I., but with later interpolations. It is natural to think that our burghs had the first regular laws.

The *Quoniam Attachiamenta* seem far later. In a brieve in this manuscript the style is "Robertus Dei gratia," &c. Skene has only "Rex," &c. This manuscript differs much from Skene.

Next in this manuscript are the statutes of David II. totally different from those in Skene. They are a mixture of those ascribed to Alex. II. and Robert I. in Skene, with many not in Skene at all.

The *Leges Forestarum* here fill near eighty pages: in Skene about eight. Many of them in this manuscript refer to burghs, sailors, &c. May not these laws be those of the *forests,* or south of Scotland, about Jedburgh and Selkirk? At any rate they should have been published as in the manuscripts. They seem from this manuscript to belong to Alexander II.

The first statutes of Robert I. are not so numerous as in Skene; and yet there are some here that are not in Skene. I follow the order of the manuscript.

The statutes of William differ almost entirely from Skene. Those of Alexander II. agree pretty well; but the order differs.

The second statutes of Robert I. agree to ch. 21. with the first in Skene: then they vary much.

Those of Robert III. agree better than any of the rest; but they also vary towards the end.

From this detail your lordship will perceive, that the differences between this manuscript and Skene are prodigious. I should wish very much to know, if the manuscripts examined by your lordship vary as much; and if any of our lawyers or antiquaries have critically examined our old statutes, and endeavored to ascertain them to the proper monarchs. This can only be done by collating the manuscripts and preferring the most ancient. I suspect, however, that Skene's work is an abstract digested by him; and that the old manuscripts agree much among themselves.

I am much obliged to your lordship for the hint concerning Froissart, but beg leave to mention that the best manuscript of his work is in the British Museum; and that all the editions *en lettre Gothique*, (there are about ten,) are far fuller than the editions by Sauvage.

LORD HAILES TO MR. PINKERTON.

Edinburgh, Feb. 28th, 1791.

I am favored with your letter: the present state of my health will not permit me to make a long answer. You appear not to be acquainted with my tract on *Regiam Majestatem*. Many years ago I projected an edition of our laws; but

different avocations prevented me from making much progress in it. I met with a copy of the laws of Robert I. in the chartulary of Moray; and, *that* manuscript being of the age of that king, I considered it as the most authentic. I collated all the good manuscripts which I could find; and I drew up some explanatory notes; and there the matter rested. There is a confusion in our ancient statutes, which I never had time to unravel: for example, there is somewhere in the statutes of William, the Lion, a law similar to one in the Friderician Constitutions later than the days of William; and I see many examples of the same laws ascribed to different kings. Lord Kames thought favorably of the second statutes of Robert I.: I did not think so favorably of them. It is hard to say what of Leges Burgorum are Scotish, what English: the truth is, that the laws and regulations of the two kingdoms were nearly similar. I cannot enter into a detail of the reasons of their similarity.

DR. JOSEPH WARTON TO MR. PINKERTON.

Winchester, April 28th, 1791.

I am confident you will pardon me for availing myself of that freedom, which lovers of literature sometimes take with one another, in troubling you with a letter on a passage in your excellent and valuable Collection of Ancient Scotish Poems. You say, page 138, Vol. I., that Dr. Beattie has

informed you, that the Ode on the approach of Summer, published in the *Union*, was written by a Mr. Seton. I must beg to inform you that it was written by my brother, the late Mr. Thomas Warton, and that I saw it, at the very time it was written, forty years ago, and have, this moment, lying before me, the first original rude draught of it. I often pressed him to own it; and, as I have just collected all his poetical pieces, I have inserted it in the collection to be immediately published. I imagined you would like to be informed of this; and I must assure you I shall be happy to see you, if you ever come this way, and shall be glad of finding some opportunity of visiting you in town.

DR. THORKELIN TO MR. PINKERTON.

Copenhagen, Aug. 29th, 1791.

"Praise from thy lips 'tis mine with pride to boast:
"He best can give it, who deserves it most."

Accordingly, I esteem your encomiums on my Sketches as the most illustrious mark of your friendship toward me and my native country. In my judgment, indeed, you have conferred on me a service in so generous a manner, that it alone demands my highest gratitude. But how far I may be able to give you proofs of my obligation, time will learn. Since I came here, I have been busy in getting my things in order; and yet two years at least will expire till every thing is settled.

The archives require an immense time; for, as I am a stranger in that honorable office, I have thought it prudent to petition his majesty for the appointment of a committee, through the hands of whom I may receive the records, and know for what I am to become answerable. In the mean time, that is to say, till the archives shall thus be delivered, you will think my leisure hours are not very few; nor are they few, I must confess; but these are sacred to the continuation of the diplomas of the Arnea Magnean Legacy. Besides, I intend writing some sketches of my tour in Scotland. The people here are mighty fond of knowing distant countries, while they are charged with forgetting their own home. However, the liberty of the peasantry is at length settled in a manner, which will, in all probability, never suffer any inroads. In my Sketches, I mentioned that some of the Jytlandish nobles had complained of the proceedings of those, who were appointed commissioners. The attorney-general answered these complaints; and the nobles found themselves violently hurt, and filed an action against him before the High Court of Justiciaries. The attorney-general, too, was not idle: the cause was tried, and the gentlemen totally defeated. Besides pecuniary fines to a considerable amount, two of the plaintiffs have lost their badges of distinction (obtained formerly from the Court,) on account of their behaviour unbecoming gentlemen. The whole affair on both sides is published and laid before the public. In fine, the liberty of the press gets new friends every day, under the

fostering auspices of the prince royal, whose answer to every one complaining of the press, is by no means favorable to their wishes. He has lately told some gentleman, who advised him to procure his father's consent to certain declaratory laws in this respect, the common law of the land was the best guardian of personal and real security: if any body found himself injured through the press, he had recourse to the author and the printer, cited before a court of justice—so this matter rests. The king and his beloved son are now about to abolish the ill-fated feodal services, which have proved the greatest ruin of this country. But, in order to effect this salutary affair in the most equitable manner, both the lords of manors and their tenants are ordered to enter into a friendly agreement in this point among themselves. In case of a difference, the cause is to be submitted to arbitrators, and the covenants thus made shall be kept inviolable to eternity. In order to lead the way, the king and the prince have begun on their own estates, many of which are already parcelled out to the peasants, and the parcel sold to the tenant, who, having already paid the full sum for it, is now a freeholder instead of a wretched slave. I wish you could read Danish, and satisfy your generous heart with the writings of Count Cristian Reventlow and Messrs. Colbiornsen in the cause of liberty. These writings are printed in a collection of papers bearing title, "Transactions of the Royal Committee appointed to inquire into the present state of the Peasantry in Denmark." Copenhagen

1788-89, 2 vols. It is remarkable that the last spark of liberty among the peasants was extinguished in 1742, under a king who has been extolled to the skies on account of his piety; and deservedly indeed, for it can never be supposed that he knew the least of the matter. Thus the feudal slavery has been advancing by degrees from the thirteenth century down to the present; for in the thirteenth century all men were free in Denmark, in case they held land. I send you a curious tract "De Matrimoniis Veterum Septentrionalium;" the Voyage under ground of Nicolai Klim, by Baron Holberg, containing a Satire on the University, with prints; and the Landnama Book. Pray give my best compliments to Mrs. Pinkerton and the two young ladies.

DR. THORKELIN TO MR. PINKERTON.

Copenhagen, Nov. 1st, 1791.

Since my last letter, directed to you under the care of Mr. Silberschildt, the Royal Icelandic Society of Sciences have elected you their honorary member. Accordingly, I have the honor to transmit along with this the diploma, which my friends wish you will receive as the basis of a mutual correspondence and good offices.

As to myself, I heartily rejoice at finding your literary merits meeting in Denmark with that esteem which is their due. Your Essay on Coins and Medals and your Introduction to the History

of Scotland are read and read again with applause and pleasure. Should a new edition of the former enrich the world, which I sincerely hope, I beg you will consult the description of our royal cabinet, containing the Danish coins. Two copies have already been sent to England, one to his Grace of Canterbury, the other to the Duke of Marlborough, as presents from the prince royal, accompanied by letters of his excellency the Marshal Bulow, agreeably to the orders of his royal highness.

Besides, I am well informed by Count Reventlow, the president of his majesty's library, that the said work has been at length transmitted, along with some other literary productions, to the Honorable Mr. Walpole, whose regard to his majesty is conspicuous in the works of Strawberry Hill, the much valued ornaments of the royal library. Now to yourselves.—The *Scriptores Danici* you will receive as soon as the navigation shall be opened in the next spring; provided you will favor me, in the mean time, with a proper direction of a friend in London, who is to make them free of the Tower ward, and to prevent them falling among robbers, when I shall be so happy as to receive your commands.

Pray inform me about the laws still observed in Scotland, and the method of studying and practising that divine science in the courts. But, above all, give me your advice relative to a matter which I wish to execute: this is a new edition of my *Sketch of the Character of the Prince Royal of Denmark*. You would infinitely oblige me by

showing me your good offices on this occasion, not only in concerting the plan with Mr. Ridgeway, but likewise to peruse the performance with the pruning arm of criticism. I have some additions, besides, to make to the whole. Above all, and first of all, I conjure you to draw a categorical answer from Mr. Ridgeway whether he will, or he will not, make a new edition; and, in case he should decline it, then to cause him to declare that he will have no objection against any other who may reprint the said pamphlet. In a word, I am determined to have a new edition, provided I may meet with your concurrence: at any rate, I beg you will consider the business, and so let me know to what sum the expense of a new edition may amount, that I can act accordingly. This you will please to tell Mr. Ridgeway, that he will receive orders for fifty copies ready paid from Denmark, as soon as a new edition, improved and reviewed by you, shall have passed the boundaries of the press. Till I have the good fortune of hearing from you, I dare not trouble you with more news; and therefore I will content myself with adding that Mr. Silberschildt will be happy, on my account, to forward your letters to me.

In the mean time let me intreat you to allow me your wonted affection.

P.S. I have mentioned your name, and your affection towards my country, to the vice-president of the Royal Society of Sciences established in Norway, under the presidency of his royal highness, brother to his Majesty. I wish you to become a member of that learned body. Pray

let me know how far it meets your inclination. And so fare you well.

MR. PINKERTON TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.*

Kentish Town, Nov. 21st, 1791.

I was honored with three of your lordship's in one day, and am infinitely obliged by your attentions. The miniature is safe at Mr. Nichols's, and shall be soon carefully returned. I expected either portrait or costume of the royal dress of Scotland from it, but am rather disappointed. That Alexander III. was present at the coronation of Edward I. is an historical fact; but the present seems an unreal delineation. How can we account for Alexander, nay, and Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, being dressed in the identical robes and color of the English king? The different monarchs of Europe had dresses, colors and embroidered figures appropriated: for instance, France blue with fleurs-de-lis of gold. At the

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* Upon this letter Lord Buchan has made the following indorsement.—"Pinkerton on Lord Buchan's limning of the Coronation of Edward I. I furnished about sixty drawings, most of which were by my own hand, to Pinkerton for his *Iconographia Scotica*, and procured artists and correspondents for his undertaking; but he, being no wise skilled in the fine arts, allowed the undertaking to be bungled by the employment of incorrect and inferior engravers. He acknowledged his obligations to me in very sparing and general terms in his preface."

same time it might be, that the robes being furnished by the English monarch, he in compliment ordered the same with his own. But I hesitate. The drawing is however extremely curious; and, should an engraver undertake our Scotish portraits, this should form the frontispiece.

As to adorning my history with portraits, that will depend on the bookseller to whom it is sold; and it will not appear these three years. I have no such intention, but doubt not to find an engraver who will undertake the series of portraits without any assistance from our nobility or gentry, except from your lordship. I should be happy to know if your lordship would lend your drawings for such a plan: every care would be taken of them; but all such as are framed should be taken out before they are sent.

I am much obliged by Lord Saltoun's observations. The variations between Gillies and me (or rather the Irish gentleman who translated the Duain for me) arise chiefly from the fault of Dr. Lorimer, who thought proper, in an unhandsome manner and without my consent, to send an erroneous copy to Scotland, from which Gillies formed his translation. Mr. O'Conor remitted me this poem from the only manuscript of it extant; and mine is printed *literatim* from Mr. O'Conor's writing. If Lord Saltoun be up here and have any curiosity to see Mr. O'Conor's copy, I shall show it him with great pleasure.

I am glad to see Dr. Anderson's *Bee* improve so fast, and wish he would give us plates of the New South Bridge, and other new buildings at

Edinburgh. I am desired to request his permission to copy some articles of his work into a periodical publication of credit here, with the editor of which I am acquainted. As he is known to your lordship, it will be a favor if you will mention this any time you see him or write to him.

DR. THORKELIN TO MR. PINKERTON.

Dec., 1791.

I hope you have received my letter put to the care of Mr. Silberschildt, besides a later one of the 30th of last month, with Mr. Cruse, governor to the children of his excellency the Danish ambassador.

Of the contents of the last letter I have only to say this, that I once more conjure you to speak with Mr. Ridgeway about a new edition of my *Sketch of the Character of His Royal Highness the Prince of Denmark*. I wish to have it reprinted; both on account of several additions which can be made; and, still more, in order to get the performance cleared of its present imperfections. The sketch is read with great applause in Germany; and I am not able to satisfy the many applications which I receive by every mail. In case Mr. Ridgeway should decline the printing, pray let me know to what sum the expense may amount. Fifty copies I will take, and pay ready money; and the rest serves to satisfy the cor-

rector. In a word, I entreat you to give me your full advice how to go about the matter; but, above all, to purify the pamphlet from its imperfections, grammatical and verbal. I want to have the paper and type as neat as the former editions, and the number of copies as great as you may think meet. All these things you will, I hope, consider, and write to me, that I may take a final resolution.

How do you like the *diploma of the Royal Icelandic Society of Sciences*, which I sent to you with Mr. Cruse: will you have the laws and transactions of the Society? You have only to command. In the ensuing spring, the *Scriptores Danici*, so long promised, shall be transmitted, accompanied with some other literary matters. We are going on pretty well: the prince royal is indefatigable; the peasants are free; the rents are to be paid in money; feudal service is abolished; and the army is, from the end of December, to consist of native Danes, Norwegians, and Holsteiners; all hirelings being banished from the Danish banners. The prince indeed deserves that grateful monument which the nation is raising to his father. Heaven grant that his royal highness may never suffer himself to abate his patriotic pursuits! Nor is there any doubt of his pursuing his wonted line of conduct, as long as he continues to use the advice of Count Bernstorff, his excellency the Marshal Bulow, and Count Reventlow, men who sacrifice their ease and advantages to the public welfare. What do you say about the treaty of Russia with Sweden? Who would have thought

that the magnanimous Catharine could have been so perfect a master of her passions, after having perused the King of Sweden's pamphlet on the Balance of Power? You ought indeed to use us well; us who never have failed to be the faithful friends of England, though sometimes treated with little kindness. We are sensible of it, and therefore ascribe the destruction of the Icelandic colonies in Greenland, at least, to your dear North Britons. Some accounts we have discovered, which state, that the Scots have fitted out ships and made a descent on Greenland in the fourteenth century. Have you ever heard such things? — *Tyme tryeth truth.* It will for ever prove to you that I am, with the most sincere esteem for you and Mrs. Pinkerton, &c. &c.

MR. ASTLE TO MR. PINKERTON.

Dec. 14th, 1791.

Your observations concerning the chronology of our kings, appear to be well founded. Our kings generally dated their instruments from the day of their respective accessions. I have observed the mistakes you mention respecting the years of the reigns of our kings.

There are upwards of seventy seals of the kings and magnates of Scotland, drawn from original instruments in the Chapter-house and elsewhere; and I have already illustrated about twenty of them by historical observations, which have been

read at the Society.* There are some curious seals of towns, as Berwick, Perth, &c., appendant to deeds dated temp. Edward I. I shall be glad of your assistance in illustrating the figures and ornaments on them. They are at present at Mr. Longmate's, the engraver's, in Noel-street, Wardour-street. I shall be glad if you can call on him, and tell him I wish you to see them as well as the rest of the drawings. I have left a dissertation on a curious instrument, dated at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Jan. 2, 1292. I have directed Mr. Haynes to show it you at the Paper-office, together with the drawings of the seals, in case you should call there. I agree with you in opinion that the deed which we saw at the Chapter-house, attributed to King David II., is one of Harding's forgeries, for which he obtained a pension from King Henry VI. I have much to say on the subject of the forgeries. Can you contrive to see the seals at Longmate's, in the course of this week, and to meet me at the State Paper Office on Tuesday next?

MR. PINKERTON TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.†

Kentish Town, Dec. 19th, 1791.

I am honored with both your lordship's letters,

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* Five plates of the seals of kings, magnates and royal boroughs in Scotland, with an account by Mr. Astle, were published by the Society of Antiquaries, in the 3rd vol. of the *Munimenta Antiqua*, No. 26—30.

† Indorsed by the Earl of Buchan—"*Homoumbratilis*—se ipse dixit. It is his best apology; yet, undoubtedly, he has been a benefactor to literature."

and have a due sense of your goodness on this and other occasions. It will take some little time to find out a proper engraver of some substance to undertake the work, and perhaps I may not succeed; but I shall in this case be equally obliged by your lordship's condescension.

I am indebted to Dr. Anderson for his handsome permission to my friend; and the condition was previously intended, though I forgot to mention it, or imagined it implied.

Being a *homo umbratilis*, of a hypochondriac, unsocial disposition, I have hitherto abstained from any intention or exertion to become a member of literary societies; but, having received a diploma of election as an honorary member of the Royal Society of Icelandic Literature at Copenhagen, under the patronage of the Prince of Denmark, and being about to be elected a member of the Royal Society of Sciences in Norway, under that of the Danish king's brother, I should wish to be a member of your Antiquarian Society at Edinburgh, as I am of that of Perth. I must confess I should prefer such titles from my own country to those from any other; but I leave this matter entirely to your lordship's discretion, and believe that your lordship will not propose it, if not certain of success; for I have, it seems, enemies at home, who prefer what is sweet in the mouth to those bitter draughts which invigorate the body.

THE EARL OF ORFORD* TO MR. PINKERTON.

Berkeley Square, Dec. 26th, 1791.

As I am sure of the sincerity of your congratulations, I feel much obliged by them, though what has happened destroys my tranquillity; and, if what the world reckons advantages could compensate the loss of peace and ease, would ill indemnify me, even by them. A small estate, loaded with debt, and of which I do not understand the management, and am too old to learn, a source of law-suits amongst my near relations, though not affecting me, endless conversations with lawyers, and packets of letters to read every day and answer,—all this weight of new business is too much for the rag of life that yet hangs about me, and was preceded by three weeks of anxiety about my unfortunate nephew, and a daily correspondence with physicians and mad doctors, falling upon me when I had been out of order ever since July. Such a mass of troubles made me very seriously ill for some days, and has left me and still keeps me so weak and dispirited, that, if I shall not soon be able to get some repose, my poor head or body will not be able to resist. For the empty title, I trust you do not suppose it is

* The Hon. Horace Walpole succeeded to the title of Earl of Orford, Dec. 5th, 1791, upon the death of his nephew, George, the 3rd Earl. He died, unmarried, Mar. 2nd, 1797, at the age of 79.

any thing but an incumbrance, by larding my busy mornings with idle visits of interruption, and which, when I am able to go out, I shall be forced to return. Surely no man of seventy-four, unless superannuated, can have the smallest pleasure in sitting at home in his own room, as I almost always do, and being called by a new name.

It will seem personal and ungrateful too, to have said so much about my own *triste* situation, and not to have yet thanked you, Sir, for your kind and flattering offer of letting me read what you have finished of your History; but it was necessary to expose my position to you, before I could venture to accept your proposal, when I am so utterly incapable of giving a quarter of an hour at a time to what I know, by my acquaintance with your works, will demand all my attention, if I wish to reap the pleasure they are formed to give me. It is most true that for these seven weeks I have not read seven pages, but letters, states of account, cases to be laid before lawyers, accounts of farms, &c. &c., and those subject to mortgages. Thus are my mornings occupied: in an evening my relations and a very few friends come to me; and, when they are gone, I have about an hour to midnight to write answers to letters for the next day's post, which I had not time to do in the morning. This is actually my case now. I happened to be quitted at ten o'clock, and would not lose the opportunity of thanking you, not knowing when I could command another hour.

I by no means would be understood to decline your obliging offer, Sir: on the contrary, I accept it joyfully, if you can trust me with your manuscript for a little time, should I have leisure to read it but by small snatches, which would be wronging you, and would break all connexion in my head. Criticism you are too great a writer to want; and to read critically is far beyond my present power. Can a scrivener, or a scrivener's hearer be a judge of composition, style, profound reasoning, and new lights and discoveries, &c.? But my weary hand and breast must finish. May I ask the favor of your calling on me any morning, when you shall happen to come to town? You will find the new-old lord exactly the same admirer of yours.

DR. THORKELIN TO MR. PINKERTON.

Copenhagen, January 18th, 1792.

Nothing but illness could have prevented me from returning my warmest thanks to you for your very kind letters of Oct. 24th and Nov. 26th. Nothing indeed else could have withheld me so long from testifying the inward joy which I sincerely feel on account of the increase of your family, and the prosperous state which your family enjoys, and which, I pray Heaven, you may long share with the best partner, and those blooming roseate pledges of conjugal affection which surround you.

Voluspa and *Diarium Wadstenense* I have got for you, and will send both in the spring. Colgan's Acta and Trias are not to be had here; nor can they be suffered to go abroad, even if they should appear; because these legends are wanted in every one of our libraries. I am certainly willing to translate the Russian Annals of Nestor, provided I could get an editor who would pay the labor. In the mean time I am setting about to publish the ancient laws of Norway and Iceland, under the auspices of his excellency Count Bernstorff, and the Royal Society of Sciences, who have done me the honor of receiving me as a fellow. For which reason I have been obliged to write an essay, without which the society does not admit any body. The subject of my writing is the state of Ireland, previous to and about the coming of the Ostmen to that unhappy country. Your introduction has on this occasion been of much use to me, which I will not fail to acknowledge, and at the same time concur publicly in that praise, which every man of solid erudition pays it as due among us. The chamberlain, Suhm, is entirely of your opinion, which is no small encomium. He is at present divided between his History of Denmark in the 13th century and Scriptores Danici. He requests me to give you his best compliments, and to conjure you to publish, as soon as possible, your History of Scotland.

As to the rest, you will see, about September next, a large body of the Icelandic Annals from the birth of Christ to the middle of the 13th century; and perhaps the fourth volume of Suorro will then

be ready. So much for the history; in which perhaps we do faintly copy and follow you Britons. I say *copy* you, this is our study; and truly our literary ambassade to the interior parts of Africa owes its birth to your African Society. Thus his excellency the Chevalier Bulow, Marshal to his Royal Highness the Heir-apparent, has, at his own expense, sent a gentleman well versed in natural history and drawing to the remoter parts of Africa, in order to convey to the public a true and clear account of those unknown regions. The accounts which this nobleman has already received are very promising, and will no doubt prove acceptable to the public. Happy it is, that the above-mentioned gentleman is a confidential friend of his Royal Highness, who continues with unabated zeal to support the learning and rising spirit of his country.

Thousand thanks for your kind offers with respect to the sketch of the character of his Royal Highness, &c.: for certain circumstances I must defer the execution of my intention till the beginning of March. In the mean time I will collect materials and desire you to make mention in your review of the last letter of the Sketch. Besides, I beg you will order Mr. Ridgeway to send me five copies.

I am astonished to see in the London Chronicle, that Denmark is said to have entered into a treaty with the Princes at Coblentz. Here is that affair unknown; and we are sure of leaving every thing what concerns France to Providence, without interfering in matters which do not con-

cern us. The truth is, that the Prince Royal and his friends have nothing more at heart than the real happiness of our country, which is never promoted by wars. In short we take neither an active or passive part in the troubles of France: we only lament that the natives shall cut their throats and seek to ruin the fairest part of Europe. The next month will be productive of many news. The Diet at Geffle, a wretched sea-port on the confines of Finland, is the topic of the day: undoubtedly Gustave III. will move every stone against the rebellious French; and you, I hope, will at once blow away the storm, which threatens your shores: "nam tua res agitur paries cum proximus ardet."

I long to hear from you, from Mr. Southgate, Mr. Douce, and others of our friends, to whom I beg I may be respectfully remembered. The Greenland affairs disturbed by your countrymen, I will send explained, along with the books.

DR. JAMES ANDERSON* TO MR. PINKERTON.

Edinburgh, Jan. 25th, 1792.

I thank you for your obliging letter of the 16th inst., and am much obliged to you for your

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* James Anderson, LL.D. of Edinburgh, a writer of much celebrity, especially on the subject of agriculture, died 1808, aged 69. Among his publications, which are very numerous, are selections from his correspondence with General Washington; six volumes, entitled *Recreations in Agriculture, Natural*

friendly hints, of which I shall endeavor to avail myself to the best of my power. I am no stranger to your abilities, and shall think myself much favored by any communications you shall think proper to send me.

You cannot have a poorer opinion of the spirit of our countrymen than I myself have. I never yet could find words that could sufficiently express the contempt I feel for that time-serving meanness which so generally pervades the whole mass. Yet I see symptoms of its beginning to decline. Our manufacturers are beginning to get wealth in spite of John Bull; and some of them already feel the weight that gives them. They will, by and by, think for themselves, in spite of lairds and lords, and ministerial servants, who have for so many ages borne sway in Scotland. But they have been so long accustomed to think in a grovelling manner, that these first efforts at independence are conducted in a grovelling style. I shall do the best I can to help them forward; but unpleasant is the lot of that man whose ideas get a little before the mode of thinking of those among whom he lives. There is scarcely a man in Scotland can comprehend that there can be any intermediate line of conduct to be pursued between *that* of supporting a minister *per fas et nefas*, or of opposing him in all things. Hence it is that I,

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* *History, Arts, and Miscellaneous Literature;* and the singularly interesting collection of Essays, Philosophical and Miscellaneous, which appeared in 6 vols. 8vo. 1791—1794, under the name of the *Bee*.

who have no sort of ill-will to any individual member of administration, nor any favor for their opponents, make use of a language that is neither understood nor believed. I know, that a minister, as such, is one of the most destructive animals on the face of the globe, and, like a tiger, ought to be kept perpetually chained; otherwise there is no depending upon his good conduct: but, when I speak of watching the minister, it is understood by my countrymen I wish ill to the man; though nothing can be farther from my intention. When I expose the bad conduct of revenue officers, I am supposed to have no good-will to the raising a revenue from the people; though no construction could be farther from the truth; for I know that the revenue can only be augmented by promoting the industry of the people. What a glorious system of financiering would this afford, could the empire of reason be established on the ruins of oppression! But this I am not doomed to see. I shall at least, however, have the satisfaction of knowing that I am imperceptibly contributing towards that end. To do this, I am obliged to speak obscurely, and only to give gentle hints, instead of uttering bold truths: not that I have any fear of giving offence to any great men, or the heads of any party; for thank God I hold them all in equal contempt; but merely that I may not frighten away my readers; for if I have not readers, then my whole power is gone.

These, my good Sir, were the principal motives that determined me to undertake the laborious

task in which I have engaged;* and these considerations have induced me to put up with difficulties in the execution of it, that, I think, no other consideration could have made me bear: difficulties indeed of such an extraordinary kind as I am ashamed to mention, because no person could conceive them possible. In consequence of these embarrassing circumstances, my little work has hitherto been conducted in a manner that would make me blush to acknowledge it as my own, did I not hope to be still able to retrieve its character among men of liberal sentiments at least. Of two things I am very ambitious at present: the first is, to render the work not undeserving the notice of good sense and upright dispositions; the other is, to make it attractive to such as seek only for amusement. The last must ever be by far the most numerous class of readers, and those who have the most need of information. To them my chief attention ought to be directed; but, alas! I possess not the talents necessary for accomplishing this myself in almost any degree. I am anxious therefore to obtain assistance in that line from others; and with that view I have applied to every person I knew to aid me in finding light attractive articles, that are not mere froth and flummery, either for love, or favor, or money: hitherto, I am sorry to say, with very little success. If you can aid me in this respect among your literary friends, you will oblige me very

* He alludes to the *Bee*, which was at this time in the course of publication.

much. I know that, in spite of your activity, you have not leisure yourself to do much in that line; but I have no doubt, from the motives I have explained, but you will assist me all you can.

Literary persons in Scotland—those at least who have attained any name—are in general vain, indolent, and necessarily timid. They justly think, that, if the world will be pleased with such publications as cannot bear a deep investigation, it is more safe for them to keep up the veneration of the public by withdrawing themselves from view, than by coming familiarly among them; as in this last way imperfections would be more easily discoverable. Rousseau's judgment of authors in general was but too well founded: for one man who writes with a *bonâ fide* desire of serving his readers, a hundred write with an intention to exalt their own fame, and swell their self-importance; and, provided this last can be done, they are little scrupulous about the means of doing it. Hence, Sir, I have nearly the same veneration for *grandeur* in literature, as I have for *grandees* in civil polity; so that I am neither a favorer of the one nor a partisan of the other. In this way I cherish a spirit of independence myself, and wish to promote the like, with a due subordination to government, among all my countrymen. But you will easily see that I can neither become the right-hand man of a minister, nor the Atticus of any living author; and, though I live on very good terms with all of these, yet I can lay no claim to any share in that copartnery of

good offices, which Gilbert Stuart used to call the *incense of the puffing club.* Yet the public at large are so obliging as to receive my little efforts with a kind indulgence; and I have nothing to fear from the attacks of any one; but I have as little to hope for from the assistance of the *fine geniuses* of Scotland.

MR. W. G. BROWNE* TO MR. PINKERTON.

Alexandria, Jan. 30th, 1792.

If a letter, like the camel so much used in this country, were qualified to travel only in proportion as it carries the materials of renovation in itself, I much fear that mine would scarcely survive the third day's journey: yet I am resolved to hazard its passage, though its original imbecility should be increased by the fatigues of the way. But an end shall be put to apologies, which have generally the reputation of being insincere, by adding only that I should with difficulty excuse myself for not complying with the desire you have been kind enough to express

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* Mr. Browne, so well known for his travels in Africa, Egypt, and Syria, from the year 1792 to 1798, and particularly for his singularly interesting account of Darfûr, where he was long detained in captivity, was, unhappily for science, murdered by robbers in Tartary, July, 1813, during a journey which he had undertaken to explore the shores of the Caspian sea. It was stated, at the time of his death, that the memo-

of hearing from me an account of the progress I should make. After the loss of a complete month by contrary winds on the coast of England, the rest of the voyage was expeditious and pleasant, having extended only to twenty-six days between Torbay and Alexandria. The vessel I sailed in being a merchantman, though cleared for Naples, owing to some commercial finesse, did not touch at that place; a circumstance from which I felt little inconvenience, as the detention of a ship on those occasions is so precarious as not to afford much opportunity for observation. I have therefore not repented having chosen that mode of conveyance.

It was indeed with no small reluctance, as you will readily conceive, that I forbore to use so fair an opportunity of revisiting France; and if, according to the report current in this place, the aspect of affairs in that country is daily growing so much less favorable, as to promise no long duration to the constitution, my regret at having done so will not be easily removed.

My discoveries here have not been great. Indeed it seems to me very difficult, from the remains of antiquity which now exist, to fix the site even of those buildings which have been considered as ascertained by travellers. I think I have found a few Greek letters on the column

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randa made by him in the course of his last journey had been preserved; and it is to be lamented that any observations, however imperfect, from the pen of so enterprising, so acute, and so enlightened a traveller, should be withheld from the public.

called Pompey's,* which, perhaps, have not yet been mentioned.

It will hardly be saying any thing new to tell you, that the greater part of the Europeans here are out of the dregs of Venice, Ragusa, Leghorn, &c. and in general low enough in point of knowledge and of principle. I feel a considerable obstacle in not being able to speak Arabic, but do not despair of attaining it. I have observed the language to be pronounced least gutturally by those, who, from their situation, may be supposed to speak it most correctly. Previously to leaving London, I mentioned to you having called on Sir Joseph Banks without being fortunate enough to see him. I was referred to Beaufoy, whom I also called on, but without success; a circumstance that gave me no anxiety, the volume of African Transactions being already in my possession. If this book should fall into your hands, you will perhaps agree with me that it contains but little that merits perusal. Ledyard, the man employed by the society on the *Sennaar* expedition, was a very unfit person; and, though he had lived, would not have advanced many leagues on the way, if the judgment of people in Egypt concerning him be credited. In visiting

* Upon this subject Mr. Browne says no more in his Travels than that "not even so much of the inscription as Pococke copied is now to be distinguished." I need scarcely add, that the ultimate elucidation of this inscription was reserved for Colonel Leake, Mr. W. Hamilton, and Lieut. Squire, whose account of it is recorded by Dr. Raine in the fifteenth volume of the *Archæologia*, p. 59—64.

Abyssinia, one of the chief difficulties arises from the *odium theologicum*, with which those of the Greek church persecute the missionaries of the Romish, whose conduct under the Portuguese is still preserved in remembrance, and whom they expect to find, under whatever appearance a traveller may assume. I do not design easily to relinquish my plan, but can as yet form no predictions as to its success. Cairo will be the next stage, where I mean to proceed in a few days. I was sorry to be obliged to transport your books with me: their presence is not necessary to remind me of the owner, or to keep alive the esteem I feel for him. Not knowing the period of any of my motions, I can only say that a line directed to me, to the care of G. Baldwin, Esq., British consul, Alexandria, will most probably find me in Egypt or Syria.

DR. JAMES ANDERSON TO MR. PINKERTON.

Edinburgh, Feb 12th, 1792.

I wrote to you about ten days ago, which I hope you received. The reason I trouble you at present is to beg your assistance in forwarding a Bill, T. Johnes, M.P. for Radnorshire, means to bring into Parliament this session, about which he has written to me just now, and which I think you must approve of. It is intended to establish a universal repository for printed papers in London, somewhat on the plan that was mentioned in one

of the numbers of the Bee. He wrote to me, to make out a scroll of what clauses I should think necessary to be inserted in the Bill, which I have sent to him. A copy of this I also transmit to you for your inspection and correction.* I have

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* As the opinion of so eminent a man as Dr. Anderson can scarcely be considered otherwise than worth recording, upon a subject so closely affecting the vital interests of literature, I here transcribe what he inclosed to Mr. Pinkerton, intitled

"*Scroll to be altered and amended as shall be thought proper.*

"Whereas it would contribute much to the advancement of literature, if a general repository were established in this country, where every book, pamphlet, or paper of any sort that shall be in future printed in Great Britain, might be preserved for the use of the public, may it therefore please your majesty, &c.

"It is hereby enacted, &c., That, from and after the first day of June next, all printers in Great Britain, and in the islands of Guernsey, Jersey, Alderney, Sark, Man, and the northern Scottish Isles, shall deliver to (say the collector of stamp-duties in the district where such printers reside, or in some other district in Britain, or to any other person whom the lords of his majesty's treasury shall nominate for that purpose,) two copies of every book, pamphlet, or paper, without receiving any price for the same, that shall be printed by them or their servants, and *that* within the space of one kalendar month after the last sheet of such book or pamphlet, or the last copy of any paper smaller than one sheet shall have been worked off. These two copies to be furnished at the expense of the owner of such book, pamphlet, or paper; and, if any printer shall fail to deliver such two copies of such book, pamphlet, or paper, as above set forth, he or she shall forfeit and pay, as a penalty for such transgression, one guinea for each sheet of paper contained in one copy of such book, pamphlet, or paper so printed, if it amounts to one or more sheets; and in like manner one guinea for each paper, however small in size it may

not the honor of being personally known to Mr. Johnes; but, from his letters, he appears to be one

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be, that shall have been so omitted. And, when such books, pamphlets, or papers, shall be delivered to the collector of stamp-duties, or other person authorised to receive the same, the bearer shall be entitled to demand, and the receiver is hereby required to grant, a receipt for the same, without fee or reward; the person who brings the books or papers being required to bring along with him or her a receipt or receipts ready written out for that purpose. In these receipts shall be specified the day and place of delivery, the complete title of the book or pamphlet, the printer's name and place of abode, the form in which it is printed (that is, folio, or 4to., or 8vo., &c.,) the number of pages, with the first and the last three words it contains, if not exceeding one volume, and, if more than one volume, the number of pages in each volume of which it consists, with the three first and the three last words of each volume mentioned *seriatim*, according to their order, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, &c.; and, if it be a single detached paper with or without any distinct title, the receipt shall specify, in a few words, its nature, with the three first and the three last words, all for the sake of identifying the several articles; which receipt thus prepared shall be copied into a book or books to be kept by the receiver of the papers for that purpose, and then signed by him and delivered back to the bearer, for his exoneration, in case of being afterwards challenged.

"And it is further ordained, that the receiver of such books and papers shall, once in three months at farthest, or oftener, if need be, transmit to London by some safe mode of conveyance one of the copies he has received of each book, pamphlet, or paper, together with an exact transcript of his book of entries, addressed to the lords of the treasury, or to such other persons as they shall appoint for receiving the same, by whom they shall be bound up in volumes and disposed in a proper form for preservation, in a repository to be provided for that purpose. The second copy of such books and papers to be transmitted in like manner to Edinburgh, there to be preserved for the use of the public in a repository to be provided for that purpose; but

of the most obliging men I have ever met with, and fond of promoting literature. I have sent this under his cover, and informed him that it concerns this business; so that, if you think it proper to make any remarks or suggest any improvements, I am persuaded you will find him ready to attend to them. He writes to me that he has spoken already to Mr. Dundas, Mr. Rose, and several other ministerial persons on the subject, who favor the proposal; and that he means to apply to the chancellor and Mr. Pitt as soon as

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under this express limitation, that, in case any of the copies that shall have been transmitted to London shall have been, by any unavoidable accident, damaged or destroyed, the deficiency thus arising shall be supplied from the repository in Edinburgh; so that the collection in London may be perfectly complete. And, if any of the books or papers, through the carelessness or the inattention of the person who receives them, shall be omitted to be sent to the general repository, or lost or damaged while in his possession, he shall be liable to the same penalties as the printer would have been subjected to, should he have neglected to deliver them to him.

And when such a repository shall be provided for receiving these books and papers in London and in Edinburgh, they shall be there so arranged as to admit of being easily found. For that purpose, catalogues shall be made out in a proper form, and duly continued, and published from time to time, for the information of the public. The doors of this repository shall be kept open for a certain number of hours each lawful day, during which hours the public shall have admittance to it, for inspecting and for making extracts from the papers therein contained, under such regulations as shall be afterwards adopted for that purpose. But on no account, nor by any authority, short of an act of Parliament, shall any book or paper belonging to this repository be permitted to be carried out of it."

he shall have heard from me. I cannot help thinking, that if this institution were established on a liberal footing, it would prove one of the greatest literary improvements that has taken place since the art of printing was discovered. But you will observe, that I have not thought it necessary to embarrass the question at present with the regulations that would be necessary for rendering the institution extensively useful. These could more properly be introduced in a future bill for establishing the repository itself.

I am only afraid of one clause provoking opposition from the fraternity of booksellers. It is one of the least objectionable of the whole; that which requires that every paper should bear the printer's name. You know well enough that half the books printed in Edinburgh and the country towns in England bear to be printed in *London*. This is at the desire of the booksellers; and, when a fraudulent practice is once begun, it is difficult to eradicate it. I have written to Mr. Johnes that, should any opposition be apprehended on this account, it were better to omit it entirely.

One other objection, I fear, will start forward, and to none more readily than to men of vigorous minds. They will think it folly to heap up great piles of useless rubbish, as they will call them, of temporary advertisements, current letters, and other things of such a local and temporary nature. I am however not inclined to think these will be useless rubbish. They may be easily so arranged as to occupy little room, and cost little expense;

so as not to give trouble to any one who does not wish to consult them; and to those who may have occasion to examine them they may prove occasionally of great use. But, were they of no use at all, I should be sorry to see any exception made, because the limits of that exception can never be so accurately defined as not to give room for frauds and evasions, the extent of which it is impossible to foresee. There is a vast difference between a perfect and an imperfect collection; and the last can never be obtained, should any dispensations be given.

I hope you will pardon this freedom in a cause that must interest every literary person. How much trouble would you yourself have been freed of, if such an institution had been made 500 years ago!

MR. PINKERTON TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

Kentish Town, Feb. 20th, 1792.

In arranging my materials for the History of Scotland, I find a remarkable deficiency in the reign of James II. Fordun ends with James I.; and the only original author of the history of James II. is Hector Boece, from whom, though a most suspicious authority, and often flatly contradicted by records, all later writers have borrowed this reign. Lindsay of Pitscottie only translates Boece: Lesly and Buchanan merely abridge Boece. At the reign of James III., Lindsay,

Lesly, Buchanan, Ferrerius, are all original writers, very seldom borrowing from each other.

It would therefore be deserving of your lordship's influence and love of literature, to endeavor to recover some original account of the interesting reign of James II. It is certain that Drummond, in his History of James III., quotes Bishop Elphinston's History, to show that Mar was not murdered by his royal brother; and I am in hopes that some copy of Elphinston may be found carried down to James IV. or his own time. The copy in the Bodleian ends with James I.

The other sources from which original accounts of James II. may be expected, are, so far as have come to my knowledge,

Extracta e Chronicis Scotiæ, vel Liber Dunblanensis (*Adv. Lib.*)

Balfour's Annals of James I. and II. (*ibid.*)

Rota Temporum, which, in the time of Bishop Nicolson, (*Scot. Hist. Lib.*) was in Lord Tarbet's Library.

Nicolson, p. 130, mentions a French manuscript History of Scotland in the King of France's library, and, p. 157, a History of the Five Jameses, by William Sinclair, advocate, in the Scotch College at Paris; but the dates are unknown.

The grand object of inquiry is, whether the reign of James II. in these works be copied or abstracted from Boece, which will appear even upon a cursory view of the paragraphs. It will not only be a great favor to me, but a lasting service to Scotish history and literature, if your lordship can recover an original narration of this

period. If you are to be at Edinburgh this winter, it will be a great obligation, if you will look at the *Extracta e Chronicis* and *Balfour's Annals;* and, if the accounts of James II. be not taken from Boece, be so good as cause copy what concerns that reign at my expense.

Your lordship's general correspondence will at the same time enable you to discover if any copy of Elphinston be extant carried further than James I., or if any other original account of James II. exist in Scotish or foreign libraries. Original letters, or other documents concerning this reign, would also be very acceptable.

I should be much indebted to your lordship, if you would point out any good books concerning our public law, constitution, history, &c., published in Scotland within these ten years. Such books are little known in London.

Mr. Nicol will, it is believed, publish the portraits in numbers. He desired me to mention his sense of his obligations to your lordship, and his regret that his many avocations prevented his writing as often as he could wish. Of Cardinal Innes, 1412, I recollect nothing, and should be glad to have a hint from your lordship.

I have recovered some more Scotish poetry, which delays my book for some months.

DR. THORKELIN TO MR. PINKERTON.

Copenhagen, Feb. 23rd, 1792.

I have waited for a moment which might enable me to convey my warmest thanks to you for your very obliging letter of January 16th past, and to make it be accompanied by some interesting news. This moment is at length arrived. Indeed I know that nothing will be more welcome to your generous heart than to learn, that yesterday his Danish majesty has been pleased to put an end to the traffic in human blood, as far as it concerns his own subjects. This measure, which is equally honorable to the king, and salutary to the Danish commerce, has been planned and recommended by the Prince Royal and his Excellency the Count Schimmelman, minister of state, finances, and commerce. The policy of this nobleman has always been to place the mercantile profession in an honorable light, to do away those causes which have rendered the union of accumulating money and disinterested patriotism hitherto impracticable; and he has now successfully shown what advantage the merchant may derive from becoming a practical philosopher, whose actions are wholly guided by commutative justice; by self-denial in refusing stained riches, even when they could be got by the most secret ways and means; and by public virtue, in renouncing all traffic which may be injurious, and in forming every connexion which shall be productive of honor and wealth to his country. When the plan shall be published,

it will be found that, by abolishing the infamous slave-trade, the commerce will be enlarged and settled on the most exemplary integrity and reciprocal philanthropy. Such are the principles of Count Schimmelman, whose large estates in the Danish West-India Islands give him less concern than the sufferings of the negroes. However, this salutary business is brought about in such a manner, as cannot fail to meet with the most cordial approbation of every planter who has his own interest at heart. As to the Prince Royal, you know from facts that he is a good son, a good husband, (I wish I could say a good father,) and a true patriot, who sacrifices with alacrity his own views and wishes to the will of his citizens at large. Of all this you, my dear friend, have seen many proofs. Let me but add one anecdote, which particularly characterises the prince's heart. Shortly after his Royal Highness had suffered the loss of his new-born son, a gentleman in the army happened to be deprived of his son, a hopeful youth, who, while attending at the evolutions of the Artillery School, of which he was a member, was killed by the bursting of a shell. The prince, receiving the first account of that mournful catastrophe from the disconsolate father, addressed him thus—"Sir, I condole with you, and sincerely grieve at your loss, a loss which afflicts me the more, as I, rejoicing at being a father, have of late experienced the sorrow of losing my son;" and, when the gentleman expressed the difference between the heir-apparent of two kingdoms and a subject, the prince added, "And I

myself am truly sensible of this difference; your son had already shown what you and our native country might expect from him; mine, on the contrary, (here nature dropt a tear,) departed sooner than that I could have any thing beyond the hope, by which I and others could rest upon in ascertaining how my son would answer to that hope."

In the fifth letter of my Sketches, I mentioned a scheme for paying off the national debt in Denmark: that scheme succeeds beyond the fondest hope. One million has already been discharged; and the beginning is made with the disbursing of another.

So much of public affairs: now a little of my own. I am extremely concerned at my Lord Orford's not having as yet received the royal acknowledgments. At the same time I cannot fully satisfy my own duty for your good offices on this account. Nothing indeed hurts me more; nor can I be at ease till this matter be brought in order. His excellency the Danish ambassador is my witness that the fault does not fall to my charge. As soon as the navigation shall begin, you will most certainly receive the *Scriptores* under the care of our friend, Mr. Nicol, to whom I beg you will remember me most kindly. In the mean time I hope to see a line from you, filled with many litérary commands, which will be punctually executed.

So heaven bless you all, and grant I may soon be favored with glad tidings of your health, and that of Mrs. Pinkerton and your charming family. My best respect and wishes attend you all.

MR. A. STUART* TO MR. ASTLE.

London, March 16th, 1792.

In consequence of your letter desiring information concerning *Sinclair's History of Scotland*, I have examined various memorandums taken by me while abroad, and find that, when I was last at Paris in 1789, the Principal of the Scots College showed to me the manuscript history kept there, written by William Sinclair, which consists of about 1000 pages: it begins about the year 1437; but I do not find in my memorandums any mention of the time when it ends. Mention is made of this manuscript History of Sinclair in the *Scottish Historical Library*, by Bishop Nicolson, page 55, where he says that it was brought from Italy to the Scotch College at Paris.

I do not recollect to have seen at the Scotch College other histories of Scotland wrote after that of Sinclair.

I am glad to learn from your letter, that there will soon appear a curious collection of seals of the kings and magnates of Scotland with your historical remarks; these I shall be very impatient to peruse, and likewise to see the drawings of the seals.

I have delayed for a few days sending this answer to your letter, because I have from day to day intended to make a morning excursion to

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* Andrew Stuart Esq., M.P. for Weymouth, was author of a *Genealogical History of the Stuarts, &c. &c.*

your villa, for the purpose of having the pleasure of a little conversation with you, but have so often been disappointed by various interruptions that I could not think of longer delaying to write to you.

DR. JAMES ANDERSON TO MR. PINKERTON.

Edinburgh, March 24th, 1792.

It is a rule with me never to thank any one, unless when I feel myself obliged to them. I thank you sincerely for your judicious remarks on the plan for the repository of printed papers. The circumstance you mention had escaped me: and it would have been a great omission. I so much detest every kind of fraud, that I too hastily considered anonymous publications as too nearly allied to things of that class. I now see they may occasionally serve to support the liberty of the press; and, though this privilege may, and must occasionally be abused, yet it is much better to tolerate that abuse, than to lose the great benefit it brings. The freedom of the press is indeed the great *palladium* of liberty, without which all other devices to preserve it are idle chimeras. It is, with regard to the body politic, exactly the same as health is with regard to the natural body. The vigour that each of these bestows is naturally productive of abuses; but without them there could be no vigour or energy of any sort. Let authors, then, let printers also, conceal them-

selves, if they please; but let them do it at their peril. Let a receiving-place be made at every office, like that at the post-office now, into which may be dropped the copy required. In this case the printer cannot have the security of a receipt; but, if the work should been tered in the register, he will be safe from the penalty, should it even be afterwards discovered that he had been the printer. This, properly expressed, would altogether remove the difficulty.

Lord Buchan told me yesterday you wish to have some papers copied from the Advocates' Library—wishing me to find a person for transcribing them, which I shall take care to have done. I have it little in my power to assist literary persons in any way, which I regret; but wherever I can do it I do it with pleasure; where I cannot I never undertake it at all. This is exactly what I wish from others: you may therefore freely let me know any thing of the sort you wish for here. It shall either be done, or you shall be frankly told it cannot.

I thank you for your wish to forward my literary journal. I now begin to tread with somewhat more firmness than I did; but I only *begin*. There is nothing I would have such a desire for as to have the rummaging of the *porte-feuille* of some men who had grown old in the practice of writing; for in such a repository many good things would be found, that otherwise run a risk of being lost.—Such a person as *Daines Barrington*; but he publishes rather fast, and sometimes things that are crude enough; so that not so much could

be expected there, as from the collection of *Horace Walpole:* (Lord Orford will always be an inferior title). This extraordinary man is, I think, the greatest character of the present day. I read some of his works when I was very young with great delight; and it is but of late that I met with his Castle of Otranto, with which I was enchanted. The wildness of the scenery, and the total abstraction from every other object for the time, produced an effect greatly resembling the fascinating charms of Shakspeare. I hear people complain every day of the want of power of the language in which they write; but, to a man of strong genius, there never appears to be any want at all. With tools that other people will say are good for nothing, he produces the finest models of perfection in arts. I am perfectly satisfied it is want of genius only that makes little men so often complain. If I could fall upon any plan of being introduced to the acquaintance of these or such men, I think I should derive infinite advantage from it; while at the same time I did them a service. Men of fine talents often hit off a beautiful thing, which it is not worth their while to publish by itself—it is thrown by and neglected: it is left unfinished, the principal thoughts only being carelessly jotted down for remembrance. Were such little pieces to be drawn forth occasionally and finished by the author, it would form an agreeable mental recreation: such an exercise is like renewing the acquaintance with the friends of our early years; with this difference, that friends, as time advances, acquire

new connexions and bad habits, that produce in them a disagreeable change; but no such change is here produced. On the contrary, the scenes which occasioned these thoughts are recollected with all their charms; and the works themselves which are thus produced, will have the maturity of age superadded to the vigor of youth. If this be neglected, it is probable that many of these pieces will be afterwards ushered to the light with all their sins upon their head, "unhouseled, unanointed, unanealed;" which would be effectually prevented, could I have the good fortune to get such persons prevailed with to draw them forth gradually, as occasion offered and inclination prompted, for this miscellany. I have got a good many very useful, and some very good things thus, from my worthy friend, G. Dempster, from Earl Buchan, and Lord Gardenston, which I shall occasionally insert; but these men, in point of literary excellence, are far inferior to what I aim at. Could you help me to any thing of this nature, you would do me an infinite favor indeed. I cannot ask from yourself, as I know you have too much to do, at your time of life, to think of such a thing.

I have met with one very important fact of late respecting the rearing of the silk-worm, which, if it shall be confirmed by future experiments, will remove all the difficulties I have had on that head. I learn from Miss Rhodes, that they may be kept entirely on lettuce, without a single blade of the mulberry leaf, and spin upon that food as excellent a thread as on any other. She had suspected it

was the coldness of that food that made it disagree with the worms, when long kept upon it, and prevailed on General Mordaunt to try what would be the effect of feeding them on it when kept in the heat of a hot-house (a pine-apple stove, I presume); and the result was what I have stated. I wish the experiment to be repeated by as many different persons as possible; for I seldom trust to one experiment. If the fact shall turn out as here stated, we shall soon have some thousands of helpless beings in Scotland usefully employed; for, as to the expense of a hot-house for the purpose, it will be very trifling, since light is rather hurtful than beneficial; so that glass will be saved, and a flue can easily be formed in most cases behind the kitchen chimney, without any expense for fuel. You may mention this to such of your acquaintance as you think will try the experiment, and let me know the result. The great advantage of this mode of feeding them will be that of enabling us to begin directly: whereas, with the mulberry alone, it must be many years before much could be done, as that plant is of very slow growth. I expect some eggs of another insect from the East Indies, that has lately been discovered there, which feeds upon a species of *Ricinus*, that yields a coccoon greatly larger than that of the silk-worm, and a thread much thicker and stronger, which it is not impossible but we may be able to rear in Europe with advantage. I have also lately received some very interesting accounts from Denmark, not of a political nature, that shall soon appear in the *Bee*.

DR. THORKELIN TO MR. PINKERTON.

Copenhagen, April 6th, 1792.

I have had the honor to receive this afternoon a letter from the vice-president of the Royal Society of Sciences in Trundheim, dated the 24th of March past, which informs me of your being unanimously elected an honorary member of that respectable body. The patent or diploma will be transmitted to me by the first opportunity, in order to be forwarded to you. I have only to add, that the vice-president (Johan Christian Schonheyder, bishop of Trundheim) wishes very much to get your Introduction to the Scotish History; and that the prince hereditary of Denmark, who, under the title of president, is equal lover of sciences and the society, will look on it as a particular attention paid to your Norwegian brethren, if you would present them with a copy; and indeed it is your duty, according to the laws of the *Royal Norwegian Society of Sciences.*

I beg you will procure Dr. Combe's *Museum Numismaticum Hunterianum.* My other letter contained an account of the abolition of the slave-trade, as far as concerns his Danish Majesty's dominions. Pray let as much thereof as you think meet, be printed in the London Chronicle. In my next you will receive a bill of lading and a passport for the *Scriptores Danici,* who are already packed up, and wait for a safe opportunity to London.

My best respects attend you, Mrs. Pinkerton, and my sweethearts, your amiable daughters.

P. S. Pray show me the favor to buy the companion to *Clytie* engraved by Bartolozzi, and to let me know by a letter whether or no I may hope to get the said companion print.

MR. ASTLE TO MR. PINKERTON.

April 6th, 1792.

There are no patent rolls in the Tower later than the reign of Edward IV. I am certain there can be nothing there relative to the peerage of Perth. All our warrant books in the Paper-office have been searched from the accession of James I. of England; and there is not the least trace of any warrants ever having passed the Signet or Privy Seal office for the peerage now claimed. Any patent must have passed through these offices before it could have gone to the Great Seal. I do not believe that any patent passed in 1687; as there are no traces of it any where. I think the historical papers in *Bibl. Harl.* of the reign of King James II. are the most likely to furnish information (vide insuper Mr. Ayscough's Catalogue of Dr. Birch's manuscripts).

Crail is an ancient borough in Fife: it was one of the seventeen which gave bond for the ransom of David II. (See Sir David Dalrymple's Annals, Vol. II. p. 244): it is now represented with other burghs. It is in the mouth of the Firth, seven miles south-west of St. Andrew's.

Longmate has drawn the seals. I wish you to see them.

MR. W. G. BROWNE TO MR. PINKERTON.

Cairo, July 28th, 1792.

I should not have been easily induced to suspend my communications to you, but by the hope that a little delay would enable me to say something, not only of what I have done, but of what I may be able to do. But this is a species of gratification not at present allowed to travellers in Africa, who, if they find not obstacles sufficient to defeat their purposes, always meet with enough to procrastinate the execution of them.

Not long after my arrival at Alexandria, I determined to commence a journey from that place to the westward, for the purpose of ascertaining the site of the temple of Jupiter.* Perhaps you will not agree with me in thinking that the account we have of it in three or four of the ancient writers, is sufficiently clear and precise to afford to such an attempt much prospect of success. I, however, saw the matter as I wished to find it, in a favorable light; and, accordingly, after some delay from frivolous causes, but which not being in one's own power are to be yielded to with patience, I was enabled to execute my design. I proceeded along the coast for the space of near nine

* Mr. Browne's account of this journey occupies from p. 14 to 29 of his Travels. He was the first among the moderns who discovered the situation of this famous temple. Six years afterwards, Horneman detected the Fons Solis mentioned by Herodotus and Quintus Curtius.

days, at the end of which time I conceive myself to have been about twenty-five miles east of Al-Bareton, the ancient Parætonium, to which I need not tell you Alexander led his army. From thence in a direction for some time south, and then south-west, five days more brought me to the small republic called *Siwa*. At this place I expected to gain intelligence of the ruins, if any remained, of the temple; but in vain: nothing of the kind was known to the inhabitants; and, though I directed my inquiries to persons who pretended to be acquainted with the country to a great distance, nothing which they said contributed to raise my hopes. Determined, however, not to relinquish, if it were possible to prosecute, what had been begun, I proposed to take one of the Siwese with me, and explore the country in the proper direction. But this was positively refused me by the people, who, having originally received me as a Christian with every mark of aversion, and threatened to force me to turn Mahometan or go back to Alexandria immediately, at this proposal flamed with the most furious resentment. At length, after having waited six or seven days, partly by the *suaviter in modo*, partly by the *fortiter in re*, partly by presents, partly by patience, I was enabled to effect my purpose; and, taking with me two of the inhabitants and the camels I had brought from Alexandria, advanced to the west. During this time I was constantly in latitude a little above 29°. On the sixth at noon, I found the latitude as nearly as it could be fixed 28°. 40″. Here I was obliged

by various causes, and indeed thought it reasonable, to relinquish the pursuit; as there could be but small prospect of finding any thing more to the west. From hence I went north to the plain of Gegabib, famous for its dates; not far from which I found a salt lake with a small island in the middle of it, on which are some remains of rude buildings. Hence again due south, crossing my first route and advancing eastward by one a little more south, with a view to the temple, in twenty-two days more I arrived at Alexandria. To the west of Siwa, the country I passed through consisted only of broken lofty rocks of sand-stone with intervals of soft and drifted sand; nor could the Arabs inform me of any other appearance for the space of many days' journey.

At Siwa (whose latitude I found to be 29. 12. north, and longitude 44. 54. east, or nearly so) soon after my arrival I was told there existed some ruins at about a mile distance. You will judge that I was anxious to see them; and, having vanquished the prejudices of one of the people by bribery, I was at length led to a ruin which has formerly constituted rather a magnificent apartment: whether a temple or otherwise I shall not affirm, though some circumstances lead me to conjecture that it has been dedicated to that use. Three of the four walls are standing from the roof, which has originally consisted of six large stones: only one is displaced. It has now thirty-two feet of length, about eighteen of height, and fifteen of breadth. Sculpture is found both internally and externally. The external is greatly defaced; but

of that withinside enough remains to discern three rows of figures, one over the other. Many of the figures are similar to those which form the Egyptian sculptures, Isis, Anubis, &c. I think I could discern two figures with the head of a ram; but I will not positively affirm, as they were both much injured. The same cause which creates this diffidence, operated to prevent my taking an exact view on the spot. I took two from memory immediately afterwards, which there is reason to believe are accurate; but the sculpture it was impossible to design in so short a time as was allowed me to remain there. The same cause prevented me from exploring the neighborhood; so that I was compelled to trust to the report of my guide, who assured me that there were no more ruins to be seen. I think the contrary probable; but none certainly appear near the building. The species of stone used, almost exactly resembles that employed on the outside of the pyramids. The only ancient building, exclusively of this, which I was able to discern in the neighborhood of Siwa, was a small Doric temple nearly six miles north-west of it. There has been no inscription, or it is obliterated; but the proportions are those of the best age of architecture, though the materials are ordinary. It was not till I had searched and inquired in vain for ruins to the west of Siwa, that I began to suspect the celebrated Oasis which contained the temple might be no other than the little territory of Siwa itself.

The corresponding circumstances are strongly

in favor of this conjecture; and there are but two that strike me as diminishing their force. The one is, that it is situated rather less to the south-west than geographers have supposed: the other, that more ruins are not to be found. If, however, it be certain that the ancients knew only two places by the name of Oasis (the greater and the less), I think the matter may be considered as nearly decided; since Elwah was one of them, and is a place still well known. The corresponding circumstances are, that the dominions of Siwa form an island in the midst of the desert of about six miles in length and four or five in breadth; that this island is very fertile, producing a number of fruit-trees; among which, exclusive of the date-trees, whose product is the staple commodity of the Siwese, are found the olive, the apricot, the pomegranate, and the fig. Corn grows well, wherever sown; and good water is found rising in several places, though there are also springs of salt. One of the first mentioned springs, which is tepid, rises near the small building that I have described; and it is currently reported of it by the inhabitants, that it is sometimes warm and sometimes cold, an observation exactly corresponding with the narratives relating to the temple, but which I attained the knowledge of previously to making any inquiry after a spring. There are two hills, or more properly rocks, close to Siwa, which are full of catacombs, cut without much regularity, but sufficiently spacious: in them are found no mummies, but a large number of bones, which have evidently undergone the opera-

tion of fire. The distance between Siwa and Derna on the coast, is estimated at fourteen days' journey: that between it and Cairo at twelve: and that between it and Elwah, which last is about five days from ancient Thebes, at twelve days. The hostile disposition which the inhabitants manifested towards me, and my ignorance of the language, prevented me from gaining all the information which might otherwise have been obtained. I did not find any tradition among them concerning the place of their residence or their own origin. But this does not appear to me extraordinary; as the Ammonites have long ceased to have a separate existence, and the present race are partly of Arab original, if their features and manners may be depended on, and by their language seem partly to have come from the westward: but this is surmise, and must not be highly valued. I found the journey a very expensive one, having been obliged to retain eight camels and as many Arabs, together with a couple of horses, to which are to be added a number of presents. I was considerably incommoded by a fever and a dysentery for fifteen days before my return to Alexandria; so that I found myself in a weak state. But, leaving nature to do her own work, it was but a short time before my strength returned to me.

The present state of Egypt is deplorable. Corn is about eight times the usual price, and other provisions in proportion; so that famine may even now be said to reign here, and multitudes of starving wretches in the streets hourly proclaim

its horrors. The government is weaker and less effective than former ones, as well as more expensive and oppressive. To the former of its qualities we owe that the Arabs plunder and put to death with impunity even to the gates of Cairo: to the latter, a ferocity that is the effect of despair in the people under its rod. I need not add that these circumstances augment the difficulties of travelling; nor are those difficulties diminished by the absurd profusion of several travellers who have preceded me, which has raised the expense of every trifling excursion to ten times what it was within eighteen or twenty years. Of the Europeans here I can say nothing to their advantage. If the Turks are liars, these are more shameless liars: if the Turks are slaves, these are more despicable slaves. Of assistance or information, though bringing with me strong recommendations, none have I yet received from them, and little do I expect. You are not, however, to suppose that I make this representation as an excuse for having abandoned my purpose. I still hope to pass the boundaries of Upper Egypt, and shall leave this place as soon as the increase of the Nile shall facilitate the passage. But my paper is now almost exhausted, and I shall already have made a trial of your patience. A merciful man will, however, make some allowances for the epidemical stupidity of Cairo, and its corrupt and unelastic atmosphere.

It is scarcely probable that I shall be able to send a letter to Europe till after my return from the south; which, if it be found possible to enter

Abyssinia, must be rather a distant event. Yet my solicitude as to the opinion of those who are judges of the subject respecting the site of the Temple, will not be remitted. I desire the severest sentence that yourself and those to whom you may think proper to communicate the matter, can deliver.

The means of gratifying my wishes will be by forwarding a letter to Smyrna in the space of about a year. The direction will be to Messrs. Lee, merchants at that place; and you must not forget to give me a full account of yourself: nothing will render me more happy than to find it a favorable one.

THE BISHOP OF DROMORE TO MR. PINKERTON.

London, July 28th, 1792.

It is so difficult, not to say impossible, for one person to decide for another without hearing his reasons, that I submit without reply to what you say in your letter respecting your own sense of the measure once intended, and to the fate of the paper, which yet, for its own intrinsic merit, I cannot but regret. But for the same reason you must excuse me, if I entertain a different opinion of what is proper or necessary for myself; and against the expedient you suggest I have my particular reasons; one of which is, that I am now convinced, that this was the very end to

which Mr. Ritson has been driving, (whom wanton outrage and unprovoked insult cost nothing,) viz. to compel me to lay my manuscript in some place for public inspection, where he might examine and collate it (possibly extract some of the smaller articles) without being at all obliged to me; or, by his subsequent inquisitorial search, find pretences to justify his antecedent injurious charges and insinuations. I could point out one particular *word* in my old manuscript, to obtain a sight of which he would not scruple to violate every feeling of humanity and decency. But he shall be disappointed: the manuscript shall never be exposed to his sight in my life-time; and, as I have no other resource, I hope yet to procure some respectable friendly name, that may be generously interposed as a shield, before one whom the assailant knows to be incapable, from the peculiarities of his situation, of self-defence. Though I despair of getting any name subscribed to a paper so spirited, and in all respects so happy, as what* you had sketched out. Yet there was one word in it, which Mr. Ritson would have made foundation of a new injurious charge, and that occasioned me to trouble you the last time.

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* Mr. Pinkerton has not preserved among his correspondence any copy of the paper here alluded to; and I regret to say that I have failed in my endeavor to obtain it from the possessor of Dr. Percy's Mss. The bishop, at the time when he wrote this letter, was smarting under the severe attack of Mr. Ritson, in his *Observations on the Ancient English Minstrels*, p. xix, &c. prefixed to his *Ancient Songs from the Time of King Henry III. to the Revolution*, then just published.

The very great pleasure I ever felt in complying with any request of yours, is the only excuse I can offer for the intrusions of which I have lately been guilty, and which I hope you will pardon.

THE EARL OF ORFORD TO MR. PINKERTON.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 27th, 1792.

I am exceedingly flattered by your kind attention to Miss Berry; and I assure you she is so too, though she will not allow that she has any title to such a distinction, and to so valuable a present. The acquaintance, I hope, will increase; and I have full confidence that both will mutually be convinced that I have not exaggerated a tittle in what I have respectively said to you of each other; and it shall not be my fault if you have not frequent opportunities of putting my assertions to the test. I shall be too great a gainer myself by making the experiment; as I trust it will be executed here, and that you will give me leave to summon you as soon as I have received one or two companies that I have engaged to come to me for a few days.

Many thanks for the medal. Do not trouble yourself about the other: I have got one which has been sent to me by a person of whom Kirgate had inquired where it was to be had.

MR. PINKERTON TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

Jan. 29th, 1793.

I have been so exceedingly occupied with domestic and literary affairs for these some months past, that I have almost omitted all epistolary correspondence. But I must no longer delay to inform your lordship, of whose favors I shall ever retain a grateful remembrance, that my three volumes of Scotish Poetry, dedicated to your lordship, were published last month. I am at a loss how to forward a copy: else I would have sent one long ago; and I await your directions in this.

Amid the distractions of modern politics I hope your lordship continues your literary pursuits. Your lives of Fletcher and Thomson I have read with great pleasure and instruction. If you can spare a leisure hour, I should be very happy to have a few lines on the present state of literature and politics in Scotland.

I know not if Mr. de Cardonnel be in Scotland or not. I called repeatedly at the Heralds' office about a business he recommended to me, but never found the person he mentioned. I did not write to Mr. de Cardonnel; because I had done nothing, and he had given me to understand that he was about to leave Scotland for a season. This I mention, that, if he be offended, your lordship may have the goodness to intercede for me, as I

have been obliged to him and should be sorry to appear ungrateful.

I am in London for a month or two; and my address is No. 120, Tottenham Court Road.

I have spoken to Mr. Nichols, who seems cold in the business of Scotish portraits, as he has many schemes on hand, to return the drawing of Alexander III.

MR. DAVIDSON TO MR. PINKERTON.

Feb. 13th, 1793.

I had your favor of the 29th ult. and am in daily expectation of getting your last publication, which the booksellers here tell me is on the road. A new book of Scotish poems published by you, promises me the *utile* and the *dulce* conjoined; which is a treasure to one of my age, confined much with a disease, often teasing, and sometimes torturing, as I have found the stone to be.

I observe well what you write about our old laws; but, except the copy of those of Robert the Bruce, I know of no authentic copies of those preceding James I. Messrs. Robertson, who keep the records here, think Skene has mistaken a copy in the record-house, which seems not at all authentic, for an original of those of Robert III.; which may have been the case, as he was not very accurate.

I observe with pleasure that you have found in a contemporary manuscript the laws of Robert II. and III. If these are different from what Skene has published, and you are pleased to favor me with them, I would publish them, merely to preserve them, and let the world know from whom they came. But the scraps in the *Regiam Majestatem*, different from Glanvill, do not strike me as authentic; and there seems not enough in the whole for a book. By the by, Lord Frederick Campbell has it in view, as I understand, to have a new edition of the whole Scotish acts published from the records. But the records contain none prior to October 9th, 1466. My worthy friend, Sir David Dalrymple, proposed to show me some things about our ancient laws and old manuscripts, &c. But, when I saw him at New Hailes, he was unwell and distressed with sore eyes, so he could not search for them; and I doubt now if I may find them easily, when I go to see his family: it will be therefore obliging if you will communicate to me your and his ideas about them.

I remember many years ago to have seen in the Paper-office, a manuscript with the dates or prefixes of some old Scotish statutes; but I think it contained none of the statutes themselves.

MR. W. G. BROWNE TO MR. PINKERTON.

Cairo, April 18th, 1793.

It is now not far short of nine months since I addressed to you a lame account of my attempt to discover the Temple of Jupiter. Part of that interval has been employed by me in surveying what remains of Egyptian antiquities between Cairo and the first cataract. Desirous as I was to make my observations perfectly at leisure, I should willingly have occupied there a much longer time, had I not, from a combination of circumstances, found it impossible. I have since passed from Kenné to Cossir, have taken a view of the vicinity of the lake Mœris, and am now just returned from following the Israelites in Arabia Petrea; but without any design to enter into a disquisition relative to their miraculous passage through the sea. I was exceedingly anxious to trace what remains of the canal which united the Nile with the Red Sea; but, on my return from Arabia, when I proposed to myself to take that route, my expectations were frustrated by the unaccountable obstinacy and lying spirit of the Arabs, which all my efforts were unable to counteract. Should I be destined to return hither, another attempt shall be made. Thus, having in part completed since my return what previously to my departure I had been unable to accomplish, my protracted stay in Egypt is not an unqualified evil. I call it protracted, because, when at Assouan, I had endeavored to proceed to the south-

ward; but found it impracticable, being unable to procure camels or any kind of assistance, and a war at the time subsisting between the exiled beys and the governor of *Ibrim*. I therefore returned hither, to wait the departure of some slave merchants who frequent *Sennaar*, by accompanying whom I have hopes of going farther towards the accomplishment of my wishes than I should be able to do in any other way. For more particulars I refer you to a future opportunity.

You will probably have heard the report of my being cut off at Kous; but I hope you will also have received the contradiction of it, and at an early period. Such an event indeed, in the present state of the country, there was some reason to expect; and two Greeks, travelling with some little merchandise, were decapitated by the cachif of that place, but a few days before my arrival there. The obstacles which occurred to me were confined to words only, and exchanging a few shots with the Arabs. We have here a copious supply of European news; yet I am truly ignorant of the state of affairs in that quarter. People in this region relate their dreams for authentic intelligence; and all their dreams issue from the ivory gate. All I know is, that the English King and the Convention of France are at war with each other; and that Louis XVI. was decollated. I doubt not the French nation had reasons sufficiently strong for what they have done, but must forbear discourse on politics. They are, it is said, prosecuting furiously for libels; and, as a private letter has once been held libellous, I must con-

sider the *vestigia sursùm ducentia*, previously to incurring the penalty. The only alteration the French here have experienced, is the liberty of divorce, of which they make pretty free use.

In the interval which remained unoccupied by positive motion, I have been studious to gain the good graces of a celebrated Arabian beauty. The sex in this country is not remarkable for excessive coyness; but whether it be, that, as already observed, my suit has been renewed only at intervals, or that my cold hyperborean constitution is incapable of that ardent affection which a female so near the tropic might desire, my success has not been exactly equal to my hopes. Yet, as women are instructed to secure attachment by reserve, the want of facility in my mistress increases my perseverance. That your judgment may no longer waver as to my character for continence, this female is no other than *Lingua Arabica*.

Since my return from Upper Egypt, I have more than once had it in contemplation, when my voyage in Africa should be completed, to proceed to the peninsula of India, with a view of comparing the state of manners, remains of antiquity, &c. &c. in that country with those of Egypt; and, if possible, either in going or returning, to pass through Persia. But my progress here is so slow, that I fear it will be impossible for me to devote so much time as would be necessary to the accomplishment of that design, without either giving up my voyage in Greece, which I cannot consent to do, or neglecting my affairs in

England, which, after a long absence, will require my superintendence. Add to which, in that part of the world I should again find myself a novice as to the language; and the society there instituted have means of information so superior to those of a private traveller, that the latter could not expect to do much. If, however, there are any questions relative to manners, geography, natural history, or antiquities, which you wish to have an answer to, a friend of mine, who is in the military line, is lately gone to reside there, who has desired me to furnish him with topics of inquiry, with a promise of using care and diligence in the solution of them. Believing him a man to be depended upon, and not thinking contemptuously of his understanding, though not a professed scholar, if there be any thing you wish to know, and your other avocations permit you to think of it, be kind enough to send me your communication, and I will take care that it shall reach its destination. I have myself too little information on the subject to be in a road to get more; not possessing (as Johnson says of himself in one of his letters to Hastings,) skill to ask proper questions, at least in this remote corner, equally destitute of the assistance of books and men.

In my last, which I hope you have received, I petitioned for a line from you to tell me what you thought of my Ammonian expedition. I then mentioned the period of a year and the place of direction, Smyrna; but believe that if you write early in 1794, and direct for Alexandria, where I must return, your letter will find me sooner. You

will secure its passage by sending it to Mr. Boylston of Bernard's Inn, or Messrs. Lee, Broad-street.

Nothing has happened here which can in any way excite your attention. The plague has not yet reached us; but famine has, during the last year, made great ravages, nor is its force yet mitigated. A double government, that of two beys with equal power, each seeking the other's destruction, serves, by its increased expenses and multiplied oppressions, to call to the mind of the aged the happiness they enjoyed under Ali Bey. Yet few complaints are uttered, and no resistance meditated: the patience this of the philosopher, or of the ass? Our haranguers for peace and stability of government (or rather constitution) should come and live under that of Egypt. That constitution must have some stability which the Turkish conquerors found it impracticable in any great degree to alter; and *that* cannot be otherwise than peaceable in which scarcely any disturbance lasts three days: in which the fall of the first bey is attended with as little popular commotion, or even popular thought, as that of a butcher or baker who uses false weights.

Pardon me for this sheet of nonsense. I am lodged just over the fetid canal of Cairo, which is now stinking in all its glory; and you know foul air is not more favorable to the brain than to the lungs. What I have now written is a proof of it; but I will not mar by trying to mend.

MR. PINKERTON TO MR. GIBBON.*

London, July 23rd, 1793.

I hope you will pardon this intrusion, after our appointment at Mr. Nichols', which I was very sorry the extreme heat of the day constrained you to defer; as it would have given me the greatest of pleasures to have been known to you. Indeed I have expressed upon many occasions, that I regarded you as the first of living authors; and

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* The letter here printed from Mr. Pinkerton to Mr. Gibbon is entirely copied from Lord Sheffield's publication of *Mr. Gibbon's Miscellaneous Works*, vol. iii. p. 670. In the same publication, the greater part of the next letter has already appeared. To them is subjoined the following note:—"It was Mr. Pinkerton's *Inquiry into the History of Scotland*, a book always mentioned by Mr. Gibbon with applause, which induced him to apply to its author to undertake the publication of this great national design, first formed by our eminent historian. Some of the objections in this letter were overcome: it was agreed that Mr. Cadell, if he chose, should be nominated publisher, &c. The final arrangement was, that Mr. Pinkerton's name should appear in the title-page as sole editor; but, that Mr. Gibbon should write a general preface to the work, and a particular preface to each volume, containing a review of the history and historians of each epoch: for which purpose, on his return to Lausanne, he was to peruse all the ancient English historians in a chronological course, a labor which he mentioned with pleasure as the last and most favorable occupation of his life—so vain are human hopes! Mr. Gibbon also agreed to write the prospectus, and to allow it to appear with his name; but he died on the day appointed for its publication; and with him all views of success in a design of such magnitude, which it was doubtful if even his name and co-operation could have carried into effect."

perhaps the only one in the world who has united genius, erudition, philosophy, eloquence– all in the most consummate degree. After this, you may judge how severe the disappointment was to me; and, as I hear that you will not be in town for some time, I hope you will forgive my impatience in writing to you.

It gave me extreme satisfaction to learn the proposed scheme of publishing our ancient historians, under the auspices of the greatest of modern historians, and whose name alone would insure success to the work, and occasion the revival of an important study, too much and too long neglected, in this otherwise scientific country. Your favorable mention of me as reviser, flattered me much, for "*magnum laudari a laudatis.*"

I should not only exert all my industry in collating manuscripts, revising the press, &c. but should execute my labors *con amore*, as on the favorite object of long pursuit; but all this would be nothing without your name, which is a tower of strength; and, as Mr. Nichols expressed his hope that you would consent to give your advice as to the authors employed and other important points, so he and I warmly join (and I hear the literary voice of present and future nations accord with ours,) in the request that you will allow your name to appear as superintending the work, or as the Latin, I believe, would express it, *curante*, &c. It is also hoped that you will spare a few hours to clothe the prospectus, upon which much depends, with your powerful eloquence, which, like a coat of mail, unites the greatest splendor with the

greatest strength. If you consent to this, as Mr. Nichols wishes that no time may be lost, I shall begin to prepare materials for the prospectus, and send them to you when convenience suits. This will be the more easy, as in the year 1788 I published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* twelve "Letters to the people of Great Britain, on the cultivation of their national history," pointing out the deficiencies in this line of study. Among others, I mentioned that in the Saxon Chronicle not less than fifty pages may be found in manuscripts in the Museum, which are wanting in Gibson's edition, a book consisting of only 244 pages.

But I must repeat that all our hopes of success depend on your name alone. I humbly request that you will let me know your sentiments on the occasion at your convenience.

MR. GIBBON TO MR. PINKERTON.

July 25th, 1793.

It gave me real concern that on last Tuesday se'nnight, the day appointed for our interview, I was not able, as I had forewarned Mr. Nichols to return in due time from Twickenham to town; and, when I arrived about three o'clock, I was indeed in such a state of mental and corporeal dissolution as would have rendered me very unfit

for any literary conversation. On my first visit to London, we shall easily repair what I will presume to style our common loss. In the mean while, I cannot lose a moment in thanking you for your obliging letter of the 23rd instant: I feel all the weight of your testimony, all the value of your praise; and I feel it the more strongly, as it proceeds from a writer whose acute mind has been long exercised in criticism, and whose independent spirit has never been lavish of applause.

On the principal subject of your letter, I shall explain myself with the frankness becoming your character and my own. Above twelve years ago, in a note to the third volume of my History, I expressed the surprise and shame which I had long entertained, that, after the example and success of the other countries of Europe, England alone, with such superior materials, should not have yet formed a collection of her original historians. I still persevere in the same sentiments, which I repeated in my last conversation with Mr. Nichols, in the full confidence that the work would be acceptable to the public, and honorable to all the persons at whose expense or by whose labor it should be executed. I might doubt whether any single editor, however learned or laborious, could perform a task of such magnitude and variety with sufficient dispatch to satisfy the impatience of the world: yet I am not much a friend to republics of any kind; nor, in the choice of a sole or chief artist, do I know of any one so well qualified as yourself, by your previous studies, your love of historic truth, your Herculean

industry, and the vigorous energies of your mind and character. The best judges must have acknowledged your merit; and your rising fame will gradually extinguish the early prejudices and personal animosities which you have been, perhaps, too careless of provoking.

Thinking as I do, and called upon in so pressing and particular a manner by yourself and Mr. Nichols, it is incumbent on me to explain, for how much I can undertake. I will embrace every opportunity, both public and private, of declaring my approbation of the work, and my esteem for the editor. I shall be always ready to assist at your secret committee, to offer my advice with regard to the choice and arrangement of your materials, and to join with you in forming a general outline of the plan. If you proceed in drawing up a prospectus, I will consider it with my best attention, nor shall I be averse to the crowning your solid edifice with something of an ornamental frieze. When the subscription is proposed, I shall underwrite my name for at least six copies; and I trust that a large contribution from a moderate fortune will be received as a sincere and unequivocal mark of approbation. But you seem to wish for somewhat more; the public use of my name, as curator or superintendant of the work; and on this delicate and ambiguous point you must allow me to pause. My name (qualecunque sit) I could not lend with fairness to the public or credit to myself, without engaging much farther than I am either able or willing to do. Our old English historians have never been

the professed object of my studies: my literary occupations, or rather amusements, lead me into a very distant path; and my speedy return to the continent (next spring at the latest) will preclude all opportunities of regular inspection or frequent correspondence. There is besides another difficulty, of which Mr. Nichols will be sensible, and which arises from a long and satisfactory connexion with my friend and bookseller, Mr. Cadell.

I shall have the pleasure of seeing you in town next month, or at the latest in September; nor do I conceive that in an enterprise of some years, the delay of a few weeks can be of any importance. Indeed I am of opinion that if the work, as I hope and trust, should proceed, a previous and private application should be made to the King, &c., and that no proposals should be offered to the public at large, till they were supported by the judgment and liberality of the most respectable characters in the country.

I should be happy to hear from you, if any ideas should occur to you concerning the common subject of our wishes.

MR. PINKERTON TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

Hampstead, Sept. 23rd, 1793.

I have a thousand pardons to beg for an interruption of correspondence, owing partly to many

literary avocations, partly to bad health, partly to domestic disquiets, which have forced me to change my former mode of life, and to enter into the holy state of matrimony: I should look upon myself as ungrateful, if I were deficient, in any respect, to your lordship, from whom I have received so many favors. I would write to your lordship oftener, but you forget to mention how your letters are franked; and, as I am at some distance from town, I cannot always get at franks. This very want of a fixed address to your lordship, and my aversion to subject my trifles to the expense of postage, sometimes influence my indolence.

I shall be glad to know how our Scotish literature proceeds amid these turbulent times. To important literary works there seems a pause here at present.

Mr. Gibbon is now here till spring. He has done me the honor to enter into a correspondence with me concerning a great literary design, not yet fit to be disclosed. Of my History of Scotland about a quarter is finished; and I expect to conclude in two or three years. The work will be very new and different from the former, on account of great additional matter discovered in almost every reign. The style I pay great attention to; but I study the ancient simplicity of narrative, mingled, I trust, with some degree of grandeur and grace, more than the modern turgidity. Lord Orford, who has read what I have done, is highly pleased: to Bishop Percy I read a part; and he expressed great satisfaction at the

historical painting and animation, which are points I have always in view in describing great events. I am sorry to find that Dr. Anderson's *Bee* is little encouraged in Scotland. It is a work of merit.

THE EARL OF ORFORD TO MR. PINKERTON.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 25th, 1793.

I believe I did see the Bishop of Salisbury * a great many years ago, but had not the smallest acquaintance with him, even by words; and it is so long since, that I do not believe I should recollect him, were we to meet, which is not likely, as I go so little any where, and therefore it is quite out of my power to assist you in consulting him. Indeed, Sir, I am a most infirm and almost worn-out old man, fit for nothing. I have been very ill

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* John Douglas, D.D. made Bishop of Salisbury in 1791, one of the most eminent scholars and critics of the day, and sure to live, long after his detections of Lauder and Bowyer and his pamphlets in favor of the administration are forgotten, as the friend of Goldsmith, commemorated in the following lines:—

" Here Douglas retires, from his toils to relax,
" The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks:
" Come all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
" Come and dance on the spot, where your tyrant reclines:
" When Satire and Censure encircled his throne,
" I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own;
" But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
" Our Dodds shall be pious, our Kenricks shall lecture;
" Macpherson write bombast and call it a style,
" Our Townshend make speeches, and I shall compile."

with the gout, as you heard, and voided, from a finger of the right hand, with which, however, as you see, I can still write, though very slowly, a chalk-stone that literally weighs four grains and a half; and I have others near coming forth: the other hand and arm too are gouty all over. One cannot expect health and strength, if one will live to seventy-six. I do not complain of a natural lot; and I only mention these circumstances, as the causes of my little connexion with the world. If decrepitude exposes itself, it must be laughed at or pitied; and neither is pleasant.

SIR JOSEPH BANKS TO MR. PINKERTON.

Soho Square, Dec. 8th, 1793.

Nothing can, in my opinion, be more honorable to a man who has any pretensions to literature, than being allowed to enrol himself as an early approver of the valuable undertaking you have in view: it is surely a disgrace to this country not to have a regular edition of its early historians: our literary progress as a nation is in that point materially behind hand. To you, Sir, and my friend Gibbon, who busy yourselves in an attempt to rescue us from the reproach of having neglected our early history, not thanks only, but all possible assistance and encouragement are surely due from those who cultivate letters in every shape.

By the tenor of yours it seems probable that

you have received a letter from Mr. Browne since you were so good as to communicate to me; the last of which was, if I recollect right, dated April 18th last: if you have, the favor of a sight of it will be a great indulgence.

A Mr. Baldwin, who met Mr. Browne in Egypt, and was favored by him with a copy of his drawing of the Sacellum he met with near Siwa, will exhibit that and many other drawings collected by him in the East, at Sir Charles Blagden's, Upper Brook Street, No. 47, on Wednesday next, at twelve o'clock. Sir Charles has desired me to say to you, that he will be happy to see you, if your curiosity should lead you to meet Mr. Baldwin at his house.

MR. ASTLE TO MR PINKERTON.

Battersea Rise, Dec. 10th, 1793.

I thank you for acquainting me with Mr. Gibbon's gigantic plan.—I agree with him in opinion that you are the most proper person in England to execute it; and you may depend on my best services; but the undertaking will be so expensive, that it ought to be well considered: thirty and fifty guineas are large sums; and in my opinion the subscription will not equal the expense.

Had you not better print such of the English historians as have not yet been published? I can mention several: this would be a work of moderate expense.

I will think of what you mention respecting the British Museum. Where can I find Mr. Gibbon? Pray tell him I have procured for the British Museum a complete copy of the *Acta Sanctorum*.

MR. SIBBALD* TO MR. PINKERTON.

Edinburgh, Dec. 1793.

I duly received your esteemed and very obliging favor, and immediately put a copy of the list, together with your second vol. of the Maitland, into the hands of a person well qualified to inspect the Bannatyne manuscript. After he had been for some time thus employed, to my great surprise, he received an order to desist, until a *formal* order should be obtained; and this order has not yet been got.

I have not been able to procure Colyear nor Forbes; but I have *seen* the latter, which is in the hands of a lady who will not part with it. I understand there is also a copy of it in the possession of John Trotter, Esq. of Morton Hall. I dare say you have seen the book:—in case you have not, I shall give you some idea of the contents.—It is a small 4to, printed by Forbes, printer

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* Mr. James Sibbald, bookseller in Edinburgh, published the *Chronicle of Scottish Poetry from the thirteenth century to the Union of the Crowns, with a Glossary*, 1802, 2 vols. 8vo, and died soon after its publication.

at Aberdeen—contains fifty-five "cantos, songs, and fancies, and thirteen Italian and *new* English ayres." The fifty-five seem also almost entirely English, at least I never saw any of them in a Scotish song-book of this century, save three or four. "The gowans are gay;" "You minor beauties of the night;" "She is the fairest of her days;" "Over the mountains and under the caves;" and "Now is the month of Maying;" and none of these can properly be said to belong to the Scotish muse. The last is the same air as the chorus—"Come now for mirth and playing." "Remember, O! thou man," is unquestionably the root of "God save the King."

The finest air in the collection is,

"When father Adam first did flee,
"From presence of the Lord his face,
"The cloaths was short, scarce coverit his knee,
"The great God cry'd, and held him in chace.
"'Stay, Adam, stay, Adam,' saith the Lord,
"'Where art thou, Adam? turn thee and stay,'" &c.

(Consists of five stanzas. It is a rich melody; no bass.)

I should be glad to hear that this is not in the old English music-books:—it would do honor to Scotland. You can easily learn.

Good airs are also, "Like as the lark within the Marleon's foot;" "Joy to the person of my love;" "When May is in her prime;" "White as lilies was her face;" "There is a thing that much is used." The Italian are all by Castoldi. The *new* English by Henry Lewis, Simon Ives, William Webb, John Savile, and Dr. Wilson. Not a word of *Scotish* music in his long

fulsome dedication to the Magistrates of *Bon Accord*, as he styles Aberdeen, from its motto.

I have some thoughts of being in London in a few weeks, and shall endeavor to have it with me if you have not happened to see it. I shall then also have a proof sheet of *Christ's Kirk*, which, with your aid, should now be the standard edition. Some of the passages are very difficult, particularly the personage Towsie, Dowsie, Dowie, Downie; certainly all the same *woman*. Mr. Tytler is not completely *literatim*, nor even verbatim. Why did he leave out the important word "hir," in "They partit hir manly," &c.?—"Herdsmen," instead of "Heidsmen," a common term. "Yowder" for "yoldin," &c. It would be easy to fill up the blanks * * * in your Bannatyne list. In the "twa cummers," I see Bannatyne has "Ash. Wed." quite plain: in another place, "cunno" instead of "curro."

If a complete copy of the various readings of "King's quair" could be procured, it might be reprinted in this volume; although Mr. Tytler seems not fond of so doing. By the by, this poem can hardly be written by the author of *Christ's Kirk* and *Pebles;* or if so, the language of a more early date must have been affected; and yet it does not look like an affected style.

Does not Burel's description of the entry of the Queen (in Watson) deserve a place? It is curious, and so is his (I suppose) Diary in the Edinburgh Magazine, about 1785 or 86. I forget if he is not there called Peter, not having the volume by me.

If the *fine* airs of Forbes are not commonly known in England, I shall cause Johnson to put them into his museum; and Clarke will do so likewise; or I shall make some other use of them.

You'll easily learn from the first lines whether they are known or not. I should be very happy to hear from you when convenient.

MR. BUTLER* TO MR. PINKERTON.

Dec. 23rd, 1793.

It will certainly give me the greatest pleasure to be useful to you in the prosecution of the great work in question. Since I had the honor of meeting you at Mr. Dilly's, I have heard it frequently mentioned in conversation; and the manner in which it is mentioned makes me very much doubt, whether the literary curiosity of the public is sufficient to support so great an undertaking. There were many circumstances attending the publication of such works in France, which almost insured their success. In any case where such a performance was the work of a member of any religious order, every religious house of his order was expected to purchase it; and, if it acquired any considerable share of reputation, it was pur-

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* Charles Butler, Esq., author of the *Horæ Biblicæ*, &c. &c. &c., who, happily for his friends and for literature, and the world, still lives.

chased by the religious houses of the same order in other countries. Besides this, the number of public libraries was inconceivable; and the individuals who possessed extensive collections were much more numerous there than they are in England. Most gentlemen who are addicted to the study of the antiquities of their own country are already in possession of most of the writers of which the collection in question will be composed; and they will hardly be induced to pay the large sum required, merely to have those which are wanting to complete their sets. I state these difficulties, to call your attention to two circumstances:—the first, that government should be solicited to advance a sum of money towards the expense of the publication: of this there are many precedents. The second, that, if the publication should be found too hazardous for an individual to engage in, it might deserve consideration, whether a collection of a different kind would not be more favorably received: I mean, a collection of such writers as are out of print, or not easily obtained, preceded by a catalogue *raisonné* of them all, and a publication of extracts taken from foreign authors of such passages in their works as relate to our history. It has often occurred to me that a work of this nature is greatly wanted, and would, in all probability, be much favored by the public.

The only copy I believe to exist in England, of the collection of Bollandus and his continuators, belongs to Mr. Wild of Lulworth Castle, in Dorsetshire. I incline to think he would not lend it

out of his hands for any time; but, if you think proper, I will apply for it. In that case, you must write me a letter, signifying the use you have for it, and the time you wish to keep it. I applied to a friend of mine to purchase it for me at Brussels, if it came within a certain price. He informs me it is to be purchased for about 40*l.*, and that it formerly sold for double that sum. There are two other works you will find useful—the *Gallia Christiana* of St. Marthe, and the *Acta Sanctorum Ordinis Sancti Benedicti*, by Mabillon. I need not mention to you Prynne's famous collection, which, with regard to the ecclesiastical history of this country, is invaluable. The last copy on sale was sold to the Duke of Grafton for thirty-five guineas. The only copy I have seen belongs to the Lansdown library; and the Marquis permitted me to keep it above a twelvemonth.

I am ashamed to trouble you with so long a letter. I have only to add, that I hope you will command my services on all occasions.

MR. PINKERTON TO MR. NICHOLS.*

Hampstead, Jan. 20th, 1794.

As in your obituary you may have occasion to mention Mr. Gibbon, I beg leave to state a few

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* This letter is printed in *Nichols' Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century.*

matters, in order to prevent misrepresentation or mistake. I need hardly say that this letter is meant to be extracted in the third person, and not published, nor your authority mentioned.

Mr. Gibbon died of a dropsy, with which, and a rupture, he had been long troubled. What was good for the one disease, was bad for the other; and he had often been tapped in vain. His spirits and talents remained in great vigour, notwithstanding his disease.

In July last he was pleased to call me in, (then a stranger to him,) in the most flattering terms, as his coadjutor in a design he meditated of publishing all the early English historians, in ten or twelve volumes folio. After many conversations, the prospectus was to be prepared by Mr. Gibbon, and published by the 20th of this month. It is hoped it is among his papers, and may be published.

He has often told me that this was the only plan he meditated since closing his history; so that the reports concerning his literary occupations were fallacious.

I never hoped for success in a design which government alone could carry into execution. It was solely his own project, and has expired with him.

MR. PINKERTON TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

Hampstead, Jan. 30th, 1794.

Mr. Sibbald, bookseller in Edinburgh, is reprinting the *Evergreen*, and wishes to insert some unpublished pieces from the Bannatyne manuscript in the Advocates' Library. As he has met with some difficulty, I am induced, by your lordship's zeal for our literature, to petition that the goodness you showed to me on similar occasions may be extended to him.

Your lordship's letters gave me great pleasure; and I am happy that my dedicatory letter was, as I wished, accepted as a sincere monument of gratitude. The research concerning the date of James II. will be of infinite service to me, and gratefully acknowledged.

My "*History of Scotland, from the earliest accounts to the death of James V.*" is in great forwardness, and within two years may be ready for publication; but, if this wild war continue, it will be no season to publish books.

MR. PINKERTON TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

Hampstead, April 5th, 1794.

I am highly indebted to your lordship for your two last letters of the 16th and 30th ult.

For your wishes to assist Mr. Sibbald I return my best thanks. Your Essay on the life and writings

of Copernicus will, I doubt not, do you great honor.

As to the decoration of my history with genuine portraits, I shall certainly recommend this object to the bookseller, and am much obliged to your lordship for the various information you have given me on this matter, which I shall gratefully mention. In about two years my book will be ready for the press; but, if the war and consequent want of cash and commerce continue, it will not be advisable to publish so large a work even then. It will form two volumes 4to, and extends from the earliest records to the death of James V. Hardly is there a reign of which I have not discovered new records and facts: even the period illustrated by the accurate hand of Lord Hailes I shall be able considerably to improve. Your lordship will hardly believe the chronological defects of our history, from the accession of the Stuarts to 1542. They are indeed incredible; and I have sometimes been tempted to believe that our Lindsays, Lesleys, and Buchanans, did not know that chronology is an essential part of history; it being vain to detail facts without their proper order, as in this case they become fabulous in respect to motives and circumstances. The labor I have bestowed in the chronology from 1370 to 1542, has been extreme; and often have I found letters, charters, and other records move events from one to ten years sooner or later than the dates assigned by our writers. My reign of James V. is, in particular, a great curiosity, being almost entirely detailed from the original letters of the

actors. He was certainly, even when tried in this crucible, a great prince; and an intimate acquaintance with the Stuarts will leave a favorable impression of them all, except James III.

My good friend, Gibbon, is dead; and his plan has perished with him. It was, to reprint, in about 12 folio volumes, all the early English historians preceding the year 1500. He had, in the most flattering manner, sought my acquaintance on the occasion, and made over the entire management to me. He was, however, to prepare a prospectus, and to write prefaces to the several volumes. I doubted its success, even with his name. Lord Sheffield intends, I hear, to print the prospectus, for which I furnished the materials: if so, I shall send your lordship a copy. The periodical prints have, as usual, erred widely in mentioning this great design, which some of them even suppose to have originated with me. It was solely Mr. Gibbon's; and it was my Inquiry into the History of Scotland which recommended me to him as the most proper editor. Of that book he always professed the most favorable opinion, as the only one which had given him precise and authentic ideas of our early history.

I beg pardon for saying so much relating to *self*, and return to your lordship's first letter. The drawing of Cardinal Innes, with Bishop Geddes' biography, will be highly acceptable. A drawing from Lord Scarborough's picture I should highly value; but the expense of sending an artist so far must be great.

Your lordship's second letter gave me great

pleasure and surprise. I can never sufficiently express my gratitude to your lordship, and to Mr. Millar. The goodness of Mr. M., to whom I am personally unknown, quite overwhelms me. In truth I had not written to him; because, for three months, I have been occupied in laborious researches in the Museum, relating to a part of our history which I had designedly left till I had thoroughly examined the rest. I now write, and beg your lordship will have the goodness to read the letter, and send it to him.

His promised assistance, by his clerk Mr. Dillon, in examining some records, was in itself a singular favor; but his mention of me as librarian to the Faculty I regard as a high honor, and deserving of my warmest gratitude. I did not even know the death or resignation of Mr. Brown; and, if I had, I could not have thought of aspiring to the office, living as I do so remote, and unknown to that most respectable society. At present it seems rather too late to offer myself a candidate; but I should be happy to learn if a strict and constant residence be required, or if certain portions of the year would be sufficient, provided a proper deputy were paid by the librarian, in order that I may be prepared, in case of any future vacancy; for an office in my own country, and an office respectable in itself, and rendered yet more so by the names of Ruddiman and Hume, I should prefer to one more opulent any where else.

THE EARL OF ORFORD TO MR. PINKERTON.

Berkeley Square, April 11th, 1794.

I have carefully gone through your Manuscripts with great delight; and, with the few trifling corrections that I have found occasion to make, I shall be ready to restore them to you whenever it shall be convenient to you to call for them; for I own I find them too valuable to be trusted to any other hand.

As I hope I am now able to begin to take the air, I beg you not to call between eleven and one, when you would not be likely to find me at home.

MR. PARK TO MR. PINKERTON.*

No. 33 Piccadilly, April 20th, 1794.

Though, with the advice of Lord Buchan, (who first suggested the undertaking) I have relinquished the honor I had proposed to myself of becoming Drummond's editor, my avowed partiality for that elegant and amiable writer still keeps its ground; and, having met with a copy of his poems in the 4to edition, which seems to differ in some respects from what I recollect of yours, I should be pleased

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* Thos. Park, Esq., Editor of the *Harleian Miscellany*, of Walpole's *Royal and Noble Authors*, of Ritson's *English Songs*, &c., which he has illustrated and enlarged by his knowledge, and taste, and judgment.

to have an opportunity of comparing them, if you can do me the favor to say at what hours I am most likely to find you at home for such a purpose. From Anthony Wood I learn (*Ath. Oxon.* II. 1118.) that Edward Phillips, Milton's nephew, was the publisher of Drummond's Poems in 1656. Mary Oxlie of Morpeth, who has a copy of verses before that edition, is said by Phillips in his *Theatrum Poetarum* to have written many other things in poetry. Did you ever meet with any of them? Allow me also to ask whether you have seen the *Kalendar of Man's Life, or Morale Emblems, Latin and English*, 1638, by Robert Farlie, who styles himself Scoto-Britannus?

MR. PINKERTON TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

Hampstead, 21st April, 1794.

I thank your lordship for the table of Scotish money, which is curious; and am infinitely indebted for all your favors and good wishes. My health and spirits, thank Heaven, have never in my life been so good as within these two years, and my finances increase with what little reputation I can pretend to; nor has my marriage to a quiet, good wife, with some money, been without its share in contributing to my health and finances. My literary temper, formerly very irritable, I also trust to have completely tamed; insomuch that I have just read over Buchanan's vast 8vo of

abuse against me, (in defence of the Highlanders and their fables,) to my wife, with no emotion but laughter. It is indeed a work of eminent absurdity; but, as no book is so bad but something may be learned from it, I find one typographical error pointed out, *Scytharum* for *Scythicum*. Yet on this he rings peals and changes, as if I were answerable for all the errors of John Nichols' incorrect press. Mr. Webb, who has published two years ago an 8vo in Ireland against me, is a far stronger antagonist. But I have totally abandoned all literary controversy and asperity, and am content with consoling myself with the praise of Gibbon, Sir William Jones, Major Rennell, Bishop Percy, &c. In one of his letters to me, Gibbon thus expresses himself: "The best judges must have acknowledged your merit; and your rising fame will gradually extinguish the early prejudices and personal animosities which you have been perhaps too careless of provoking." Too true. —*Peccavi!*

I have the pleasure of informing your lordship that our favorite scheme of Scotish portraits I have revived, and Mr. Herbert, a young bookseller, but a man of property, has undertaken it. It is to proceed in 4to numbers without subscription. George Nicol is eternally dilatory and uncertain, and has so many irons in the fire that I am afraid, *entre nous*, he will burn his fingers.

The first print is to be of James III. and his queen from Kensington Palace. The next, James IV.; and I wish that your lordship could remit your drawing, or a fac-simile on transparent paper.

If you can hear of any other James IV., (the one you mention is James III.,) be so good as point it out. Lord Scarborough's picture is now Lord Bute's; all Lord S.'s effects being sold some years ago.

I would humbly recommend it to your lordship to procure drawings of portraits on tombs, a branch yet neglected. Those of the Douglases in particular, in the church at Douglas and in Galloway, must be very interesting.

I should be much obliged by your sentiments on the subject of procuring access to the paintings in various private collections in Scotland, of which your lordship has no drawings.

MR. PINKERTON TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.*

Hampstead, May 19th, 1794.

I was favored with yours of the 10th, and now inclose the Prospectus, the work being actually begun. My name and assistance I lend *gratis;* so I have no interest, save that of serving our literature; but I hope your lordship will promote the publication as much as possible.

I was ashamed and sorry to find that Mr. Nicol still has your drawing of Alexander III.; though

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* Lord Buchan has indorsed this letter:—"I sent all my drawings for the *Iconographia Scotica.* This is a work in which Mr. P. has great merit. It is making up an inventory of our bankrupt effects for the benefit of posterity."

he promised to me to remit it more than a year ago. As soon as a copy is taken, (and I have begged it may be set about immediately,) I shall see that this relic is put into any hands, or sent any way, that your lordship may order.

I beg to be informed of the price a skilful artist would require to copy your lordship's drawings, if you do not choose to trust them here—a favor indeed rather unreasonable to expect.

MR. PINKERTON TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

Hampstead, July 30th, 1794.

A journey into Hampshire and other avocations have hitherto prevented my answering your lordship's favors so punctually as I could wish.

I am infinitely obliged by the letters of introduction to Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Coutts: the former was not in town; the latter has been extremely polite.

The affair of the Advocates' Library, and Mr. Miller's proffered service, are too mysterious for my comprehension. The latter has not even written to me; a politeness, I think, peculiar to our country.

I also hoped to have received from your lordship an explicit answer concerning the use of your drawings of Scotish portraits. The engravings are begun.

Your last of the 13th instant rather surprised me; as I am afraid, if your lordship visit America,

you may not think of returning. But I hope your lordship will well weigh such a resolution. It is impossible not to regret the present political insanity, which, by pushing every thing to extremes, threatens civil commotion; and differences of opinion are already become matters of cruelty and oppression. But, in the choice of extremes, it is no wonder that many men of sense and integrity prefer our government, (which even with its superadded abuses is certainly not the worst in Europe) to the chance of a mob tyranny. If the majority of the English be content with their government without reform, it must and ought to continue so; and it cannot be the interest of Scotland to take the lead; but, on the contrary, she should strictly follow the fortunes of England. Even in America, my lord, a nobleman of your genius and public spirit might be exposed to enmity, superadded to that which would be entertained against even your title, which here continues to be accompanied with high respect. You might find it difficult to choose between the two factions, the moderate or ruling party, and that which wishes in all points to follow the example of France; and you are sure of the enmity of one as a noble, and may perhaps incur the suspicion of both. Thus your residence in America may become more disagreeable than in Scotland, without a thousand alleviations, which here mitigate a party rage too violent to last. The smallness of the theatre, and the national impetuosity, contribute to arm the bigotry of party in Scotland with every terror; but in England decency and moderation prevail among

persons of rank and education; and, if your lordship mean to leave your country for a season, this would certainly prove your best residence.

I hope your lordship's wonted goodness will excuse these hints, which flow from the fulness of my heart, and from zeal in your service.

THE BISHOP OF DROMORE TO MR. PINKERTON.

Dromore, Ireland, Aug. 28th, 1794.

The Bishop of Dromore's compliments to Mr. Pinkerton. He will endeavor to have the book he desired procured for him in Dublin, but must beg to be favored with a repetition of its title, he having unaccountably mislaid the letter which contained it; and also that Mr. Pinkerton will mention some bookseller's shop in London, where it can be left for him. He also sends a sketch of a note in answer to the objections of the Critical Review of November, 1792; but relies on his honor, as a gentleman, that it be communicated to no person living till it appears in print. He should be glad to be favored with any objection or reply to it, should such occur to him.

NOTE FOR THE FOOT OF THE FIRST PAGE OF THE ESSAY ON THE MINSTRELS.

The terms, "*Rymer* or *Minstrel*," are used as synonymous by the English Translator of Favine

in 1623, as will be seen below in section iv.; and the words "*Minstrel, Rythmer*, or *Bard*," appear to describe one and the same character, a Welch bard, in a public commission issued out in the ninth of Queen Elizabeth, 1569, of which an account will be found in note Y. In Du Cange's Glossary, the French minstrels are asserted to have been the same as the *bards* of ancient Gaul. "*Neque enim alios a minstrellis veterum Gallorum bardos fuisse.*" (Vid. note C.) The same author produces an ancient French poet, who informs us, that the most renowned heroes of chivalry were celebrated in romances, made by the minstrels; and the first romances we know were in metre. (See vol. iii. Essay p. 20.) He enumerates the most popular of these, as *Roland*, the *Four sons of Aymon, Charlemagne, Arthur, Lancelot, Tristan*, &c. "De quoy vils menestriers font les nobles Romans." (See the passage at large in note C.) And Pasquier, in his "*Recherches de la France*," L. 7. c. 5., gives the concluding rhymes of an old French romance, composed by a minstrel, who has thereunto subscribed his name and profession. (See below in note B. towards the end.)

Surely these authorities are sufficient to prove that the French and English minstrels were understood not to be solely musicians, and will certainly vindicate the author of this Essay from the charge of having been the first who had ever applied the name of minstrel to a *bard, maker*, or *poet*. (See Crit. Review for Nov. 1792.) A charge the more singular, as the converse of the proposition is apparently the truth; and he will probably

be found the *last* who has retained the old name of *minstrel* in the double sense of *poet* and *musician*. For now the Provençal name of *troubadour* is taken up, and become the fashionable term in dissertations on this subject, which had scarce found its way into the English language when this Essay first appeared in 1765, nor, I believe, was even naturalised in French, before the "Histoire des Troubadours," &c. was published at Paris in 1774. But since the publication of that work and of its translation into English, the word *troubadour* hath become popular, and is by some supposed to have been as current in both languages as it is at present.

MR. A. STUART TO MR. PINKERTON.

London, Tuesday, Oct. 28th, 1794.

Last night I was favored with your letter of the 26th, and with the extract from Winton's Chronicle, for which I return you many thanks. I agree entirely with you, that the accounts thus given by Winton and by the *Scotichronicon*, put the historical fact to which they relate beyond a doubt; especially as it is perfectly evident, from reading over the two accounts, that the one was not copied from the other.

Is there any evidence of Winton's Chronicle being composed about the year 1418? That would give great force to the facts related, as proceeding

from the pen of a contemporary. I understand that there is soon to be published a printed copy of Winton's Chronicle. If it is published by subscription, I shall be glad to be a subscriber.

Inclosed, I send you an extract from Sir John Beaumont's poem of Bosworth Field, relating to Bernard Stuart. If, in the publication of the portraits of illustrious persons, you are to have any relating to Bernard Stuart, these lines from the poem of Bosworth Field might with propriety be introduced in the biographical notices concerning him.

In answer to your query concerning the designation of Concressault, given in old French writings to Sir John Stuart of Derneley, the constable of the Scotch army in France, it proceeded from this: that the first donation he had from Charles VII. of France was of the lands of Concressault in the province of Berry. This was prior to the grant of the lands of Aubigny in the same province: of this I have the evidence in my possession, if you wish to see it.

With regard to the date of the death of Alexander, Duke of Albany, who was killed in a tilting in France, I do not find amongst my papers any particular note of it; but, if I should afterwards discover any thing to fix the date, it shall be communicated to you.

The book I mentioned to you, containing the life of Bernard Stuart of Aubigny, was purchased by me some years ago at a sale of books belonging to the Museum; and I gave it to Lady Stuart of Castlemilk. If you are very desirous to see it,

I shall request the favor of her to send it to me to London with a promise of returning it.

I shall not neglect to speak to Lord Bute about the picture of Margaret, daughter of Henry VII. with Angus her second husband. I flatter myself that his lordship, who is an encourager of letters and of the arts, will have the goodness to listen to the request.

MR. PINKERTON TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

Hampstead, Nov. 4th, 1794.

I sent the drawing of the parliament of Edward I. to Mr. Taylor; and I hope it has reached your lordship in safety: the delay was solely owing to Mr. Nicol, whom I could never bring to a decision, either to proceed or desist in the portrait plan.

Margaret and Angus are now in Lord Bute's hands, and it would much enrich your collection if you would desire a drawing to be taken. What we want, in the first place, is the kings and royal family; and I should wish to have drawings of David II. and his queen, at Lord Breadalbane's. It will be a great favor if your lordship will let me know if you can procure them. If you have sketches of the heads at Kensington of James III., &c., I should be obliged by the communication; for at all the royal palaces no less than four guineas are charged for permission to copy every portrait.

Cardinal Innes, and Buchan the Constable, are the next in importance. Your lordship long since promised me a drawing and biography of the former, which I anxiously expect. Any drawings you choose to communicate, shall most certainly be returned in one month from the receipt, besides as many proofs of the plates as you may desire. The tomb of the celebrated Lord Aubigny, at Corstorphin, I should like to have a drawing of for the costume and portrait.

In the work itself I shall have repeated occasions to testify my sense of your lordship's goodness.

Permit me, my lord, to beg your kind assistance to the following point, one of the most important in our history.

The chronology of the grand rebellion of Douglas against James II. is doubtful. The question is, whether James proceeded against that Earl in 1454, before the forfeiture, as our common histories run, or in 1455, after the forfeiture, as I rather suspect.

The forfeiture is in the Black Acts, and is dated 9th of June, 1455.

An undated letter of James' is in D'Achery's Spicilegium, which narrates the fall of Moray and Ormond, and the termination of the rebellion. It only bears 8th July: D'Achery dates it 1456, I suspect rightly. If so, the *active* rebellion broke out in 1455, after the forfeiture for secret and concerted treasons.

Ruddiman, in his notes on Buchanan, quotes

the original forfeiture of Beatrix, mother of Douglas, from a manuscript in the Advocates' Library, containing extracts from the records, 1452-1458. I should wish much to have a copy of this forfeiture, and *that* of Douglas, if extant, and of his brothers Moray and Ormond, the last probably in 1454; their northern rebellion being distinct from that of Douglas.

I also wish to know if the records 1452 to 1458 are extant in our registers, or any catalogue of them. The use of these would be to find grants of lands belonging to Moray, Ormond, or Douglas, so as further to ascertain the date of the forfeiture. As to the forfeitures themselves, the chief points are the dates, and whether they indicate open appearance in arms, or secret treasons.

Your assistance in this matter, my lord, I shall consider as a most important addition to numerous former favors.

MR. J. C. WALKER* TO MR. PINKERTON.

Bath, Nov. 16th, 1794.

Shortly after I was honored with your favor of 8th ult., I set out for Ireland, but was seized at

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* Joseph Cooper Walker, Esq. of St. Valery, near Bray, Ireland, died on the 12th of April, 1810. He published two works upon Irish Antiquities, and an *Historical Memoir on*

Chester with a severe illness, which so materially injured my health, that my physicians thought it necessary I should retire for a while to this mild climate,

Your approbation of my publications is very flattering. But I am sorry they have not a better claim to the praises your politeness has induced you to bestow on them. Some claim they have to your indulgence, for they were the productions of (almost) a boy. Several years have elapsed since they first appeared, and I am still a young man.*

You do me much honor by desiring my correspondence. I should be proud and happy to cultivate yours; but, from my inability to make an adequate return, I do not feel myself authorised to solicit such a favor. I can only say that I shall always have great pleasure in promoting any literary inquiries you may wish to make in Ireland.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Ledwich does not

Italian Tragedy, as well as an *Historical and Critical Essay on the Revival of the Drama in Italy*. His posthumous work, the *Memoirs of Tassoni*, was edited by his brother, who, in his preface, has inserted much interesting matter respecting the author. Several of Mr. Walker's letters have been honored with a place in the printed correspondence of the celebrated Cesarotti; and among his correspondents, as enumerated by his brother, are the names of the greater part of the individuals then most distinguished by their love of antiquities and the belles-lettres in Britain.

* Mr. Walker was at that time thirty-two years old.

continue his literary and antiquarian pursuits; but I trust he will resume them. He is a man of genius and deep erudition: literature has many obligations to him. The last publication he acknowledged, appeared in the fourth volume of the *Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy;* but in the first volume of the *Anthologia Hibernica,* there are some ingenious little essays by him which he has not publicly owned.

My Essay on the Rise and Progress of Gardening in Ireland, appeared in the fourth volume of the *Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy.* If one of the few copies which I had worked off for my friends should remain, I shall do myself the honor to send it to you on my return to Ireland.

I shall have great pleasure in sending you occasionally any work of merit that may appear on the subject of Irish antiquities. On that subject nothing has appeared of late. I think with you that some bookseller in London ought to be appointed to sell Irish productions. Elmsley is employed by the Irish Academy, and was once employed by me. General Vallancey and Miss Brooke (whose Relics of Irish Poetry I presume you have seen) employed the Robinsons.

MR. PINKERTON TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

Hampstead, Dec. 10th, 1794.

I know not how to thank your lordship for your great goodness in remitting five portraits for the series. Though unconnected with the work in any pecuniary view, I am nevertheless deeply interested in its progress.

The portraits received are James IV.; Elphinston; Countess of Lennox; Buchan the Constable; Admirable Crichton; Mary (sent to Herbert): in all *six*. They are extremely interesting and curious.

It will be an infinite addition to your favors, my lord, if you will have the goodness to answer my letters *as to the points they contain;* for my time, as your lordship knows, is much occupied, and writing a letter is a serious business to me. Pardon my reminding your lordship that my last is totally unanswered; and I know nothing as yet concerning the copies of the three pictures, David II., Robert II. and Queen, at Lord Breadalbane's; or the drawing of Aubigny's tomb at Corstorphin. These four were wanted particularly; and, if your lordship finds it inconvenient, it would be the highest of favors to say so, for the work must have a *plan and design*. Not to mention that delay might ruin it; and, if we only knew what was inconvenient, we would apply to some person acquainted with the proprietor, or who resided near the spot. Your lordship's liberality

of sentiment will excuse this little remonstrance; for, next to the infinite favor of what you do, will be placed that of a speedy information of what is inconvenient.

Lord Orford is now very aged, and tired of this world. He sees none but his own relations. I shall therefore esteem it a favor, if your lordship will direct subsequent packets to Andrew Stuart, Esq. M.P. Grosvenor Street, or send them at once to Mr. Herbert, who will esteem the postage a pleasure, considering the value of the contents.

My agent much surprised me, my lord, by writing to me a long list of subjects which you recommended to be copied. He is a mere lawyer, totally unknown to me, being recommended by the chamberlain of Edinburgh, and knows nothing of such matters. It was only *for any expense attending the four drawings above mentioned* that he was referred to. Had I meant to employ him in subjects so totally out of his line, I would have written to him at once. I should not grudge a little expense; but it would be ridiculous in me to furnish both money and labor. *Accuracy*, my lord, is not only useful in literature, but in politics and private life.

Mentioning politics, I think it not unnecessary to say that I am a mere literary man, unconnected with any party. As a professed *historian*, (who ought to be of no party,) it would ruin all my labors were I to belong to a party; nor would I, for any present boon, sacrifice all the reputation of my writings which may survive me. In quality

of historian I am, therefore *exempted* from all party, and converse with literary men of all extremes without offence. I cannot acquit myself, however, of belonging to a *very small faction, that* of philosophy, truth, virtue, and rational freedom. But old times must be viewed through the proper telescope; and men can only be truly judged by the standard of their own age.

It will be a very great obligation, if your lordship will favor me with the following particulars; after premising that you need not add to your labor by attestations on the drawings, for that you sent them is a sufficient proof of exactness.

James IV.—I wish very much to have a *small sketch* of the under-part (the thighs and legs). Your lordship, I think, mentioned *pointed shoes and chains*, and the figure had better be engraved whole length. If you have not the under-part, I should be greatly obliged by an extract of your correspondent's letter concerning it.

In general, I wish to know if your lordship's be copies or originals, oil or water-colors, smaller or larger than the originals.

Mary.—Is the line of Scotish poetry in the original, and coeval?

Buchan.—The plate in the *Bee* cannot be had here, and the sending it would be a great favor.

Elphinston.—The motto seems "*Non confundar.*" Is there any other word in the middle?

In Morison's print the nose of James IV. is more aquiline. Which is right?

I cannot too often repeat, in the name of the

literary world, my gratitude to your lordship for your invaluable exertions in favor of this work. They evince a love of the arts truly *noble*, and superior to all titles.

MR. PINKERTON TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

Hampstead, Dec. 20th, 1794.

I am infinitely obliged to your lordship for the numerous and very interesting drawings sent. They do great honor to your skill and taste as an artist, and are as complete as any engraver would wish. The last, a miniature of the worthy Regent Mar, is quite a gem. I hope you will grant me permission to have it framed, and to hang it in my little library.

In my last letter I think I mentioned six as arrived: Mary, James IV., Elphinston, Margaret Douglas, Admirable Crichton, Buchan. I have also received Arthur Jonston, Wallace, Treasurer Mar, Dr. Gregory, Maitland of Lethington, and Esme Duke of Lennox; in all, including Regent Mar, *thirteen*. The present is invaluable, and will do immortal honor to your lordship's taste and munificent spirit.

Buchan the Constable, M. Douglas, Crichton, Elphinston, Mary, are in the engraver's hands. Mr. Harding is not the engraver, but is merely *consulted* in the finishing. The work belongs to Mr. Herbert.

After the *four* I had the honor to mention, the following would be now very acceptable: Cardinal Innes, Bishop Lesly, Gordon of Straloch, Dunbar Bishop of Aberdeen.

How shall Mr. Herbert forward the numbers to Dryburgh Abbey? Messrs. Bell and Bradfute, Edinburgh, have some.

The power of a few precise words, my lord, is surprising. I am still quite at a loss if James IV. in your possession be a copy or the original brought from Tübingen; and I am equally ignorant as to the Mary. It will be a great favor if you will have the goodness to mention how many and what originals your collection contains, which will save all further questions.

The work is meant to be as authentic as possible; and therefore it is hoped your lordship will excuse a remark on two of the pieces. The Mary has no mark of royalty, nor, so far as yet mentioned, even a tradition in its support. It can therefore be only mentioned as a doubtful curiosity. The Wallace is a palpable French forgery of the sixteenth century. The dress, helmet, truncheon, inscriptions, are all of that epoch. The dragon is a familiar ornament on helmets. The hiding of one cheek occurs in all portraits. Barbour, I believe, does not once mention Wallace. It is Sir James Douglas of whose face he speaks.

The letter concerning the monuments of Buchan and Aubigny never came to hand, and is the first instance in my life of a letter miscarrying. I

wish much to know how it was sent. But I should be very extravagant, my lord, were I to accuse you of remissness; while, on the contrary, I, with the utmost gratitude, admire your zeal and diligence; and, if you do no more for the work, you will still be ever regarded as its greatest benefactor. But, as your pencil is so exquisitely in tune, perhaps your goodness may induce you to proceed; for engravers are very slow, and the more pieces that are in hand the better.

The dress with chains continued in England till the 24th of Edward IV., or the year 1483, at least, as appears from the statutes. There is room to believe that it lasted under Henry VII., 1485-1509, and in Scotland yet later. The *jacket*, &c. ascertain the picture to be of James IV. Three pictures of him, *with a falcon on the hand*, are mentioned in Vertue's catalogues of the Pictures of Charles I., &c. Perhaps your lordship may trace out one by this uncommon mark.

I remember nothing further at present, and the frost is so violent that I can hardly write.

MR. PINKERTON TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

Hampstead, Dec. 27th, 1794.

Since my last of the 2nd inst. there have come to hand Lord Belhaven, the tombs of Alexander Earl of Buchan, and Aubigny, two Scougals, Boyd of Trochrig, Bishop Lesley, and Patrick Hamilton.

As I did not like to put Mr. Inglis to the expense of postage, I hope your lordship will have the goodness to let him know that all his parcels came safe.

Fletcher of Salton has not come to hand. To prevent all mistakes, be so good as uniformly to direct to me under Mr. Stuart's cover.

Mr. Harding having thought proper to charge Mr. Herbert eight guineas for a print actually engraved for two and a half, as the engraver himself acknowledged, Mr. Herbert now employs the engravers himself. I am sorry your lordship wrote to Mr. Harding, who has no more concern with the work than the copper-plate printer. Mr. Herbert is at all the expense; and the sole direction rests with me, who induced Mr. Herbert to undertake it.

The tomb of Aubigny is on too small a scale, and is too unfinished for our purpose. A finished drawing, like that of Alexander Earl of Buchan, is wanted on a scale of about a foot long. If your lordship will have the goodness to write to any fit artist in Edinburgh, recommending most minute exactness, my agent will pay him at once. I do not grudge small expenses of a guinea or two for objects more than usually interesting. Nor is it my intention to give your lordship any further trouble, than from your own knowledge to recommend a proper artist. It was the overwhelming multiplicity of subjects mentioned to my agent that I objected to: for any one or two, your lordship has only to recommend by a line a proper artist to him, as he is unversed in such subjects. The

interesting portrait of Buchan the Constable, cannot proceed, till the engraving in the *Bee*, (not to be had here,) or a sketch of the armour, be sent.

In Morison's poems there is an engraving of James II. from a picture at Newbottle. Is it exact, and is there any inscription on the painting to indicate that it is of James II.?

A most minute matter, my lord, will sometimes put a stop both to the engravings and letter-press; and I hope you will pardon my again requesting great explicitness and precision.

James IV. is further certified by the exact similarity of dress to Charles, Duke of Burgundy, in Montfaucon's *Monumens*, A. D. 1477. The close jacket ungathered is unknown till about that period.

I should imagine that many of the founders of universities must be found at St. Andrew's, &c. The most prominent personages in our history are the Douglases (St. Bride's kirk, Douglas), Albanies, Crichtons, Livingstons, Boyds, Hamiltons, Anguses, Bishop Kennedy, &c. &c. Nisbet mentions a fine tomb of a Lord Borthwick at Borthwick, with his figure. I shall at my leisure make a list of our *celeberrimi* from the reign of David II.; prior to which we cannot expect paintings or monuments.

Your lordship has so richly contributed to our work, that I must ever venerate you as its *founder;* and I shall find an opportunity to express these sentiments in the preface to it.

I need hardly mention, once for all, that the *most ancient* and the *regal* portraits are not only the most interesting to English readers, on whom our

sale depends, but the most appropriate to the commencement of the work. And it is unnecessary to add, that its future sale depends on rendering the first part as important and generally interesting as possible.

MR. PINKERTON TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

Hampstead, Jan. 10th, 1795.

In addition to former favors, I have recently received Sir Alexander Erskine, Fletcher of Salton, Zachary Boyd, young Scougal, a finished drawing, Jameson the painter, Bishop Forbes, and General David Lesly: all very interesting portraits.

Wishart the martyr, and Lockhart the ambassador, are alone wanting. I have in vain written to your brother about them, and beg you will have the goodness to desire him to send them. I need hardly repeat that a direction to me under Mr. Stuart's cover is the safest mode; but, though he permit this, it does not follow that letters to Herbert, Harding, &c., of whom he knows nothing, should be so directed. I would rather use too little freedom than too much, and never dreamed of abusing his goodness in this way. It is like making him a common postman. Mr. Herbert is himself a young man of twenty, and trusts entirely to me. There is no *company* in the matter; and he understands nothing of *politics*, which only make

him stare. And I humbly request, my lord, that you will spare any expressions concerning any prejudices which fools may have against me; as he can form only one idea, that I have committed murder or robbery. They can do no good, and may do harm. Nor can there be any occasion to mention my name in any application which your lordship may make; though I cannot discover the prejudices you mention in my constant correspondence and conversation with scores of my countrymen; and they are probably only known to some invidious literary people *here*. Your lordship is well aware that your own independent politics have raised much envy and prejudice; and that, as being, both of us, *confessors*, it is impolitic to proclaim that our religion is unpopular. All this, my lord, is only said to enable you to see the real persons engaged in our design, and that you may write with complete knowledge of your correspondents.

The first number sells very well; but Mr. Herbert cares little about the sale till he complete a first *part* of six numbers; and, when that is done, many of the booksellers have engaged to take, some 100, some 200, a-piece. So that the sale of the first part will pay the expense of a second, &c. I was sorry that Mr. H., who is a worthy man and a man of property and expectations, should call on Mr. Coutts, while we are so much indebted to your lordship that a present of two best copies would be but a poor return. He was vexed himself, when I put him in mind of this; and I hope you will par-

don it, as a mere inadvertence, proceeding from his following the usual forms, without once reflecting that the case was unusual.

As to any little remonstrances which I have at any time used the freedom to make to your lordship, were I not conscious of the warmest gratitude for many favors and the greatest regard, I would not venture upon them. Shakspeare has long since observed, that some affected bluntness in order to appear honest. Far from this, I earnestly wish to avoid even the appearance of bluntness; and, if any such should occur, I hope your goodness will pardon it, as a weakness of a recluse LITERATO, and not blame it as an intention.

I am infinitely obliged by your mentioning that the drawings are a present to me, except the finished one of young Scougal. Permit me to add the finished drawing of the tomb of Alexander Stuart, Earl of Buchan. Both of these shall be carefully returned, and, I hope, without the smallest injury. Should your lordship wish to have them soon, I shall desire them to be used in an early number, or at least copied.

The other drawings by your lordship I highly value. The red and black are sufficient for any portrait. It is the manner of Holbein's famous drawings now publishing, and of a curious set by Janette of those of the French court, &c. from the time of Francis I. to that of Henry IV. inclusive, two vols. 4to, in the hands of my friend Mr. Douce. Your lordship's are far more interesting; as they embrace the worthies of many centuries. The cha-

racter seems to me exquisitely preserved; and the whole would do credit to any artist. In short, I regard them as in all respects an invaluable treasure. I carefully preserve them in a separate portfolio; and, after they are used, intend to bind them in a splendid manner, interleaved with India paper, and, in case of my stepping into Charon's boat, to bequeath them to the British Museum. Even if our design should unexpectedly fail, this collection might preserve to future ages the portraits of our illustrious countrymen open to subsequent artists, and free from numerous accidents to which scattered paintings are liable; and it would be a lasting monument of your lordship's patriotism and love of the arts.

I wish the portrait of James IV. were finished in the same way as the others.

Where artists are employed, the size of the drawings must not exceed *six inches by four*, the utmost of our 8vo page. The diminishing equals the expense of another drawing; and any folding of the prints is carefully to be avoided.

The medal of Albany has no portrait. *Obverse*, the Holy Ghost; *Reverse*, his arms.

Muniments, signets, jewels, and autographs, are totally foreign to the design, which embraces *portraits only*. The jewel of Mary I should like to see copied; though I cannot conceive that a portrait could be authenticated by an ornament, which was only made in the general fashion of the times.

The genuine portraits of Mary amount to at least eight. 1. The Earl of Morton's, certainly the best

and most authentic in the opinion of Vertue, a good judge and a devotee of Mary: it has her arms on table tapestry. 2. Vertue's print from an undoubted painting by Zucchero, in St. James' Palace. 3. In widow's weeds, Kensington.—(All paintings quite alike; sharp features, acquiline nose, resembling James V. in No. 1.) 4. Print by Cock of Antwerp, 1561. 5. By De Leu of Paris, a contemporary. 6. In Jonston's *Inscriptiones*, 1602. 7. In Montfaucon's *Monumens*. 8. Her gold and silver coins.

The seal you sent is engraved in Mr. Astle's work. Cardinals Beaton and Chatelherault would be very interesting. Had Kennedy's tomb his bust? Kircaldy of Grange was a truly great man.

The most ancient and curious have certainly a claim of preference; and the regal, I can assure your lordship, are the most interesting. Our work is only bought by the curious, and has not even the most distant connexion with political ideas. Besides, Mr. Herbert can sell six plates of a king or one of any other, to be bound up in histories, &c.; and we must not indulge our notions at his expense. The point is, to lay a good foundation, that he may be able to go on, by giving the most interesting first.

Scougal's little tract I should wish to see reprinted with his Life of God, &c., which I have; and I shall speak to some publisher about it. It is out of Mr. Herbert's line.

As your lordship mentioned once a design of printing the Scotish Chartularies, perhaps you

could furnish me with a list of those that remain, which I should esteem a great favor.

I find in an old manuscript some anecdotes concerning a gift by Albany to Lennox of the Abbey of Dryburgh: Lennox then gave it to James Stuart. It was about 1524. Perhaps your lordship's title-deeds may elucidate the transaction: I wish to know the date. If your lordship wishes, I shall send a copy of my extract, which is very short; as the matter fell not within historical notice, though I could throw it into a note, if certain of the date.

I must beg leave to recommend to your lordship's curiosity that most obscure æra of our literature, 1640—1660, which may be called the dark twenty years. I am even interested in the portrait of Gordon of Straloch, as florishing in that time. The date of Sir James Balfour's death is not mentioned by Sibbald in the *Memoriæ Balfourianæ;* and I wish much to know it. Any publications, of whatever kind, or literary anecdotes relating to that space, will be very acceptable, as completing the otherwise broken chain of our literature. Scougal is too late. Durham on Scandal is a book I cannot find.

Trail's portrait is very curious, and I wish much for some more of these fanatics: Rutherford, Blair, Cant, Dickson, Baillie, the two Gillespies. Henderson is engraved by Hollar; but poorly. He was the Franklin of that day—an able man; and perhaps a portrait may be found.

The two Earls signing the covenant, a painting at Hamilton Palace, must be a singular curiosity.

Your lordship will excuse this long letter on topics interesting to both. Your laudable industry commands me to exceed my usual limits in return; and you know I do not often err in this way.

THE EARL OF ORFORD TO MR. PINKERTON.

Berkeley Square, Jan. 25th, 1795.

I am very sorry, Sir, I can give you no satisfaction at all about the portrait of James IV., which I do not recollect ever to have seen any where, and which, if still known to exist, would probably have been engraved before this time, since the passion for portraits has spread so much. I conclude *that* of James IV. (as it appears to have remained in the collection of our James II.) perished in the palace of Whitehall, when burnt in the reign of King William; as several other valuable portraits and pictures, which have never been seen since, undoubtedly did. Had the portrait in question been preserved in any of the royal houses, at St. James's, Windsor, Hampton Court, or Kensington, I think I should have observed it, when I was curious about such things; especially at Kensington, where most of the remaining royal portraits had been assembled by Queen Caroline, and where I discovered the double portrait of James (the Third, I think) and his Queen, when I had the superintendence of

that palace during the absence abroad of my sister, Lady Mary Churchill, then housekeeper.

With regard to the portraits already engraven, they are most wretchedly executed, and very unworthy of being illustrated by you. Those of James V. and his queen, especially the latter, which is execrable, are far inferior to prints in magazines. Harding copies likenesses very faithfully in general; but then the engravers, who work from his drawings, never see the originals, and preserve no resemblance at all; as was the case with the last edition and translation of Grammont, in which, besides false portraits, as Marshal Turenne, with a nose the reverse of his, and a smug Cardinal Richelieu, like a young abbé, and the Duchess of Cleveland, called by a wrong name, there is a print from my Mrs. Middleton, so unlike, that I pinned up the print over against the other, and nobody would have guessed that the one was taken from the other.

Harding, in excuse for the abominable Mary of Guise, says the superintendence of the engravings was not left to him, and that the last was done while he was at Cambridge. In short, Sir, you will do yourself honor by your sketches of the lives*; but the publication will certainly do

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* Lord Orford, in this compliment to Mr. Pinkerton, has sadly sinned against sincerity; for the publication is indeed, in every point of view, a wretched one: the portraits so bad as to be a disgrace to the arts in England, and the letter-press, from the contracted limits assigned to it, scarcely better. It appears by a letter from Mr. Armour, an artist engaged in the

credit to nobody else. What a difference between such scrapings, and Houbraken's *Illustrious Heads!*

SIR JOSEPH BANKS TO MR. PINKERTON.

Soho Square, Feb. 1st, 1795.

My estimation of your talents as a writer, and of the superiority of your literary claims to the office you solicit,* is, as it always has been,

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work, to Mr. Pinkerton, dated Sept. 1796, that the price paid for drawings was ten shillings and sixpence for an outline, one guinea for a sketch in India ink, and one pound eleven and sixpence for a colored sketch. Nothing better could be expected from such a scale of remuneration. Even these terms, however, low as they were, Mr. Pinkerton soon found himself unable to comply with: his pecuniary difficulties were now commencing; and this correspondence contains a great number of letters which I have not printed, from artists, complaining of evasions and delays as to paying them.

* It appears from a hint in Mr. Astle's letter of Dec. 10th, 1793, that Mr. Pinkerton had for more than a year entertained the wish to procure himself the post of Librarian in the British Museum; and indeed I can conceive no situation more truly enviable to a man devoted to literature and science. The late Mr. Planta felt this; and once, in speaking to me on the subject, said, "My place is the first in the *whole* world; for Europe is superior to every other quarter of the globe; England to every other country in Europe; London to every other city in England; the British Museum to every other institution in London; and my post to all the others in the Museum."—He had probably heard how the same observation, *mutatis mutandis*, had been made by a resident at Maidstone respecting his house.

decisively in your favor: I fear, however, it will not be in my power to do you any real service on this occasion.

When the Archbishop first acted as a trustee to the British Museum, he did me the honor to consult me on a vacancy which then happened in the department of natural history. I gave him my opinion with all possible freedom; but he, in direct opposition to it, put in a man who I had declared, and he, I believe, was convinced, had no kind of knowledge in natural history.

I, who thought he did this because the person whom he promoted was in orders, made no secret of my opinion of the transaction: whether this came to his ears or not, I do not know; but, after such a treatment, I have no inclination to obtrude my advice upon him, nor is it likely I should succeed were I to do so. You, who know the Archbishop's partiality towards the Church, and recollect, no doubt, that hitherto the other electing trustees have left all the appointments of the Museum wholly to his decision, will easily see the necessity of your using all the interest you can raise; and the more so, as two clergymen have already declared themselves candidates. I grieve that it is not in my power, with propriety or with any hopes of success, to undertake a solicitation in your favor: all I can do is to bear testimony in favor of your literary pretensions; and this, as they stand in my opinion very high among your cotemporaries, and very far indeed above those of any of your competitors, I shall most readily do when and wherever a proper opportunity offers itself.

THE EARL OF ORFORD TO MR. PINKERTON.

Berkeley Square, Feb. 5th, 1795.

I have told you over and over, that knowing I have not a glimpse of interest with any one man in power, nor claim to asking favors of any one, I am extremely averse from attempting to make use of that no-interest. I have also repeated to you, that I have not the smallest connexion with any of the house of Marlborough, but with Lady Diana Beauclerc.

To her I have still applied for you once more, inclosing your own letter, which states your pretensions and claims better than I can; nor indeed could I have written myself, not being able to move either arm with the gout, but trusting to her ladyship's showing or sending it to the Archbishop. From neither have I received a syllable of answer; nor did I expect a propitious one from the prelate, who, though he formerly received you in a very liberal and handsome manner, I did not suppose would choose to become the patron of one who had made himself obnoxious to the clergy. The head of any church, though as moderate as the present primate, and by no means a persecutor, is not likely to choose to be a martyr himself rather than to make martyrs. If I do hear any thing of my application, you shall certainly know it.

MR. DOUCE TO MR. PINKERTON.

Gower Street, April 6th, 1795.

I desired Mr. Herbert to mention to you that in Thevet's *Hommes Illustres* are the following Scotch portraits: Fergus I., Duns Scotus, and James V. The first two are probably out of the question with you; but I thought it was worth while to mention the latter.

I avail myself of this opportunity to ask you concerning the first instance you have found of persons accompanied by their patron saints. Are there any that you know of before those at Kensington of James III. and his queen? Can you give me any information relating to the *cross of St. George*, when first borne in heraldry? If you have Nisbet, perhaps he may be consulted with success.

I make these inquiries, being just now engaged in a slight attempt to illustrate an ancient painting, in a missal, of Edward Crouchback, Earl of Lancaster, who is accompanied by another figure that I suspect to be St. George; but I have not yet found so early an instance of a representation of that saint. There is nothing to be got from Heylin's account of him. Waiting anxiously for one of your very interesting gossips, I remain, &c.

MR. PINKERTON TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

Hampstead, June 15th, 1795.

I cannot omit writing to thank your lordship for the additional favor, to innumerable former ones, of the communication of the portrait of Alexander Lesley, Lord Leven. It is a fine and interesting head, and is now engraved in a style far superior to those before given in our work, which from ill taste or avarice have been published in a mean style. I have therefore spoken to proper engravers myself; and the other numbers will be of a different description to numbers 1 and 2. Caldwall, Legats, and Trotter, I shall also recommend, as your lordship advised, and mean this week to consult them on the terms.

I hope your lordship has seen the first numbers. The death of Herbert's uncle, &c., has occasioned great delay; but two numbers will now be published at once, and I shall put several plates in hand. James IV., Buchan the Constable, Bishop Lesley, David Lesley, &c., are in hand.

Nos. 3 and 4 contain David I. and Malcolm IV., Lady Margaret Douglas, Admirable Crichton (the last very well engraved,) Robert II., Lady Dalhousie, and Bishop Elphinston.

I have heard nothing from Edinburgh about Cardinal Innes, Aubigny's tomb, &c.: we much want Cardinal Beaton from Holyrood-house. The

Earl of Douglas at Cavers would be very interesting.

If your lordship chooses, I shall speak to Mr. Herbert to send you proofs on Indian paper, under cover of Mr. Stuart; that you may see the numbers at once; for we cannot show sufficient attention to you, our sole, real, and active patron, and whom I gratefully regard as the very founder of our work.

I am well aware of the prejudices of some of my countrymen against me: first, as an opposer of Ossian and the Celtic fables, which devour our history: secondly, as no friend to the Scotish old Toryism now in high vogue—"*Spretæ exolescunt.*" I wait with patience till they discover, that a man always toiling for his country cannot be its enemy. Conscious that my worst enemy has never attacked my moral character or my literary motives, I pass such matters, though it requires great patience to serve people against their will. In England, party or literary enmity has, even now, little of our impetuosity, little of the *odium Ecclesiasticum* or *caninum;* but, in Scotland, there is no fighting and shaking hands. How risible will it appear, 200 years hence, that literary Tories should endeavor to prevent literary Whigs from serving the object of their common pursuits!

MR. PINKERTON TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

Hampstead, July 6th, 1795.

It is with pleasure that I proceed in the revival

of our work, which had nearly been strangled in its birth.

Alexander Lesley *in colors* is a fine print, and as like the miniature as possible. David Lesley is in the same hands.

Esme, Duke of Lennox, is well engraved by Roberts, a young, but deserving artist.

I have given to him Mar, the treasurer: to Trotter, Secretary Maitland and Jameson the painter: to Barlow, Bishop Lesley.

In short, my lord, I shall answer that the prints are well engraved; if you will have the goodness to write to Mr. Herbert, to desire that all the drawings you have sent or may send shall be put by me into the hands of such engravers as I choose. He is an *unaccountable*. Two tracings he has lost; and I am afraid Lockhart and Wishart went the same way.

He rightly proposes to publish no more numbers, but only parts of six numbers, or eighteen prints each. In the first part I shall see that there is one by Trotter, and other good prints, to make amends for the two first numbers. "A hard beginning is a good beginning," says the proverb.

The misfortune has been, that Herbert is surrounded with mean artists, who impose upon him and persuade him to employ them. The point to be gained is, that I should direct the prints, as well as furnish the letter-press. He employs so many obscure hands, that it would require a clue of Ariadne to find out where the blame lies: whereas, I have only to give a drawing to a good artist, and see that he does it well and correctly.

He has had three plates totally to engrave anew, as they were unfit for the work: so he can gain nothing by his mean artists; as good ones would have done the plates well at first for the same expense as this double engraving.

If your lordship blames me a little to him, and says you supposed me answerable for the plates, as the drawings were sent to me, it may tend to the effect wanted. It will be trouble and loss of time to me to look to the engravings; but I would prefer this to seeing bad prints, which are useless now and for ever.

Harding did the Mary of Guise. The drawing was very dry; and the plate is not amiss, considering that circumstance. But, in fact, if the engravings be not left to my care, I shall give up the work; for I am sick of hunting the publishers.

MR. JAMES SCOTT TO MR. JAMES WRIGHT, JUNIOR.*

Perth, Aug. 3rd, 1795.

I had the pleasure of yours to-day, inclosing a prospectus, by Mr. Pinkerton, concerning Scotish portraits. I do not find in the list George Hay,

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* Mr. James Wright, jun., merchant at Dundee, was at this time one of Mr. Pinkerton's most active correspondents on the subject of coins and medals; but his letters, which are very long, have not appeared to me to possess sufficient interest to warrant the publication of them.

Chancellor of Scotland, who was the first Earl of Kinnoul: his portrait, no doubt, is at the Castle of Dupplin; and there is a very fine effigy of him in the parish-church of Kinnoul. Mr. Pinkerton assuredly knows of the effigy of David Murray, first Viscount of Stormont, in the parish-church of Scone.

In the old gallery of the palace of Scone, near the roof, all round the room, are compartments of painting, seemingly executed about the beginning of last century, in which the several stages of a stag-chase by King James VI. and his courtiers are represented. The figures and countenances of the persons accompanying the king are said to be true likenesses of the noblemen and gentlemen who at that time most attended the court, such as the Duke of Lennox, &c. I have often thought that the groups there to be seen are the most curious any where now to be met with in Scotland. If the Earl of Mansfield were to get them copied, they would be a valuable present to the public.

Our society are greatly obliged to you for the valuable collection of natural history which you lately sent them, and return you their best thanks.

MR. J. C. WALKER TO MR. PINKERTON.

Eccles Street, Dublin,
Aug. 7th, 1795.

I am honored with your letter of the 13th ult., and pleased to find that the pamphlets, &c. have reached you. Should Mr. O'Flannagan continue his work,* I shall have great pleasure in sending you the remainder. I am sorry he is not encouraged to publish a translation which he made long since of the *Annals of Innisfallen*. But Irish literature has few zealous friends. Your polite message to Dr. O'Conor I shall take an early opportunity of communicating. I am sure he will accept with pleasure your obliging offer of copies of his grandfather's letters.

The portraits of illustrious persons of Scotland, with biographical notices from your pen, will be a valuable accession to collections of taste, and serve to increase the stock of elegant literature. I should be happy to see such a work undertaken for Ireland, could it be so ably conducted. A friend of mine is now employed on a *Catalogue of Irish Writers living, or lately dead;* but his work will not be enriched with portraits. I shall look into the Genealogy of the Hamiltons, prefixed to the *Mémoires de Grammont*, and furnish you with such information concerning that family as I shall be able to collect. At present I shall only observe, that the Fords of Seaford in the county of Down,

* *Cambrensis Eversus.*

and Colgreney in the county of Wicklow, are descended from a sister of Count Hamilton. There is a portrait of him at Seaford. Lord Kingsland, related to him in the same manner, had portraits of the two brothers, and also of Madame de Grammont: one painted in her early youth, another taken in her advanced age: these Hamiltons were of the Abercorn line.

I am rejoiced to find that your *History of Scotland under the House of Stuart* is ready for the press. I shall wait its appearance with impatience; and I shall expect with equal impatience the appearance of your *General History*. Deep and extensive erudition, assiduous research, and luminous arrangement, render your productions inestimable to the lovers of historic truth. If you have read the *Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland*, and the *Strictures on the History of Ireland*, by Dr. Campbell, I am sure you will lament with me the death of the author. His Revolutions of Ireland (part of which work is already printed) will, I believe, be edited by Mr. Ledwich, a writer with whose merits you are not unacquainted. Another work, on a plan somewhat similar, is now, I understand, in the press, by a writer not yet known to the literary world.

You do me the honor to inquire how I am employed: at present I am not engaged in any literary occupation; but I have it in contemplation to prepare for the press a very curious anonymous Tour in Scotland, Ireland, and England, in the year 1635, now in my possession. It is written with good sense, minute information, and

great simplicity of manner. The Irish part I can illustrate from my own notes made during different tours. The whole work would probably make an octavo volume of 250 pages. I have not yet determined where I shall publish it; but I presume I shall be able to find some bookseller in London who would undertake the publication at his own risk. Before I conclude, Sir, give me leave to express a hope, that the rise and progress of the stage in Scotland has found a place in your *General History*. It is, I think, a most interesting subject. The feeble attempt which I made, in the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy for 1788, to trace the history of the Irish stage, only serves to show my love of the subject, and inability to treat it.

MR. PINKERTON TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

Hampstead, Sept. 25th, 1795.

I have the pleasure of informing you, that most of the tracings and drawings received from your lordship are either engraved, or in the hands of the engravers. Trotter has executed finely your great ancestor, Regent Mar.

The Mary of Guise I have since seen at Devonshire House; and the plate is now rendered similar to the original. Mr. Taylor is a great *improver*, as we have found to our cost in the Kensington pictures, which he has drawn so unlike, that we are forced to employ other artists. Mr. Herbert now goes on with great spirit; and

two or three parts, of eighteen portraits each, will appear next winter.

I hope your lordship will have the goodness to send us a few more subjects the approaching winter. Your own Lady Mary Stuart, wife of the Treasurer Mar, and Alexander Erskine, his son, would be acceptable. Your ancestor, Lord Cardross, 1675, is an eminent character, of whom a portrait would be valuable.

Cardinals Innes and Beaton, &c. I have not yet got, though I wrote to my agent to pay for them.

I beg to remind your lordship of Lee, the ambassador. I can now speak with certainty of the procedure of the work, and answer for the artists employed; so that I hope your lordship will continue your kind attention to it.

MR. PINKERTON TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

Hampstead, Oct. 19th, 1795.

Within this week I have luckily discovered in private hands the portrait of James IV. with a falcon on his fist, mentioned in the catalogue of the pictures of Charles I. It is an interesting piece; and the falcon renders it singular and picturesque. It has the arms, motto, and J. IV. in black letter; so that nothing can be more authentic. Mr. Trotter is to copy and engrave it forthwith. I wish the proprietor to let this unique piece be copied polygraphically: each copy will be a guinea or two:

in that case I should buy one; and perhaps your lordship might like another.

Is there any arms or name on Buchan the Constable's picture? I should be much obliged for a tracing of the arms on your James IV.

Traquair and Gilmour came safe to hand. The last tracing of Buchan is not yet come. But the will is now before me, and I shall return it by the next letter. I am sorry that on this and other occasions your lordship's goodness has communicated papers which the brevity of the work prevents being used. It is, my lord, an account of portraits, rather than of persons; and the notices are short and heraldic. No one looks into Birch's Illustrious Heads for the lives, which are quite thrown away; and it had been better if he had given an account of the paintings. Our work only pretends to explain who the person is, and to identify the portrait. Such being the case, I should be very sorry to give your lordship additional trouble in remitting papers, while we are already so much indebted to your generous and truly noble spirit for the portraits.

MR. DOUCE TO MR. PINKERTON.

Dec. 15th, 1795.

When *capital* is meant by the old statutes, they express it by *goods:* otherwise it is so much per annum.

"Furred pynson" are furred slippers. I find

the word "serples" used for an upper garment, or surplice, (superpellicium;) and therefore I conceive "*serpis*" to be a contraction of it; but if, in your quotation, *serpe* is to be taken as an ornament of gold or silver, my conjecture falls. I believe "*leure*" to be a strap (*lorum*) to which something was fastened about the habit. In the time of Henry VI. and VII. it is common to see a cap hanging by a strap on the shoulder; but I do not know if that was a part of dress at the time your term occurs.

By stat. 3. Edward IV., c. 5, no yeoman (after the year 1465) may wear any bolsters or stuffing in his doublet; nor any one under the degree of a knight any coat or jacket that shall not be long enough to cover his privy members and posteriors. None under the degree of a lord to wear *shoes or boots with pikes passing two inches.* There are in this statute exceptions in favor of clerks, judges, scholars of universities, henchmen, heralds, *minstrels*, and players of interludes. Repealed by 24th Edward IV.

Stowe, sub anno 1465, says it was proclaimed throughout England, that the pikes of shoes or boots should not exceed two inches, on pain of cursing by the clergy, and forfeiting twenty shillings, &c. "Before this time," says he, "and since the year 1382, these pikes were of such length, that they were fain to be tied up to their knees with chains of silver gilt, or at least with silk strings." What authority Stowe had for this assertion does not appear. I have never yet observed this fashion in any ancient illumination.

Sir R. Baker and Mr. Grainger have implicitly followed Stowe.

Camden, in his *Remains*, (article apparel,) cites a manuscript history called "*Eulogium*," but of what age does not appear; which says, "their shoes and pattens are snouted and piked more than a finger long, crooking upwards, which they call *crackars*, resembling the devil's claws, *which were fastened to the knees with chains of gold and silver*." Du Clercq, a writer who is very particular in describing the dress of the French about 1460, does not notice these pointed shoes.

Le Gendre says these shoes were called *poulaines*, from the name of the inventor; but he does not say they were tied up with chains.

MR. DILLY TO MR. PINKERTON.

Jan. 11th, 1796.

I shall have no objection to purchase your History of Scotland in manner following: one hundred pounds, when a quarter be printed; a second hundred, on the half being printed; a third hundred, six months after the completion of the work at press. A fourth and full completion of the purchase of the copyright shall be made upon payment of a fourth hundred, which shall be by a note twelve months after the publication of the history is made.

I have proposed this sum, to prove I am inclined to engage in the work; and, as I intend to give

a further consideration,* provided the impression of one thousand should sell off in a given time, as shall be named in the agreement, I presume the conditions may be drawn up at our next meeting. I shall have no objection to go to press in the course of the next month.

REV. STEBBING SHAW† TO MR. PINKERTON.

Thornhaugh-street, Bedford Square,
Jan. 25th, 1796.

Having been applied to during a visit at Cambridge last week to copy some drawings for you in the Scotichronicon‡ in Corpus Christi College; but not being able to draw them properly, for want of transparent paper, or want of time, as I had very important university business to perform, I herewith send you a few observations I then made; and, if you will favor me with a call any

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* In a subsequent letter Mr. Dilly explains what he here intends by a *further consideration*. He shall not object, he says, in case all the copies of the first impression should be sold in the course of two years, to pay 200*l.* more for the revision and corrections to be made for a second edition.

† Of Queen's College, Cambridge: author of a *Tour in the West of England*, and of the *History and Antiquities of the County of Stafford*. He died Oct. 28, 1802.

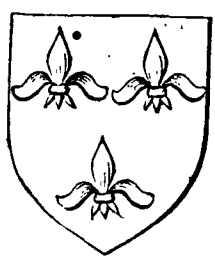
‡ Dr. Nasmith, in his Catalogue of the Manuscripts left by Archbishop Parker to Corpus Christi College, says of the manuscript in question, that it is of the fifteenth century, on paper, and contains four or five illuminations of considerable beauty.

morning you may chance to come to town this week, I perhaps may be able to describe the nature of the drawings better to you; and will endeavor to copy what you wish next week, when I must return to Cambridge for a few days.

I seldom go out before twelve o'clock; but will make a point of being at home any other hour you please to mention.

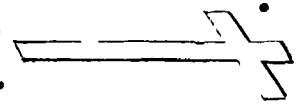
I have also a self-interest in wishing to see you here, to request your opinion with respect to some Roman and Saxon coins, original Saxon charters, &c. in my collection for Staffordshire.

The Scotichronicon, by John Fordun, in Corpus Christi College library, is very much injured, particularly at the beginning; and many pages seem to have been devoured by mice. In the first page is the small remnant of a drawing of a man writing at a desk, and this coat of arms adjoining:



The first illumination is at the end of the first book; viz. a small ship with soldiers, &c., and over it is written "*Scota gathelos.*" The second illumination is at the beginning of book v.; viz. two curious figures in conversation in a room, and over them "De Rege Malcolmo Kennemor et Thano de Fiffe." The next is facing book xi., and repre-

sents a funeral procession: viz. four men carrying the coffin upon two poles on their shoulders, and on the pall is delineated a



Priests or monks follow after, singing. From the opposite text it appears to represent the funeral of Alex. II. The next drawing is in the middle of book xii., and represents a battle: some on horses, but most on foot, all in armour, with part of a town and castle or fort, I think called the battle of Banockburn.

The last and least of these illuminations is a man's profile, representing the capital letter C, thus *onsideranti*, at the beginning of book xvi.

MR. PINKERTON TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

Hampstead, Feb. 28th, 1796.

I am honored with your lordship's of the 17th. With regard to the Catalogue of Portraits, with accounts by whom sent, they must be strange reasoners who think such a circumstance any *authentication*. I might say of the portraits at Kensington, "sent by Mr. Taylor in a rainy day to Mr. Herbert!" "Mr. Trotter being ill, his wife brought this tracing!" Fine authentication, no doubt! It has hitherto sufficed in such cases to name the collection; and even this has been too often omitted.

Of the gluttony of trifling fame, what the French call the *gloriole*, I trust I have none, and can see no ground of reputation in a collection of prints. In the preface to vol. I. I shall give the whole credit of the collection to your lordship, and say at once that the portraits from Scotland, amounting to about half, were all remitted by you. But I shall not say that the work would never have come to light without my exertions, which have been great and persevering, &c. &c.

Though I gain nothing but labor and cavilling by this work, yet I regard your lordship's attentions to it as a personal obligation, and have on all occasions warmly expressed my sense of them. It is, my lord, with a view to spare you some labor, that I beg to mention that one half of the tracings, &c. you have been so good as to send are foreign to the design. Archbishop Adamson, Short the optician, &c. have nothing to do with illustrious men. The king and queen of Bohemia have nothing to do with Scotland.

In a commonwealth, the dictators, consuls, &c. in a monarchy, the kings attract the chief notice: in short, the chief actors in history will ever form the first class of illustrious men. This is human nature; and no philosophy can make a shrub an oak. Our first object is therefore the monarchs, and, after them, the chief actors in history. The single portrait of James IV., or that of James III., is more interesting, even to a philosopher who knows that their personal characters influenced a whole country, than the portraits of ten obscure persons, whose virtues or vices never passed a narrow sphere.

While we want the kings and queens at Taymouth, Cardinal Beaton, the Regent Chatelheraut, &c. &c., it is unnecessary to delineate bishops, &c. only known in a catalogue of clergymen.

Part II. is now completely finished; but the present publisher is so negligent, that I shall transfer the work to another: and a very good one has offered. I beg therefore that Herbert may be regarded as having no concern in the publication. And, were it not for the *amor patriæ*, I should at once relinquish a design to which I sacrifice time and labor, and shall not gain even a paltry spark of reputation.

MR. CONSTABLE TO MR. PINKERTON.

March 20th, 1796.

I have seen many books written and printed in Scotland between 1650 and 1660, particularly of a religious nature; and I can easily send you a list of such of them as I can recollect: perhaps some of them might be new to your collection. I do not remember to have seen any modern edition of Durham* on Scandal; but most of that gentleman's other works have been often reprinted, and sell to this day as currently as any of Willison's famous religious publications.

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* James Durham of Glasgow, an eminent Scotch divine during the first half of the seventeenth century, was not only the author of the *Dying Man's Testament to the Church of Scotland, or a Treatise concerning Scandal*, the work here alluded to, but of a great many other publications of a similar character. John Willison of Dundee, who lived a century after him, was a writer of the same stamp.

I dare say a person could be found in Edinburgh to answer your demand in copying old portraits. I mentioned the circumstance to Mr. Allan, who is well known for his nice imitations of Scotch manners, faces, and dresses; but he says that, unless the originals are in town or in its vicinity, it would not be in his way to undertake the business. If you choose to inform me of the terms, where the pictures are, and within what period you wish them done, I doubt not but that I could find a person to answer your purpose. We have no engraver of note in the portrait way here. A Mr. Beugo issued proposals about two years ago for a work of the nature you mention; but it never went farther: he was frequently employed by the late Lord Hailes, and I dare say you have specimens of his work in your possession.

MR. PENNANT TO MR. PINKERTON.

April 30th, 1796.

I with great cheerfulness comply with your request respecting the copying the monument of Earl Douglas.* Properly, you should get a per-

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* If my set of Mr. Pinkerton's *Scotish Portraits* is complete, of which I am not sure, he never either published the monument of Earl Douglas, or pointed out the mistake mentioned in this letter by Mr. Pennant, regarding the portrait of the Cardinal. Indeed Mr. Pennant's plate of the monument (*Tour in Scotland*, II. p. 134.) as little deserves copying as can well be imagined; and there is a letter upon the subject in this

mission from Messrs. White, who are the proprietors. If I can find any others which I have not used, they shall be at your service when I know your wants. Give me leave to say, that I suspect the authenticity of my Cardinal Beaton. I fear it is Cardinal Falconer or Falconieri. I think there is a genuine one somewhere in Scotland. It will be worth your while to inquire if there be one, and engrave it, and add my suspicions which induce you to do it.

MR. PINKERTON TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

Hampstead, April 18th, 1796.

The portrait of Sir Robert Murray is not at the Royal Society's apartments; but there is one at Baillie of Jerviswood's, which might perhaps be got at. I have desired Mr. Wilkinson to procure Keil and Gregory from Oxford, as you recommended.

In Part II. I have published four of the family of Erskine, and have intermingled its praise with that of your lordship. In the general preface, I shall fully explain the great and material share you have in this (may I call it?) national work. Dr.

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collection from Mr. M'Cubbin of Douglas, who dissuades Mr. Pinkerton from any thing of the kind, and says that "long ago the monuments have been so defaced, that it is impossible to take any exact or even tolerable drawings of them, especially the faces, which are greatly destroyed."

Ogilvie has sent several from Aberdeen, for which we are equally indebted to your lordship's recommendation. The Archbishop Adamson, he informs me, is erroneous; a date being discovered, 1639.

As Mr. Wilkinson has correspondence at Edinburgh, I should be much obliged if your lordship would point out what artists you prefer. Those in the capital and environs may thus be preserved; and Sir John Sinclair has given me a letter to Lord Breadalbane for those at Taymouth. I am very sensible that your lordship has exceeded all expectation in those you have already procured; but perhaps at your convenience you may assist us in the following.

Mr. Erskine at *Alloà* (so Pennant Vol. III.), perhaps *Aloa*, has a curious half-length of Mary on copper, gauze cloke, crown on head, passion-flower in hand, sickly and pale. (Your Mary appears Part III.)

Those at Hamilton Palace.

Alexander Henderson at Yester.

James Earl of Douglas at Cavers.

The Seton family (which you said was in hand).

Baillie of Jerviswood at Mallerston.

Sibbald, the antiquary, at Duntervie, and some others which your lordship pointed out.

A most rare plate of James I., whole length, arms, Dunbarton castle behind, done I suppose about 1540, has just been lent me. It is from a different painting; but the face, dress, &c. evince that the Kielberg piece is James I. The print has only peaks, and no chains to the shoes.

Mary, a fine large contemporary French medal-

lion, has also been lent. It is the most exquisite of all her portraits, and Mr. W. speaks of giving it to Bartolozzi.

SIR JOHN SINCLAIR TO MR. PINKERTON.

May 15th, 1796.

Sir John Sinclair's compliments to Mr. Pinkerton, and sends herewith his paper on the Highland dress. He accidentally found Mr. Pinkerton's observations on that subject yesterday, which he returns, as he thinks that Mr. Pinkerton should include, in his portraits of the illustrious persons of Scotland, the French engravings of the Highland dress, and state in that work his thoughts upon the subject. Sir John thinks that the word *haut-de-chausses* means trowsers, and not the philibeg: indeed it is well known that the philibeg was invented by an Englishman in Lochaber about sixty years ago, who naturally thought his workmen could be more active in that light petticoat than in the belted plaid; and that it was more decent to wear it, than to have no clothing at all, which was the case with some of those employed by him in cutting down the woods in Lochaber.

MR. PINKERTON TO SIR JOHN SINCLAIR. *

23rd February, 1795.

In compliance with your desire, I have now the honor to send you a few remarks on the Highland dress.

When I first saw in the papers that you had appeared at court in a new Highland dress, substituting trowsers, or pantaloons, for the philibeg, I was highly pleased with the improvement. The Highland dress is, in fact, quite modern; and any improvement may be made without violating antiquity. Nay, the trowsers are far more ancient than the philibeg.

The philibeg cannot be traced among any of the Celtic nations, Ireland, Wales, or Bretagne, either as an article of dress, or as a word in their languages. Giraldus Cambrensis, A. D. 1180, informs us that the Irish wore *braccæ*, or *brecchi*, (that is, the long, ancient breeches, now called pantaloons, or trowsers). On old monuments the Irish kings are dressed in a close tunic, or vest, long trowsers down to the ancle, and a long loose robe, fastened at the waist by a large brooch. Perhaps the brooch might be substituted in your regiment for the breast-plate with much *costume*.

* This letter is here inserted out of its chronological order, to bring it in contact with the preceding, in which it was inclosed by Sir J. Sinclair to Mr. Pinkerton.

In the book of dress, printed at Paris 1562 (from which I have published fac-similes), the Highland chief is in the Irish dress; and I can discover no philibeg. No part of the dress is tartan: nor is there a plaid, but a mantle. The woman is dressed in sheep-skins; and, as that sex is always more ornamented than the other, there is reason to believe that the common Highland dress was then composed of sheep or deer skins.

Certain it is that Froissart, though astonished at the *sauvages d'Escosse*, as foreigners termed the Highlanders even down to Mary's reign, and though a minute observer, remarks no fixed appropriated dress among them, though the plaid and philibeg, if then worn, must have struck him as most particular.

Fordun, lib. ii. cap. 9, only mentions the Highland people as "amictu deformis," a term which I dare say you will agree with me rather applies to a vague savage dress of skins, &c. than to any regular habit. Hector Boece, 1526, though very minute, is equally silent; but he mentions canvass hose, or trowsers, as a part of the old Scotish dress.

Lesley and Buchanan, 1570-1580, are therefore the first who mention the modern Highland dress. The former represents tartan as then confined to the use of people of rank. The latter says the plaids of his time were *brown*.

Advocates for the antiquity of the philibeg say it is borrowed from the Roman military dress; but it is quite different; for the Roman skirts were mostly those of the tunic, which was worn under

their armour; whereas the philibeg is a detached article of dress.

It once appeared to me that the tunic with skirts to the knees, used by the common people of England in the Saxon and Norman times (see Strutt's Plates), had passed to the Lowlands, and thence to the Highlands, where it remained, as mountaineers are slow in changing fashions. But it now seems to me far more probable, that the philibeg arose from an article of dress used in France, England, and Scotland, from about the year 1500 to 1590, namely, the ancient *haut-de-chausses* proper. In Montfaucon's plates may be seen some of these, which are absolute philibegs.

The ancient loose *braccæ* were followed by tight hose, covering thigh and leg; but, as manners advanced, these began to seem indecent, (being linen, fitting close, and showing every joint and form); and the *haut-de-chausses* (or top of the hose) began to be used. At first it was very short, and loose as a philibeg; was lengthened by degrees; and Henry IV. of France wears it down to within three or four inches of the knee, and gathered like a petticoat tucked. Louis XIII. first appears with what are now called breeches. Hose were still worn under the *haut-de-chausses;* but, as the latter was lengthened, the former was shortened, till the present fashion prevailed. The Germans call breeches *hosen,* a term which we confine to stockings.

But the *haut-de-chausses* or philibeg, at first invented for the sake of modesty, and to cover that indecent article the *bragetto* or cod-piece, has

become among the Highlanders most indecent in itself; because they do not wear, as they ought, long hose covering thigh and legs under the philibeg. It is not only grossly indecent, but is filthy, as it admits dust to the skin, and emits the fœtor of perspiration: is absurd, because, while the breast, &c. are twice covered by vest and plaid, the parts concealed by all other nations are but loosely covered: is effeminate, being mostly a short petticoat, an article of female dress: is beggarly, because its shortness and the shortness of the stockings, joined with the naked knees, impress an unconquerable idea of poverty and nakedness.

As to the plaid, there is no reason to believe it more ancient than the philibeg. The chief in 1562 appears in a mantle; and, if the common people were then clothed in sheep-skins, the plaid was superfluous. But I suppose the plaid and philibeg passed from the Lowlands to the Highlands about the same time. Our old historians, in speaking of the Highlanders, always judge and describe, as was natural, from those next the Lowlands. In 1715, as appears from Mr. Dempster's letter,* the remote Highlanders were only clothed in a long coat buttoned down to the mid-leg.

It is to be regretted, on many accounts, that our old historians wrote in Latin; whence their terms are often so vague as hardly to admit accurate interpretation. John Major, who wrote in 1521, says, p. 34, that the caligæ (hose) of the High-

* See p. 231.

landers did not extend below the mid-leg; and he describes their whole dress to be a linen shirt, tinctured with saffron, and a *chlamys* (plaid, mantle, or loose coat,) above. He is speaking of the chiefs: the commoners he describes as proceeding to battle in a quilted and waxed linen tunic, covered with deer-skin. Not a particle, you will observe, of the modern dress.

The tartan, I dare say, passed from Flanders (whence all our articles came) to the Lowlands about the fifteenth century,* and thence to the Highlands. Tartan plaids were common among old women in the Lowlands in the last, and even in the present century.

Lord Hailes (*Annals*, i. 37.) ludicrously supposes tartan was introduced by St. Margaret. The writer he quotes is only speaking of clothes of several colors, red cloth, blue cloth, green cloth, &c.; while the Scots, probably, before followed the old Norwegian custom of wearing only black.

Nothing can reconcile the tasteless regularity and vulgar glow of tartan to the eye of fashion; and every attempt to introduce it has failed. But in your uniform, by using only two tints of a colour proverbially mild, and without glare, all

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* It is never mentioned before the latter part of that century. It first occurs in the accompts of James III., 1474, and seems to have passed from England; for the *rouge tartarin*, in the statutes of the Order of the Bath, in the time of Edward IV. (apud *Upton de Re Milit.*), is surely red tartan, or cloth, with red stripes of various shades.—*Pinkerton.*

such objections are avoided, and the general effect rendered very pleasing.

From these remarks it may be evinced, that no antiquary can object to the propriety of changing the philibeg to pantaloons, a change which, if universally introduced into Highland regiments and into the Highlands, would be a laudable improvement.

From the same remarks it is also clear, that nothing can be more absurd than the costume adopted by many of our late painters, stage-players, &c., who have represented the tartan as the Scotish dress in all ages. It is proper to inform all such persons, that a Highlander is as different from a Lowlander as a Welchman from an Englishman. The rebellions of 1715 and 1745 were those of Highlanders only. The Highlands comprise Sutherland, Caithness, Ross, the west part of Inverness and Perthshire, and all Argyleshire.

THE EARL OF BREADALBANE TO MR. PINKERTON.

May 28th, 1796.

I received some days ago your letter. I have unfortunately no catalogue in town of the pictures*

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* Mr. Pennant, in his *Tour in Scotland*, III. p. 30, has given a catalogue of the portraits at Taymouth, accompanied with interesting observations, and says, "They are the most

at Taymouth; but I trust no difficulty will attend this circumstance in your present pursuit, when I inform you the name of each individual portrait is affixed to each picture, which will answer your purpose better than any catalogue.

Most of Jameson's works are in the library, and consist of portraits of peers or great men of Scotland, friends or connexions at the time of the Breadalbane family. The Family Tree, a remarkable work of Jameson's,* is in the hall, at

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remarkable part of the furniture of the house here, being a very considerable collection of the works of Jameson, the Scotch Vandyke, an élève of this family." To the same effect Lord Orford observes (*Works*, III. p. 232.) that "though most of the considerable families in Scotland are possessed of paintings by Jameson, the greatest collection of them is at Taymouth, the seat of the Earl of Breadalbane; Sir Colin Campbell, of Glenorchy, his lordship's ancestor, having been the chief and earliest patron of Jameson, who had attended that gentleman on his travels."

* The very curious picture here alluded to, is thus described in a Ms. on vellum, preserved at Taymouth, containing the genealogy of the house of Glenorchy, and written in the first half of the seventeenth century:—"*Memorandum.*—In the same year, 1635, the said George Jameson painted a large genealogical tree of the family of Glenorchy, eight feet long, and five broad, containing in miniature the portraits of Sir Duncan Campbell, of Lockaw, of Archibald Campbell, his eldest son, first Earl of Argyle, and of Sir Colin Campbell, his second son, first Laird of Glenorchy, with the branches of their intermarriages, and of those of their sons and daughters, beautifully illuminated. At the bottom of which tree the following words are painted on a scroll: *The genealogie of the Hous of Glenurquhie, whereof is descendit sundrie nobill and worthie houses*, 1635, *Jameson faciebat.*"—*Lord Orford's* Works, III. p. 213.

the bottom of which is the portrait of Sir Duncan Campbell, the first Lord Argyle, from whom sprung the Argyle as well as Breadalbane family.

The kings and queens of Scotland are in a separate room by themselves, next the office: each portrait has the name of the king or queen on it for whom it was done.

In the drawing-room are two very fine portraits by Vandyke, of the two brothers, the Earls of Holland and Warwick, of Charles the First's time.

MR. PINKERTON TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

Hampstead, May 30th, 1796.

I am infinitely obliged by the long and instructive letter you took the trouble to write, and for the tracing of Lord Dryburgh. The private print of Sir P. Hume will be very acceptable any convenient time. Earl Marshall and Straloch are sent. Where is the Winton family? At Lord Somerville's, near Edinburgh?

Can your lordship procure us a correspondent on such topics at Glasgow? I wish for drawings of the Houston paintings in the church, A.D. 1400.

I can find Innes in no list of cardinals; nor do I know the history of the portrait.

I hope your lordship's eyes are quite re-established: cold water is the best eye-water; and I always use an eye-cup, so that I never had any

thing the matter with my eyes, though I use them so much.

Lord Breadalbane has given permission, and the Morisons, at Perth, engage to get drawings.

I would send a proof of the print of James I. was it not for the postage. It is from a different painting, but same mode of dress; only peaks to the shoes.

We shall be obliged for Lady Mary Stuart: we are rather deficient in ladies, who form an agreeable variety.

My History of Scotland under the Stuarts, 1371—1542, 2 vols. 4to., is half printed, and will appear next February. Mr. Dilly, the publisher, has paid liberally. Have Gibbon's miscellaneous works yet reached Scotland?

MAJOR OUSELEY TO MR. PINKERTON.*

Manchester, July 7, 1796.

I am almost ashamed to acknowledge that, until your obliging note written last September (which I had too carefully preserved in a particular pocket-book) accidentally presented itself to me this day, I have remained ignorant of your exact address at Hampstead: to this circumstance it is owing that I have not before returned you my

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* Now Sir William Ouseley, Knight, author of *Travels in the East*, &c. &c.; and justly regarded as one of the most profound and useful oriental scholars of the present day.

thanks for the good wishes you express in favor of my literary labors; or mentioned the pleasure I felt on learning from yourself that in Persian literature you are of sentiments congenial to my own, and a little enthusiastic. Without such a disposition, I believe it is almost impossible to derive either profit or pleasure from any study or pursuit. Without flattering myself that my book, the "*Persian Miscellanies*," could afford you much entertainment, yet, from your fondness for oriental literature, I should hope that before now you have cast your eye upon it, as something at least new, and, in its chief object, almost singular. I speak of it with rather the more confidence, having passed unscorched the ordeal of two reviews. In my scattered observations your favorite *Sadi* is often mentioned. Of his *Bostan* I long to see a good translation; but, though I am fortunate in possessing three original copies (one a fine Ms. brought from Persia by Chardin), I feel not inclined at present to undertake so arduous a task; yet, if the magnitude of a literary project which now fills my mind were known, perhaps the giving an English dress to Sadi's Bostan would seem but a moderate undertaking comparatively.

Mr. Walker of Dublin, my friend,* regrets

* It was Mr. Walker who introduced Sir William Ouseley to Mr. Pinkerton, by a letter, which is preserved in this collection, dated 26th August, 1795. At the same time he introduced Captain Ouseley, the father of Sir William: in speaking of whom he says, "He is *il mio amico stretto*, and, like his son, is engaged in a literary undertaking. It is he who is preparing for the press the *Catalogue of Irish Writers*, which I mentioned to you in my last."—See p. 389.

much on my account that I could not avail myself of his introduction to be honored by your personal acquaintance. The necessity of joining my regiment then prevented it; and the necessity of remaining with the corps, and the duties attached to the situation of major, too frequently interfere with my literary pursuits. But I hope it will not be many weeks before I shall be once more my own master. I have some notion of retiring from the military profession; and Mr. White, my bookseller, has promised to look out for me a small house at Hampstead, which has been always a favorite spot with me. I need not say that it would be the more pleasing from affording me frequent opportunities of enjoying your society.

I have lately added, at considerable expense, to my collection of Mss., already very extensive, two large and valuable parcels. Among the Persian books, in one, is a copy of the *Shah Nameh*, by *Ferdousi*, and of the whole works of *Jami*, the most superb Mss. I ever saw: they accordingly cost, several years ago in India, seventy pounds a piece! But among the plainer books is one perhaps as valuable; a fine copy of *Nezami's* works (which comprises the *History of Alexander*), transcribed so long ago as the year of the Hegira 841 (1437). Being already in possession of several copies of this noble work (I mean the *History of Alexander*, some of which are full of marginal notes), I feel much tempted to undertake a translation of it; for I look upon it as an historical record of infinite value, and I have declared my opinion of it in the Persian Miscellanies, pp. 23,

51, 75, 132. But, as I am engaged on the *plan* of a most extensive and laborious work (from which, however, I am not likely to shrink), I fear the execution of it will leave me no opportunity of celebrating the son of Philip for some time; at least in any other manner than as the writings of Nizami may be spoken of in the course of my work. Some specimens of beautiful lyric poetry I perhaps shall soon offer to the public; but only in the form of a simple literal translation, which has amused me as a relaxation from the more serious studies of eastern antiquities and philology. On the subject of the former, some strange conjectures have arisen in my mind on the nature of the sculptures at Persepolis; and I find it no difficult task to discover thousands of derivations from Greek and Chaldaic in Persian words, though not inclined to rest much on mere etymology.

If I have wearied your patience, by dwelling so long on these subjects, you must accuse yourself of having induced me to believe you enthusiastic in oriental literature, and blame our friend Walker for impressing me with the same notions. I am inconceivably anxious to return to London: it is, after all, the only place in which a studious man can find himself at home. The British Museum, especially since Mr. Halhed's Oriental Mss. have been added to the former collection, must contain many treasures in my way.

I have availed myself of the reviewers' hints, and provided the books they recommended to me on the subject of Persepolis, Rivers of Paradise, &c. &c.;

but I cannot procure from any bookseller in London, a work in Latin on the Expedition of Alexander, from an Oriental manuscript in the Bodleian Library, which a German, Henry G. Paulus, published, I think, at Gottingen, seven or eight years ago. He had been some time at Oxford, and gave a copy of this book (in octavo) to a gentleman, who unfortunately lost it before he mentioned it to me. This, and the remarks "*Sur les Antiquités de la Perse, by Silvestre de Sacy,*" are amongst my *desiderata.* Such wants, however, I hope to remove on visiting London, as I shall be very moderate in my domestic establishment: a small (neat) house is all I want; and the nearer to your cottage, the pleasanter will be its situation to me.

MR. OGILVIE TO MR. PINKERTON.*

King's College, Aberdeen, July 19th, 1796.

I regret very much that I cannot send a better drawing of Andrew Cant; but the person I employ finds the picture in such a miserable state of disrepair, that he cannot make it out to better purpose. I am certain the paintings mentioned in the Gentleman's Magazine must be daubings of no authenticity; but one of these days I shall

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* Rev. William Ogilvie, professor of Humanity at Aberdeen, published an *Essay on the right of Property in Land, with respect to its foundation in the Law of Nature, &c.* 8vo. 1781.

revisit them, after an interval of thirty years, and let you know if they are any other. I remember to have read in that magazine, some time ago, a notice of a picture of Morison, the botanist, in University College (if I remember right), in the lodgings once occupied by Obadiah Wolbyer, his friend.

Have you got any of the Gregorys? Lord Buchan mentions their progenitor, David Anderson, of whom we have a painting in Aberdeen; but the reputation of his genius (though deservedly high) is local, and merely traditionary. You will find an account of him in the Life of Dr. John Gregory, prefixed to the edition of his works, in four volumes. The Jameson mentioned by Lord Hailes is to be found in Banff Castle; but that house is shut up at present. I shall attend to this, and the other particulars mentioned in your letter, as occasion offers. I have no access to Darnway Castle; nor is it possible to find a draughtsman in that country, unless Lord Moray should, at any time, carry one there in his family. Might you not send his lordship some specimens of the work, requesting to be favored with the drawings wanted?

Have you got Barclay the Apologist? It is in vain, I believe, to make any inquiry in this country for the author of *Argenis*, or his father.

Lord Buchan is not satisfied that Hector Boece is authentic. The countenance, indeed, is too lively and smirking for a portrait of that century; yet, if you wish to see it, a drawing shall be sent.

MR. J. C. WALKER TO MR. PINKERTON.

August 30th, 1796.

In a letter which I had lately occasion to write to my friend, Major Ouseley, I begged of him to call on you, and acquaint you with my anxious wish to render you any service in my power in this kingdom; and, at the same time, to recommend to you a new Irish Magazine, entitled *The Monthly Miscellany, or Irish Review and Register*, particularly the second and third numbers, in which are given lists of Irish Manuscripts. This, and Mr. Ledwich's Statistical Account of his own parish, are the only recent Irish publications of merit on your favorite subject. Sir Lawrence Parsons' *Defence of Irish History*, I presume you have seen. It is rather ingenious than learned: a book to read, not to quote. However, as he is a man of talents and application, I should be glad if he would range himself under our banners.

Smitten with the charms of Italian literature, I have for a while abandoned the subject of Irish antiquities; but I shall return to it again, should my health permit, as soon as I have put the last hand to a little work, upon which I am at present engaged. But nothing, I hope, has drawn you aside from your important pursuits. In the course of the next winter, the press, I trust, will impart the result of your learned researches.

Of the new publications, I have, as yet, only read my friend Mr. Hayley's *Life of Milton*,

which I think one of the most capital pieces of biography in our language. *The Memoirs of Metastasio and Gibbon* I have got, and shall sit down immediately to them; but I despair of being able to read Roscoe's *Life of Lorenzo de' Medici* (which I am impatient to read), till the new edition shall appear; as it is now impossible to find a copy in any of the Dublin or London booksellers' shops. I am happy I can venture to say, that the sixth volume of the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy will appear in October or November next. A few papers only remain to be printed.

MR. R. JOHNSON * TO MR. PINKERTON.

Kenmore, September 17th, 1796.

I take the liberty of writing you along with these, in order to suggest a few observations which

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* There is among Mr. Pinkerton's Correspondence another letter from this unfortunate young man, dated October 11th, 1796, and consequently written immediately before the commencement of the illness which terminated in his death. It is altogether confined to observations upon the portraits at Taymouth, at which he was then laboring with a fatal assiduity. The following account of the Genealogical Tree has appeared to me worth inserting, as it is a picture which has attracted much attention :—" The Genealogical Tree is a picture by itself, unconnected with any of the others, and appears to be the work of Jameson, having his name inserted on the corner, written on a slip of paper, and sealed upon the picture, with this inscrip-

occurred to me while busy with them; and particularly as Lord Breadalbane desires me to inform you that he wishes to have a copy of the work. I hope the drawings I take will give satisfaction; but, as I am a little curious, I hope you will have the goodness to favor me with a few particulars concerning the nature of the publication for which they are intended, and also the style of engraving adapted for them; as it would, in a great measure, obviate some little uneasiness I have on that head, and regulate my manner of doing them in conformity to your purpose. In my opinion, they should be engraved (at least some of them) as much as possible in the manner of Houbraken's heads; as that sketchy, soft, close-stroked kind of engraving is the most beautiful and suitable representative of drawings, or old sunk-in indeterminate pictures, which a naked harsh outline, though sought with the most difficult accuracy, can but faintly express.

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tion: 'The genealogie of the House of Glenorquie, and quah ereof is dessendit sindrie nobill and worthie houses.—Jameson fec. 1635.' At the root of the tree is Sir D. Campbell, Knight of Lochawe, called Duncan in it, in an ancient Highland dress; and on the main stem are the miniatures, undoubtedly Jameson's, of the knights of the family, in genealogical succession, one above another, inserted in circles, with their names and titles, down, or rather up, to Sir Robert Campbell, 1641: also the miniature of Archibald Lord Argyle, on a small branch by itself; in all, ten small portraits. The inferior branches bear the several names, &c. of the descendants in circles of different colors, in a curious and intricate manner, according to their rank."

Mr. Morison informed me that he understands they are to be engraved by first-rate artists in London: if this is the case, I would like to take the utmost pains with them, whatever may be my reward, and would wish to know whether the name of the delineator is put to the prints; being conscious of the very minute attention I pay to the resemblance of the originals. I hazard it to your judgment in excusing such boldness; and what I mean to say is, that except the engravings are done with judicious exactness from these drawings, I beg you will not put my name to them; as I think it a laudable precaution which every young artist should take and abide by, who has only his hands and his *little name* to depend on. From the price I have undertaken to do these at, and the *loose open sketching* mentioned in yours, a thought struck me, that a less laborious kind of drawing, with sufficient accuracy, (which I flatter myself able to do,) might answer your purpose as well, or, perhaps, better. I will thank you for a few observations on this point, and request you will, as soon as possible, let me know which and how many I have to do here, or at any other place, as it is of some moment to me in other necessary arrangements.

I have not been able as yet to discover any more portraits of note about Taymouth House.

No. 56. Mary, Duchess of Longueville, is dated MDXIIII: the picture appears original; perhaps the painter of the inscription might make a mistake and put MDXIIII for MDXLIII.

No. 60 is the Marquis of Argyle. I am in-

formed by Mr. Kennedy there was only one Marquis.

No. 64 is an indifferent portrait of an aquiline-nosed man in armour, and has for inscription, "Archbaldus Campbell, Comes de Argyle primus, ætatis suæ xxxvi," and seems of the same kind of workmanship as some of the Campbell family in the lobby.

MESSRS. MORISON AND SON TO MR. PINKERTON.

Perth, Nov. 18th, 1796.

You will no doubt be surprised when we inform you, that the purpose of this letter is to announce to you the death of poor Johnson. We have seldom met with an occurrence in which we have felt more interested than the latter end of that deserving young man.

The very day after we last wrote you, we received a letter from Kenmore, from the man in whose house he lodged, desiring us to send for him, as he was quite delirious; and by express, the day following, we were informed of his death. Some weeks before this, Lord Breadalbane and family had left Taymouth House, and he had continued his business in a large parlour, *without fire*. Anxious to get through with his job, and the hours of daylight but few, he frequently sat six and seven hours on a stretch, and contracted

a terrible cold: a fever was the consequence: no person to take a charge of him, he neglected himself: it flew to his brain, and, terrible to relate, he was bound with ropes, beat and treated like a *madman*. It is a subject too painful to be dwelt minutely on: fortunately, the day before his death, a Dr. M'Lagan passing through Kenmore visited him, ordered him to be unbound, applied blisters, &c.: the day following the delirium abated: he became calm, and died in peace and composure. As none of us could go from home, we sent an acquaintance to see him decently interred; and so entirely were we strangers to him, that we know not more about his relations than that they lived at Newcastle. Mr. Kirkwood of Edinburgh, who recommended him to us, advised his friends of his death; and a young gentleman went up to Kenmore and investigated his little matters. There are two finished portraits among his drawings, which will doubtless be sent you; but the young gentleman's instructions were to seal up every thing and send them to Newcastle: we stated to him the circumstances concerning these portraits, and cannot for a moment doubt their being immediately ordered back.

We have been informed of several anecdotes about him which are interesting. He was bound apprentice to the famous Bewick of Newcastle (who cuts figures on wood in so dexterous a manner), by his father. We should have set out with mentioning that he was the only son of an aged man, a carpenter, in Gateshead, near Newcastle: his master, observing his uncommon ge-

nius for drawing, employed him to trace the figures on the wood: this accustomed him to drawing; and the figures in Bewick's *History of Quadrupeds* will be lasting monuments of his genius and abilities. A lady in Newcastle, observing his taste and abilities, was at the expense of keeping him at an academy for drawing; and, by the time his apprenticeship was finished, he was considered as almost fit for London. He determined, however, to work at home till he could work more to his mind, and had been employed for about six months on his own account, when he agreed to go to Kenmore: he had been so successful, that he made his aged father give up his tools, for which he was now too infirm, and took upon himself his support. In this and several other respects his private character was most exemplary; and such of his drawings as can be had will bring great prices, and it is expected will raise a little fund to support the inconsolable parents, who have now no child left. His funeral charges came exorbitantly high, from eleven to twelve pounds: we have a great inclination to subscribe a little towards them: perhaps you may feel so disposed also. Excuse my freedom.

MR. J. C. WALKER TO MR. PINKERTON.

Nov. 21st, 1796.

I am honored with your favor of the 7th inst. It affords me much pleasure to find that my friend

Ouseley's oriental labors meet your approbation; and he, I am sure, will consider himself much honored and much flattered by your favorable opinion of them. He is, indeed, a very extraordinary young man, and will, I doubt not, rise to literary eminence.

I am happy to learn that your History is in the press, and shall anxiously expect its appearance. But, even if Dilly should give you a few sets for your friends, I should be sorry you would bestow a copy on one who has so little claim to such a favor.

I am indeed enamored of Italian literature: I find its charms irresistible. It is my present intention to divide this winter between the Italian poets and historians. I cheerfully subscribe to your opinion of Guicciardini, though my acquaintance with him is but slight. I have often dipped into, and often consulted his work, but never read it regularly through. Of Hawthornden's poems, I shall endeavor to get a copy, and do as you desire. Marini's *Sampogna*, and Slaughter of the Innocents, I possess; but I have not at present a copy of the *Adone*. However, I can borrow it from a friend, who indulges me with the free use of his very valuable collection of Italian books. My own collection of the authors who shone in the poetical region which I am now exploring, is not inconsiderable. During my stay in Italy I picked up several scarce and curious old plays and other Italian productions, seldom to be met with, in *La divisa dal mondo ultima Irlanda*.

I have read with great pleasure Gibbon's Me-

moirs, &c. They are highly amusing and instructive. Yet, though we peruse with pleasure and profit a progressive detail of the studies of an eminent literary character, there are many parts of the journal which might be spared. How much more acceptable would have been some of the pieces, which his noble biographer enumerates in the preface to the second volume! But I flatter myself that all his posthumous works will one day see the light. Gibbon was a writer of uncommon industry, sound judgment, and elegant taste; but he is often pompous where he should be familiar, and frequently becomes obscure from an over anxiousness to compress. In many parts of his History, he rather excites than gratifies curiosity. Often, when we expect to find a fact fully displayed, it only darkly appears peeping through a rich tissue of words. However, Gibbon must ever be considered as one of the brightest ornaments of English literature, and his History a splendid monument of taste and genius, painful research, and almost boundless reading. Of his many just and elegant eulogiums on late and living writers, his panegyric on the historian of the Goths, does most honor to his taste and judgment.

Such was the eager demand for Mr. Roscoe's work in London, that the Irish booksellers could hardly get a few copies. Therefore I have not as yet read it; but I expect a copy in the course of this week. I am, you may suppose, from the nature of the subject, anxious to read that admired work. I am not unacquainted with the libraries from which Mr. Roscoe drew his principal materials. I

have passed some delicious hours in them; but, alas! my stay in Florence was short. The respective publications of my learned and ingenious friends Mr. Hayley and Dr. Burney, I have read with great pleasure. Perhaps it would be difficult to find a more perfect piece of biography than the *Life of Milton*.

MR. A. STUART TO MR. PINKERTON.

London, Nov. 30th, 1796.

I was yesterday favored with yours, inclosing the corrected copy of the charter by King Malcolm, which I have this day forwarded to Mr. John Davidson, acquainting him that you had taken the trouble of going to the Museum on purpose; and, as you had yourself examined the manuscript* there of Sir James Balfour's handwriting, that he may depend on the accuracy of the copy now sent, though it differs in many respects from that given by George Crawfurd.

I send you inclosed an Extract from Simpson's *Genealogical History*, from which you will observe that, in page 61, he has given a very particular account of the charter granted on Christmas day, 1296, by Sir John Stuart of Bonhill, in presence of his brother, James, the Stewart of Scotland,

* The manuscript in question was the Charter from King Malcolm IV. in favor of Walter, the son of Allan, A. D. 1158.

and many other witnesses, to the abbot and convent of Melross, for two pounds of wax to be paid yearly, &c.

The description is so very particular, that it appears to me incredible that Simpson should have invented this charter; and yet it is extraordinary that it should not have been found in the search you have made in the chartulary of Melross. Is there any likelihood that there should have been another copy of the chartulary of Melross kept somewhere in Scotland, and more full than that which is at the Museum? Or, can it be supposed that Simpson has, by mistake, stated the charter to have been granted to the monastery of Melross, instead of the monastery of Paisley, or some other monastery?—I should be glad to find out where the mistake lies; as the charter in question is of some use in the chain of proofs.

I had intended to have taken a ride your way this very day, but have got a little of a cold and sore throat, which obliges me to keep the house for a day or two. If I do not soon get to Hampstead, I shall take some opportunity of sending to you Simpson's book, and at the same time returning your copy of Richard Kay's Essay on the Origin of the Royal Family of Stuart. I have got another copy of it from Scotland since you favored me with yours, which ought to have been returned sooner. Can you inform me whether there is at the Museum, or any where in England, a copy of the chartulary of Paisley? I know that there is in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh a manuscript copy of that chartulary, which I be-

lieve belonged to Richard Hay of Dromboot; and there are other copies in Scotland besides that; but I should be glad to learn whether there is any copy in England to which we could have access.

MR. J. C. WALKER TO MR. PINKERTON.

Jan. 14th, 1797.

In a rummage amongst my papers, when I was last in town, I found literal translations (which a friend once kindly sent me) of a few old Irish romances. I take the liberty to send one for your perusal. At some future day I shall trouble you to return it. Should you wish it, a copy shall be at your service.

My friend, Major Ouseley, has acquainted me with your obliging intention of enriching my little collection of Italian dramas. But I beg that, in order to enrich mine, you may not impoverish your own. I shall be grateful for any duplicates you may happen to have; and shall return, with many thanks, any that are *not* duplicates.

As you were the first person who directed my notice to the works of F. Testi,* I am indebted to

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* The name of Fulvio Testi does not occur either in De Bure or in Dr. Watts's comprehensive *Bibliotheca Britannica*, or in Fontanini's *Biblioteca dell' Eloquenza Italiana*; but the library of the British Museum contains a copy of his works, entitled *Poesie Liriche, e Alcina Tragedia*, 12mo. Nap. 1637. Mr.

you for the pleasure which I derived from the perusal of them. I am surprised that a writer of so much merit should be so little known. Tiraboschi, "the indefatigable," has, I am told, written his life. I am charmed with Mr. Roscoe's work. He has served most essentially the cause of Italian literature in England.

After several years of neglect, I lately took up Dr. Farmer's *Essay on the Learning* (i. e. the ignorance) *of Shakspeare*. It is a very ingenious little work; but it rather amuses than convinces. Nobody doubts Shakspeare's ignorance of Greek; nor ought any body to question his knowledge of Latin, since his envious friend, Dr. Johnson, acknowledged he had "a little." The attempts to prove him unacquainted with French and Italian are feeble; they are arrows from the hand of debility. The orthography of Shakspeare's French is incorrect; therefore he did not understand the language. The orthography of his English is not more correct; yet he is generally allowed to

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Pinkerton, in his *Letters on Literature*, p. 120, speaks of him with much esteem, as a man who appeared to have attained the genuine texture of lyric thought and style more than any other Italian poet he knew, without exception. And he makes long quotations from his odes, on which, after assigning Testi the place next to Petrarch as a lyric bard, he observes, "every reader, I believe, must confess that there are in the above extracts the grandeur and opulence of Pindar, and the neatness, beauty, and elegance of Anacreon, mingled with the pathos which the ancients ascribe to Simonides." To the above encomium Mr. Walker, (*Historical Memoir*, p. 188.) adds his suffrage, and subjoins an interesting sketch of the Life and Writings of Testi.

have understood English. Pistol pronounces *bras* like *brass*. I have in my possession a poem written by a gentleman, who can read with ease the most difficult French author, in which *sous* is made to rhyme with house. Though Shakspeare ekes out many of his lines with French words, he was so ignorant of the language, that he was obliged to employ a *journeyman* to write the scene between Henry and Catharine. In the epilogue to the second part of Henry IV., he promises to make us merry with fair Catharine of France. How does he perform his promise? By making Catharine speak broken English, interlarded with scraps of French; or by making her translate into French Henry's bombastic compliments, and then ask her maid if she rightly understands her royal lover. Yet all this French ribaldry, according to Dr. Farmer, was either written at Shakspeare's desire, by a second person, or inserted after he left the stage. Of Italian, he must have been ignorant; because he *might* have read in English translations the Italian novels from which he has borrowed so freely! But does it follow that he could not read these novels in the original? When Dr. Farmer wishes to consult a classic author for a simple fact, is he not sometimes content to turn to a translation? Did he never take down Langhorne's *Plutarch*, when the original stood upon the same shelf? But this is wandering from the point. Of Shakspeare's acquaintance with the Italian language, proofs, I think, might be adduced. I shall not now trouble you with any which may have occurred in the course of my confined reading; but I shall close these re-

marks with a simple question. If the plot of the *Comedy of Errors* was borrowed from the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, how did he, Shakspeare, come at it? He could not, according to Dr. Farmer, read Plautus in the original; and there was no English translation before the year 1595; and in the year 1593, Shakspeare's comedy was published. But an Italian translation of the *Menæchmi* appeared in 1530; and, during the reign of Elizabeth, Italian literature was much cultivated in England.

MR. LAING* TO MR. PINKERTON.

Edinburgh, Jan. 17th, 1797.

The industry and success with which you have elucidated the early history of Scotland, demand

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* Malcolm Laing, Esq., a distinguished advocate at the Scotch bar, published the sixth volume of *Dr. Henry's History of England, with his Life, and a Continuation;* the *History of Scotland, from the Union of the Crowns by the Accession of James VI., to the Union of the Kingdoms in the Reign of Queen Anne;* and an edition of the *Poems of Ossian, with Notes and a Dissertation.* In the general election of 1807, he was returned to the House of Commons as member for the Orkneys, of which he was a native. In Mr. Field's *Life of Dr. Parr*, vol. ii. p. 240, is the following notice of Mr. Laing, so honorable to the memory of that gentleman, that I feel I should be guilty of an act of injustice were I not here to transcribe it. "Dr. Parr, in his visit to Edinburgh, became acquainted with the well-known historian of Scotland, Malcolm Laing, Esq., whose work was emphatically styled by Mr. Fox, a treasure, opening new sources, he said, of interesting in-

not only the gratitude of your impartial countrymen, but whatever information individuals can contribute to your future researches. It is from the interest which your past, and the expectation which your future productions excite, that I take the liberty to address you.

In your Portraits of Illustrious Persons in Scotland, a hint contained in the character of Anne of Denmark, imparts a luminous conception, and, to my mind, the most rational explanation of Gowrie's conspiracy. In the tract which you have almost promised on that intricate subject, your attention will no doubt be directed to the subsequent discoveries of Sprott the notary, and to Logan of Restalrig's attainder after death. As I have had occasion to examine these points minutely in a History of Scotland which I am preparing, from the accession, 1603, to the Union, and in which I have made considerable progress,

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formation; presenting new views of important transactions, and constituting a valuable acquisition to all who wish to obtain a true knowledge of the history of the nation of which it treats. Upon the same work Dr. Parr also passed his encomium in the following terms: "The ardor of Mr. Laing in the career of liberty is not disgraced by democratic coarseness or theoretic refinement. His inquiry into the controverted question of Mary's participation in the death of Darnley is minute without tediousness, and acute without sophistry. When I consider his sagacity in explaining causes, his clearness in relating facts, his vigor in portraying character, or his ingenuity in unfolding and enforcing principles, I shall ever find reason to lament that the continuance of Hume's History was not undertaken by a writer so eminently qualified as Mr. Laing, for a work so arduous and important."

I am induced to trouble you with the result, that Logan had no accession whatever in Gowrie's conspiracy.*

The evidence consists in the letters, on which Sprott and the remains of Logan were respectively convicted. Two letters are inserted in Sprott's confession: the one is from Gowrie to Logan, which appears no more: the other is Logan's answer, which was engrossed in the indictment, and is only to be found in Archbishop Abbot's Account of the Trial of Sprott. At the distance of two years, on the trial of Logan's ashes,† four

* Mr. Laing subsequently saw reason to change this opinion. In the second edition of his *History of Scotland*, vol. iii. p. 506, he makes the following very candid avowal:—"From the different copies of the same letters from Logan to Gowrie, as inserted in Sprott's trial, and in Logan's attainder, I did not hesitate, in the first edition of this History, to pronounce the whole correspondence a forgery. The difference appeared to be still greater upon examining the original records of justiciary and of parliament, in which Sprott's trial and the attainder of Logan are respectively engrossed. At the same time, however, the absolute identity of the letters with Logan's hand-writing is attested by such strong and unexceptionable evidence, that any explanation, sufficient to reconcile the apparent contradiction between the different copies of the same letter, should be preferred to the ultimate supposition of forgery. The explanation which I have now discovered has at last convinced me, *that the letters are genuine, and that Logan was accessary to the Gowrie conspiracy.*"

† "Although Logan and his servant were already dead, his memory was still exposed to persecution, and his innocent offspring reserved for punishment. According to a legal maxim, that no person can be condemned in absence, his bones were dug up, and in the succeeding parliament produced and arraigned at the bar."—*Laing's History*, vol. iii. p. 54.

additional letters are produced, of which the discovery might undoubtedly have been recent. But the letter formerly inserted in Sprott's indictment is again produced, and in a form so materially different, so much amplified, amended and altered, that, on comparing the two editions as preserved by Abbot, Cromarty, and Arnot, no doubt of the forgery can remain. To me, at least, the detection appears so complete, that the evidence employed to attest the authenticity of Logan's letters, can amount to no more than a proof of the dexterity with which the forgery was executed.

It is sufficient to refer you to the means of detection, without enlarging on the internal contradictions which the letters contain. The forgery itself may be easily explained. From Johnstone's History, p. 267, and from Calderwood's Manuscript History, vol. vi. p. 140, it appears that Sprott was a notary, expert and long practised in forgery, that he was capable of devising the letters, from the preposterous expectation of a reward, but unable to endure the extreme and repeated torture which produced his confession, "when he was resolved," he says, "to die, and had not a hope nor a wish to live." On the other hand, the principal statesmen of that period, besides their desire to gratify James, by an opportune and unexpected confirmation of Gowrie's conspiracy, had an additional motive to promote, or perhaps to devise, the forgery themselves. Lord Balmerino, the secretary, had purchased Logan's estate: the price was still due to his heirs; but it might be extinguished by his posthumous attainder and a gift of his escheat.

(*Douglas' Peerage*, p. 65; *Scotstarvet's Staggering State*, p. 62.) The benefit, it is true, was intercepted, as Balmerino himself was attainted that year; but Logan's trial, although necessarily delayed till the parliament 1609, must have been concerted before Sprott's execution. I conceive that the mine was prepared by Balmerino, and sprung by the Earl of Dunbar, his successful rival, who occasioned his disgrace.

These remarks on a collateral subject do not affect your conclusions concerning Gowrie's conspiracy; and, very possibly, the forgery has not escaped your observation. It was concealed from Dr. Robertson; as apparently he never met with Abbot's pamphlet; and, from Cromartie's disingenuity in transcribing Sprott's confession, with the omission of the letters, he had no opportunity of detecting the forgery. It is a curious picture of the times when two ministers of state, Dunbar and Balmerino, were engaged in false accusation, forgery, and judicial murder.

If these remarks can contribute any additional information, they will be some small retribution for the pleasure and instruction I have received from your writings.

MR. DILLY TO MR. PINKERTON.

Thursday, Jan. 26th, 1797.

I send the two sets of your History of Scotland, as I promised. Much will depend as to a success-

ful reception, upon the candor and good disposition of the critics upon the work. I think, Sir, from the conversation which passed between you and Dr. Gillies in my counting-house, he may be prevailed upon to write an account of the History for the Monthly Review. As to the Critical,* I presume, though you have relinquished the employment as a monthly contributor, the printer will be ready to receive what may be given from yourself

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* "In the course of this work a letter will appear from Mr. Samuel Hamilton, who was at that time proprietor of the *Critical Review*, by which it will be seen how much Mr. Pinkerton was connected with that publication. Mr. Pinkerton has likewise preserved in his correspondence a letter from Dr. Richard Griffith, the editor of the Monthly Review, dated 14th July, 1796, upon the subject of some attempt which had been made to influence that work against him; and I here subjoin a copy of that letter, as curious of its kind.

"I am as much surprised at the discovery made by your letter, received yesterday, as you could be at the contents of mine to you. I cannot imagine who is the scoundrel that has taken so dishonest a liberty with your name. I inclose his letter, and heartily wish it may lead to a discovery of the writer. If you do find him out, I should take it very kindly, if you would acquaint me with the *worthy* gentleman's name. The plot seems to have been formed with a view to exasperate, if possible, the Monthly Reviewers against you and your publications; but it is happily blown up; and I shall be glad to see it produce a contrary effect.

"I am much obliged, Sir, by the candid manner in which you have opened your mind to me, throughout the whole of your (*genuine*) letter. It has increased the good opinion I had before conceived of you.

"You will please to preserve the incendiary epistle; as it is possible we may hereafter have occasion to refer to it, should the writer pursue his machinations."

or a friend. I shall postpone the publication a few weeks longer.

MR. PINKERTON TO MR. LAING.

January 28th, 1797.

I am obliged to you for your letter, and for your good opinion of my little labors. Your two chapters in Henry's last volume I read with more pleasure than any part of the work, and entertain the best expectations of your History, the design of which has been repeatedly mentioned to me. Your letter revived my thoughts on Gowrie's conspiracy, which were almost dormant, having for this twelvemonth been correcting through the press my History, from 1371 to 1542. It is now printed off; and I shall diversify my present leisure by renewing my design of a short tract on that strange business. Literature is already loaded with large books on small subjects; and I only mean, 1st, to repeat the opinions of former writers; 2d, to propose my own; 3d, to offer some proofs and arguments in its support; and 4th, to answer some objections.

I think of printing it *anonymously* next summer; and, as your letter is extremely to the purpose, if you have no objection, I shall subjoin it, omitting the complimentary parts. If I remain anonymous, perhaps (if you consent) you will prefer my only saying it is "from an able writer, now employed

in writing the History of Scotland, from the union of the crowns to that of the kingdoms."

I wish you could send me Lord Hailes' anonymous Tract on the Gowrie Conspiracy,* 1757, 12mo. It may be split in parts, and sent me under cover: "Andrew Stuart, Esq. M. P. Grosvenor Street, London."

Permit me now to return to a far more important business, your own History. Having fulfilled my design of publishing an authenticated History of the House of Stuart, from 1371 to 1542; so that, if death had surprised me in the midst of a long toil, still by Lord Hailes' labors, Dr. Robertson's, &c., no part of our annals remained unillustrated; I shall resume, in 2 vols, 4to., the early part, from Agricola to 1371. At a most remote distance I viewed the part 1542—1707, in 20 books; 10 of history, 1542—1603; 10 of Annals, 1603—1707: at the end, a brief chronological deduction to modern times. But in the reigns of Mary and James, little could have been added or illustrated (at least it strikes me so at a distance); and glad I am that your labors in the latter period may relieve me from so heavy a burden. I therefore hope and intend to close my toils with the earliest division, in which much still remains; my *Inquiry* and Lord Hailes' *Annals* being rather materials than history, and many new materials having arisen.

In our modern history I above all things wished,

* "*A Discourse of the unnatural and vile Conspiracy, attempted by John, Earl of Gowrie, and his brother, against His Majesty's person, at St. Johnstoun, upon the 5th August,* 1600." Edin. 1757.

and still wish that some able writer, residing at Edinburgh, where the chief materials are, would undertake a large, formal, and *rather prolix* history of Scotland under the Commonwealth, 1649—1660: eleven years of deep obscurity in our history and literature. Baillie's unprinted letters,* numerous papers in the Advocates' Library, the manuscript of Glencairn's conspiracy, Hailes' Remarks, &c. &c. might all furnish ample new materials, and most *piquant* articles for an appendix. A most interesting 4to volume might be formed on those few years, treated with the anecdotical minuteness of memoirs, not with the reserved dignity of history; and nothing could strike in more with our own times, and suggest topics more congenial to the current of sentiment in all parties.

I should consider myself as rendering an eminent service to our literature, if I could persuade you to undertake this part, first and separately. It would be in quite a different style and manner from your History, and would by no means preclude it, but, on the contrary, excite attention and expectation. In your subsequent history you would of course give a rapid masterly abstract of those eleven years in a different style and manner from

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* Is not Mr. Pinkerton in a mistake, in speaking of these letters as unprinted? In Dr. Watts's Bibliotheca Britannica, I find, "*Letters and Journals, containing an impartial account of public transactions, civil, ecclesiastical, and military, in England and Scotland, from the beginning of the civil wars in 1637 to the year 1662, by Robert Baillie; with an account of the Author's life prefixed, and a glossary annexed, by Robert Aitken.*" *Edin.* 1775, 2 vols. 8vo.

the memoirs; and the space is so short that no charge of repetition could arise, any more than if you had only published a previous dissertation on an obscure period. In short, were I residing in Scotland and writing your period, I should certainly pursue this plan, just as I published my *Inquiry* before I commenced my *History*; for, on obscure topics, double light is necessary.

I have at your service manuscript anecdotes of Cromwell in Scotland, and a list of all the scarce pamphlets in the Museum, 1649—1660, any extracts from which I can order, and can direct your materials here as if for myself. Whatever be your determination, it will give me pleasure if I can serve you in your researches; and do not hesitate to employ me; for I can retaliate on you for any little article I may want from the Edinburgh repositories.

MR. LAING TO MR. PINKERTON.

Edinburgh, Feb. 9th, 1797.

I have delayed for some days to answer your esteemed favor, in order to learn with certainty, whether the Tract which accompanies this was the only publication by Lord Hailes on Gowrie's conspiracy. You will see that it is a publication of the court-narrative with notes, suggested at first to his lordship by visiting Gowrie's house at Perth, which, I am sorry to add, is to be removed very

soon, to make way for barracks.* Mr. John Davidson examined the house with Lord Hailes: his idea is at least singular, though suggested, I suppose, by local circumstances, that James had retired backwards, and, from his constitutional timidity, had caught and excited the alarm, in consequence of which the two unfortunate brothers perished. I am told by Sir H. Moncrieff, that there was a woman some years ago alive at Perth, whose great-grandmother's wedding-dinner was borrowed by Gowrie, (who had dined himself,) and brought into his house to entertain the king; a proof, were the anecdote certain, that his visit was not expected by the earl. Mr. Scott, a minister of Perth, from whom, I believe, this traditionary fact was derived, possesses, I have heard, some historical anecdotes respecting the conspiracy. Yet no such thing appears in his Statistical Report: nor is it likely that any additional facts of importance are now to be procured. If information, however, of such anecdotes, or if any extracts from Calderwood's Manuscript History be necessary, I shall be happy to make the inquiries or extracts. The

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* "The Earl of Gowrie's house, which was originally built by the Countess of Huntly, about the year 1520, still remains at Perth. In the year 1746, it was given by the magistrates to William, Duke of Cumberland, who sold it to government for the purpose of containing barracks for a company of artillery. This house stands at the south end of the street, called the Watergate. It was the scene of one of the most problematical events in Scottish history, that is, the execution of what is called the *Gowrie Conspiracy*."—*Beauties of Scotland*, vol. iv. p. 276, 1807.

manuscript contains, if I recollect right, some minute contradictions of James's narrative, which, perhaps, are mostly inserted in the republication of Adamson's *Threnodia** at Perth. If any part of my last letter deserve to be inserted in your treatise on the conspiracy, the manner in which you propose to introduce it will be much more gratifying than the mention of my name.

As to the work I am engaged in, it is the humblest and least important part of our annals; or rather, a provincial history, subordinate to the English. Your suggestion, that I may relieve you from a distant toil, if I can complete with any tolerable success the last portion of Scottish history, is a motive that will quicken my diligence and care. I have considered attentively your idea of a previous anecdotical history, or memoirs of Scotland during the usurpation; but, having already passed that period, and reached the middle of Charles II.'s reign, I am now straining to the goal, I mean the union, on which I have a prospect of obtaining some original materials. Till I have reached it, I am unwilling to indulge in a retrospect; and, from the inspection of Woodrow's voluminous collection of manuscripts in the Advocates' Library, I am afraid that a minute account of that period would possess few attractions. Our history was then suspended under a foreign yoke. The manuscripts which I

* *The Muses' Threnodie, or Mirthful Mourning, on the death of Mr. Gall, with a Description of Perth, and an Account of Gowrie's Conspiracy, &c. by Henry Adamson.* Edin. 1638, 4to. The same book was reprinted with Notes by J. Cant, Perth, 1774, 2 vols. 12mo.

have examined contain little else than the squabbles of the clergy in their provincial synods, and of the protesters and public resolutioners, of which Burnet has given us such a lively and just description. The memoirs of the period are chiefly the lives of the clergy, such as Rutherford, Blair, and Livingstone, which contain no part of the information or the judgment of Baillie's letters. The period of the usurpation appeared so barren, that, after Glencairn's insurrection, I was obliged to suspend the narrative of public events, and enter into the minute, yet perhaps more instructive, details of domestic government, &c., the revenues, arts, manners and literature of Scotland. At the same time, in the revisal of the work, I shall bestow a much more careful examination on this period. The work may be finished next winter; and, as the ensuing spring and summer will be dedicated to the revisal, I shall not fail to profit from your exhortations. According to its bulk, the anecdotical history of the period may either be inserted in notes, or digested into an appendix.

I have detained you too long on this selfish subject; but the manuscript anecdotes and information, which you so liberally offer to communicate, I shall receive and return with gratitude. I conceive that they may be of infinite use in the revisal, and may be easily incorporated in transcribing a second copy of my work for the press; but I am afraid my researches here will make you no adequate return; especially as I spend the better part of the year, the summer and the autumn, in the Orkneys, of which I am a native.

The slow arrival of books from London will deprive us for a month of the perusal of your History. The information derived from Gibbon was not necessary to raise our expectations. Your Inquiry had already produced a *durable* impression of the truth respecting our ancient history, which continues daily to increase, and is more durable, because at first, perhaps, it was reluctantly received. For myself I fairly acknowledge, that I was bewildered with Celtic poetry and tradition, till your Dissertation and Inquiry disabused my mind; but I know not a man, not born a Celt, whom they have failed to convince.* That you may enjoy health and leisure to reduce those valuable materials into the history you have undertaken, and to accomplish every other literary object, is my sincere wish.

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* Mr. Pinkerton's triumph did not prove altogether so easy as Mr. Laing here anticipates. He found a very stout and very able opponent in the anonymous author of a publication, entitled, *A Vindication of the Celts, from ancient authorities; with observations on Mr. Pinkerton's hypothesis concerning the Origin of the European Nations, in his Modern Geography and Dissertation on the Scythians or Goths.* A critique on this work is to be found in an early number of the Edinburgh Review, II. p. 355, where the opinions of both authors are examined with great ability, but with considerable coarseness; and an opinion is pronounced in favor of Mr. Pinkerton, adding, that "while the *Vindication* destroys what is weak and exposes what is false in that gentleman's Dissertation, it may be of great service to him; if he is not too obstinate to give up what is untenable, and too proud, or too hardened, to confess and correct his literary delinquencies."

DR. GILLIES TO MR. PINKERTON.

Portman Square, Feb. 16th, 1797.

Indisposition confining me a few days to the house, I delayed acknowledging the receipt of your very obliging present until I should be able to call at Mr. Dilly's. He will perhaps have told you that I was not unacquainted with the work, though I did not know who was the author of it; yet I conjectured, and my conjectures have proved well founded. I have again perused your History in print to the beginning of the reign of James II., and mean to proceed with the remainder as fast as the printing two sheets a day of my English Aristotle* will allow. I have already spoken of it to many of my friends in a way which its merit requires. I know not whether in a certain quarter† I can be of any use; but that is not, you may be assured, for want of inclination.

* Dr. Gillies published "*Aristotle's Ethics and Politics, comprising his Practical Philosophy, translated from the Greek; illustrated by Introduction and Notes, the Critical History of his Life, and a new Analysis of his Speculative Works.* London, 1786—97, 2 vols. 4to.

† See Letter from Mr. Dilly, p. 438.

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